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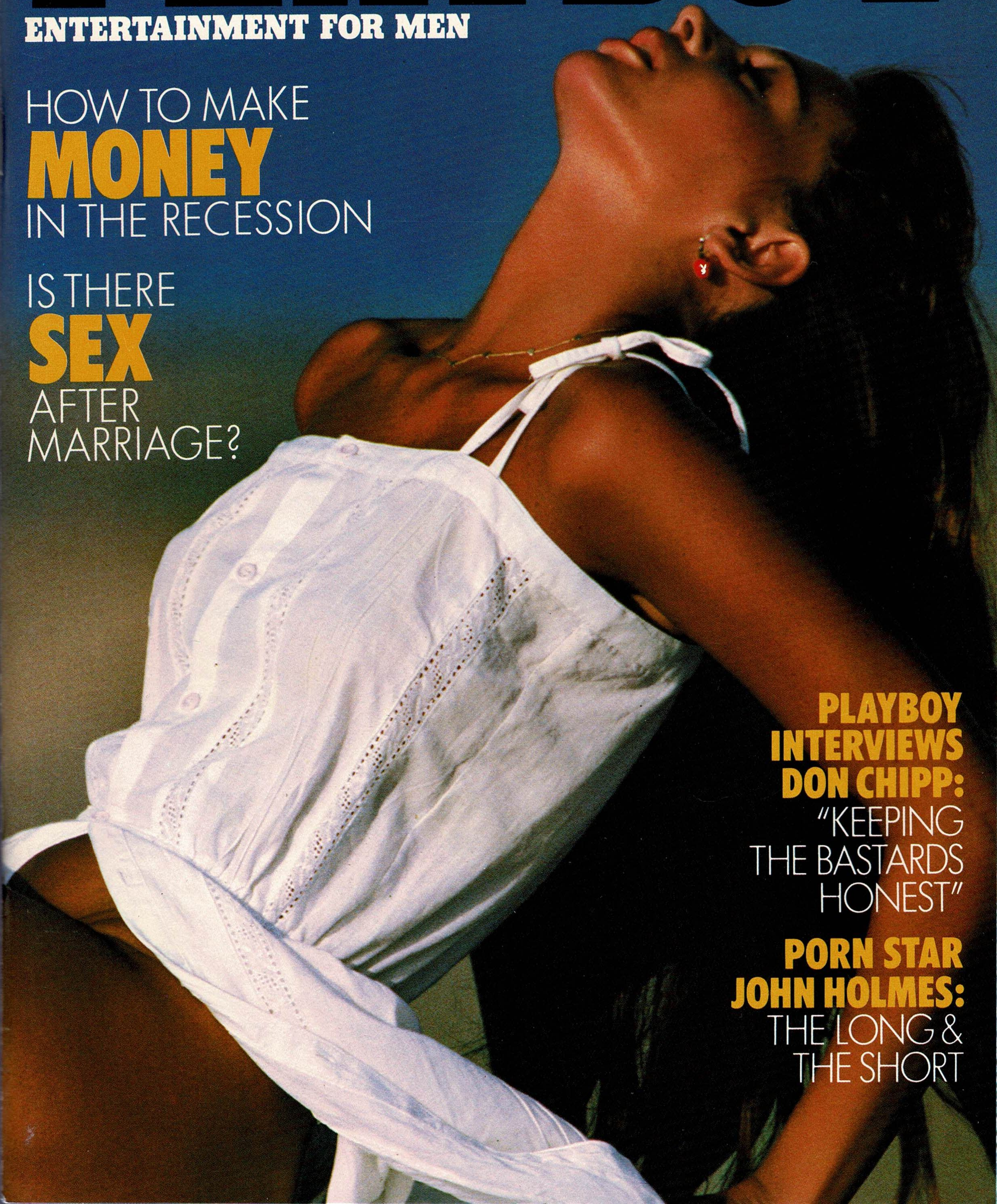
AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN



HOW TO MAKE **MONEY** IN THE RECESSION

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PORN STAR JOHN HOLMES: THE LONG & THE SHORT

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PLAYBILL

IT WOULD BE impossible to separate the current stature of the minority Australian Democrats from the perseverance of their leader, Senator Don Chipp. Not since the Democratic Labor Party (DLP) went the way of the dodo has a minority party exercised so much sway in Federal politics. As leader, chief spokesman and shrewd politician, Chipp not only has plotted the Democrats' rise in stature, but almost single-handedly provided their public profile. Chipp, the ex-Liberal front-bencher who vowed to "keep the bastards honest", is the subject of the May PLAYBOY interview, conducted by seasoned journalist **Russell Deiley.**

Don't go anywhere in the snow this season without sampling our ski spectacular. **Susan Kurosawa** compiled Slip-Sliding Away with the artistic assistance of **Frants Kantor.** For a sampling of the bodies you're likely to find amidst the snow, take a look at our sensuous Girls of the Snow pictorial.

We move indoors, well, right inside your hip pocket to be exact, as finance writer **Seth Gregory** explains how to make your money work for you during the recession. His words just might explain how you can afford that ski holiday this year. **Mike Skelton's** camera captured the financially-clever photograph.

It happens to be the most quoted sex study for years and if you missed part one (PLAYBOY, April) you can at least latch on to part two this month. We're talking about the PLAYBOY Sex Survey, easily the most extensive and eye-opening research since Kinsey.

If the most notable evidence of your manhood was a 12¾ inch penis, maybe you would make a mess of *your* life. In The Harder They Fall, former *Screw* magazine publisher and editor **Al Goldstein** catalogues the decline and fall of porn star John Holmes. It's a case of backtracking from the scene of a bizarre drugs mass murder to the heady days when the Holmes *schlong* cast a long shadow over the world of porn films.

Speaking of tall shadows, there aren't too many mountains higher than Alaska's Mount McKinley. The Indians call it *Denali* — the High One — and Aussie mountaineer and photo-journalist **Jonathan Chester** found it that and more when he set out to conquer it. Chester's account of his adventure is vividly told in Alaskan Diary.

When Joey Hamilton was the subject of a Victorian police manhunt, authorities believed he might have been hiding out overseas. In fact, Hamilton had holed up in the high country near Kosciusko, a region he found as inhospitable as the prison cell that awaited him back in Melbourne. For the first time Hamilton has told his tale of life on the run and his subsequent surrender, and **Peter Olszewski** was on hand to compile it for us. The illustration was created by the **Davis/Farrell** team.

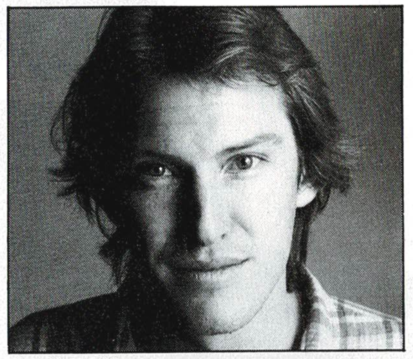
May's Playmate of the Month is beautiful **Kelly Ryland,** a stunning Aussie girl whose allure has been sensuously captured by the photography of **Rico Mettbach.** Similarly, gorgeous **Sonya Shepherd** stars in an inspired nude pictorial highlighting the obvious appeal of a girl with brains to match her beauty.

Steve Bunk's essay on the cultural and sporting differences between baseball and cricket (PLAYBOY, October) suggested the gap between the US and Australia is not as vast as the wide, blue Pacific. With the onset of autumn, expatriate American Bunk has repeated the formula for the football codes with the illustrative aid of **Miles Parnell.**

If the recession really rules the world, motoring editor **Rob Luck** insists there is still no need to forsake the escapist element of driving. Just lower your sights a little, suggests Luck, as he offers a catalogue of what's fun and affordable in motoring.

The success Doug Mulray didn't find as a Mike Willesee funny man has at last caught up with him via Sydney's FM airwaves. **Phil Jarratt** stalked Mulray to his studio lair to fire off 20 questions on the art of being rude. Add to that our usual fill of fiction, reviews plus sections of sex, lifestyle and pursuits and it could be the healthiest windfall you'll find this autumn.

CHESTER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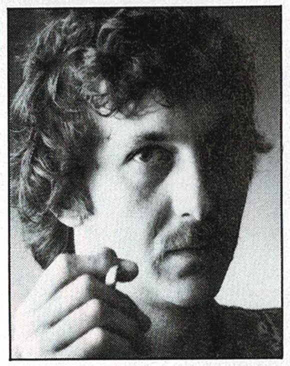
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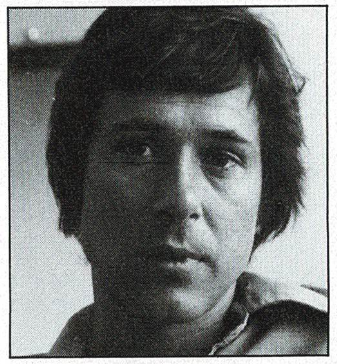
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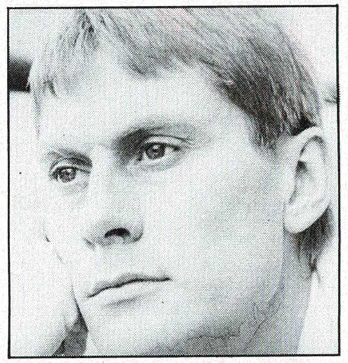
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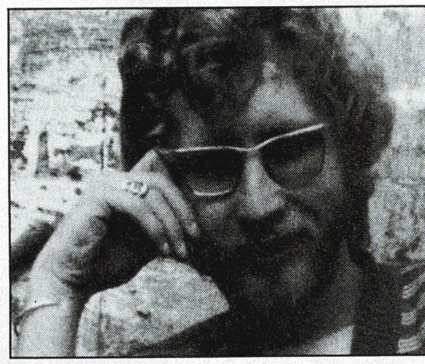
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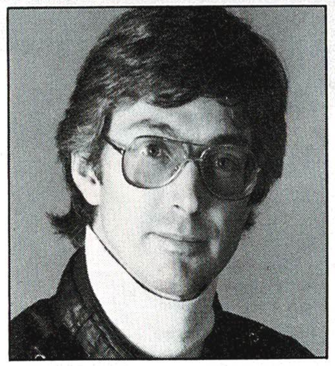
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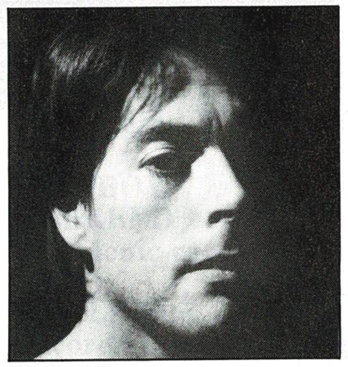
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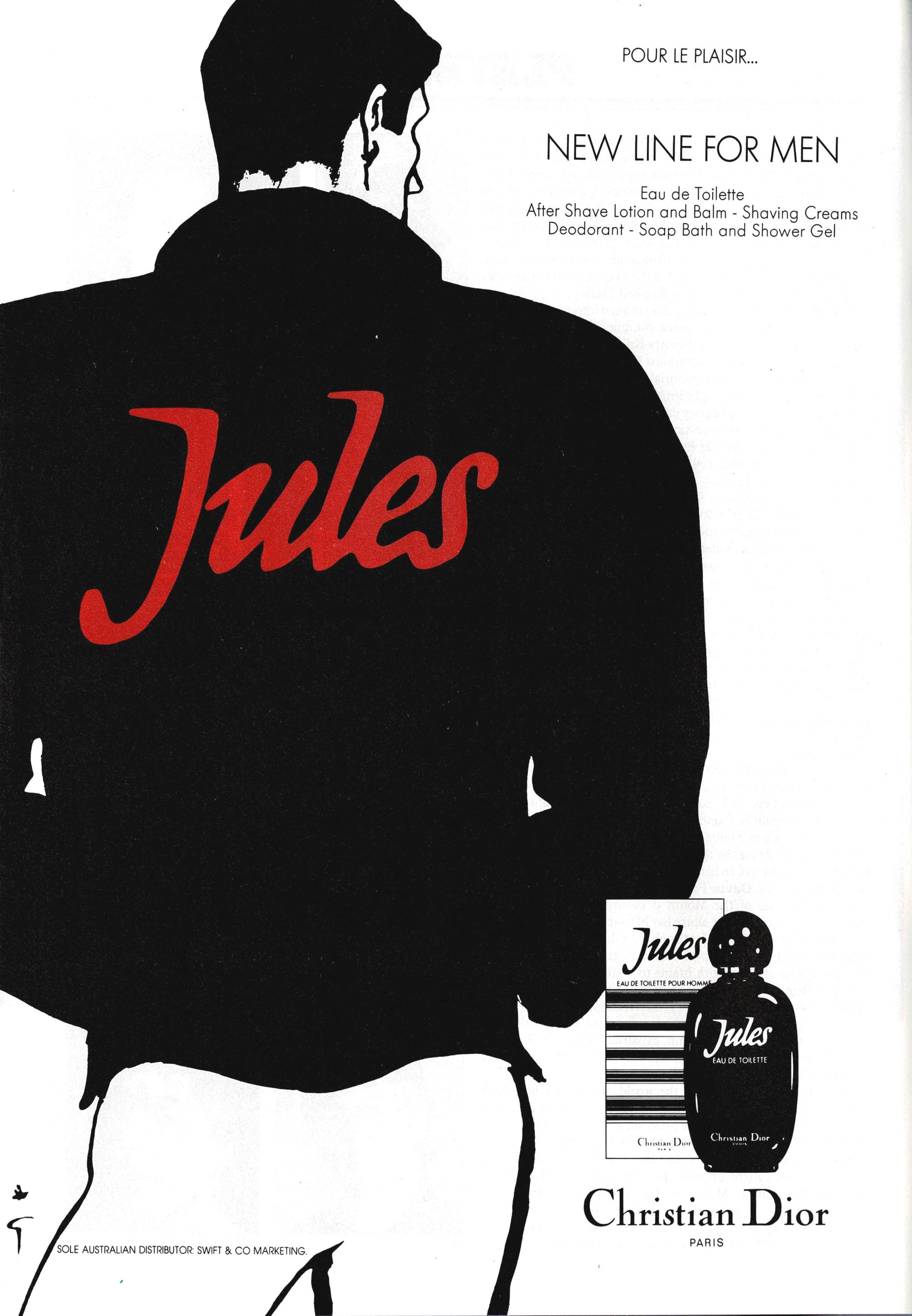

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AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MAY 1983

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Photo: H. Schmid

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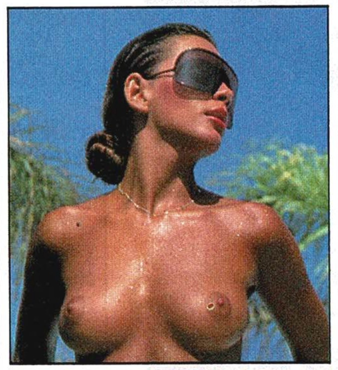

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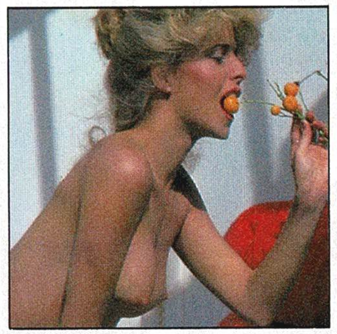

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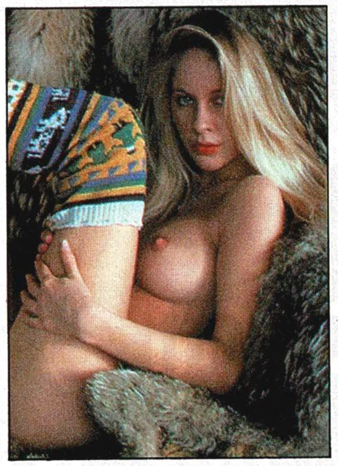

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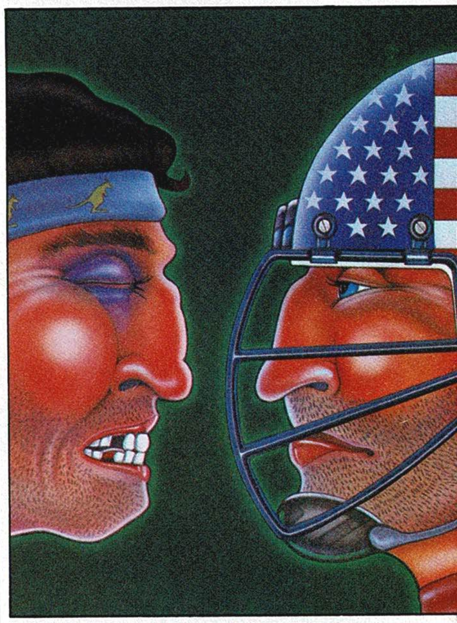

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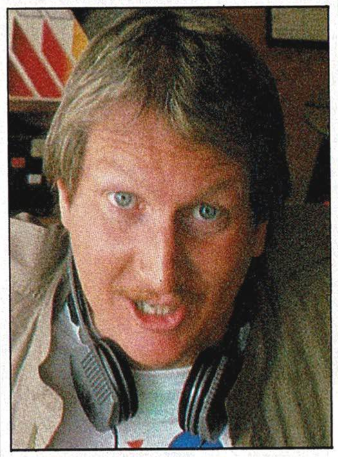

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DEAR PLAYBOY

address your letters to dear playboy, po box 746, darlinghurst 2010

THE SAVAGE BREAST

Thank you PLAYBOY for taming the savage breast! Of course I mean wild Tanya Roberts in the inspired pictorial by Richard Fegley in your December issue.

She has the most amazing eyes (apart from other more noticeable attributes) and sexy hair, and top marks to your photographer for presenting her in such striking poses.

K. McC.,
Bondi, NSW.

IN PRAISE OF POPEYE

I was knocked out by the interview with Robin Williams in your January issue. But I was a bit disturbed by Williams' negative reaction towards his *Popeye* movie. Obviously there were a lot of behind-the-scenes problems and it suffered a rough time at the hands of critics, both here and in the US, but that doesn't mean it was a *bad* film and I'm sorry to learn that Williams feels so disappointed about it.

I just loved it, despite a few obvious faults, and I'm sure that all true Williams fans did as well. I think Williams will find that his comments about the film in the PLAYBOY interview will provoke a lot of pro-Popeye support from his admirers

Arlene Renwick,
Fremantle, WA.

Robin Williams is the funniest most likeable comic in the entertainment world today. Thank you PLAYBOY for letting us get to know him in such a sensitive and probing interview.

"Mork Fan",
Gymea, NSW.

MORE!

As much as I look forward to the centrefold and other pictorials in PLAYBOY every month — and the Tasmanian Devil, Denise Robinson, gets my vote so far in 1983 — the spunkiest body I have seen is used as the introduction to the Summer Wines article in your February issue.

More of this lady please! All of this lady please!

P.A. Hart,
Neutral Bay, NSW.

BETTINA HITS THE SPOT

I have just finished reading the January edition of PLAYBOY and I think that Bettina Arndt's Sex column is spot on. This lady is good news for 1983 PLAYBOY readers — both male and female.

John Zuchetti,
Tahmoor, NSW.

The addition of Bettina Arndt's new column to PLAYBOY has made a great magazine into an outstanding one. She writes with authority and wit and I hope the column will be a continuing feature. Other regular columns worthy of praise are Movies and Booze, both of which are always easy to read and very informative.

You should also be congratulated for the consistently high standard of your artwork and photography.

James Ellis,
Braddon, ACT.

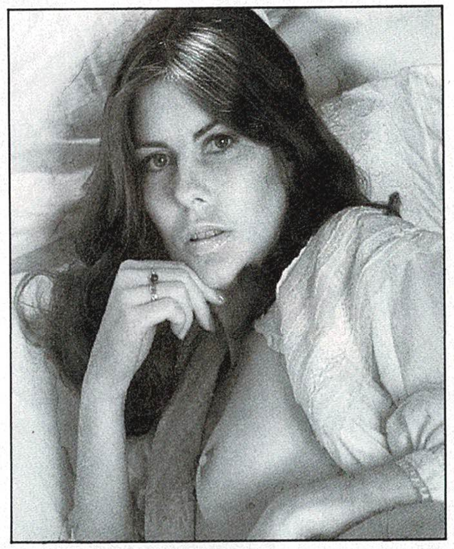
WHY THE DEVIL DID HE LEAVE?

Loved your Tasmanian Devil feature on Tasmania's Denise Robinson in February PLAYBOY.

I was born in Tassie but now live in Victoria. After seeing Denise as a sample of Tasmanian womanhood, I don't know why the devil I ever left the place!

A.L. Hardy,
Glenhuntly, Vic.

We don't know either. . .here's another sampling of devilish Denise — Ed.



ENTERTAINMENT FOR ALL

I know that PLAYBOY is a magazine for men, but how about giving us females a go? We read the magazine too, you know!

Couldn't you at least dedicate one page to the women who buy PLAYBOY for their men?

"We like to look too",
Mt Isa, Qld.

RACING AHEAD

Having flicked through January PLAYBOY, I was delighted to see Rob Luck's road test of Andrew Miedecke's Ralt RT4.

I'm a racer myself (although not of the "open-wheeler" brigade) and I was interested to read of Mr Luck's driving impressions of the Ralt. Particularly enlightening was his description of the "ground effects" principle in simple-to-understand layman's terms. Something not easy to do, and which should be appreciated by readers and/or enthusiasts of limited technical expertise.

Could I possibly suggest a similar road test of last year's James Hardie 1000 winner Peter Brock's car, or something along similar lines? Articles of this nature give Australian motor racing a much-needed shot in the arm, and keep readers fully informed.

Keep up the good work!

Edward Kowalczyk,
Tullamarine, Vic.

SO SPUNKY

The pictorial in your December issue on The Girls of Noosa was just great. I really enjoyed the part on Michaela Dedek. She is so spunky, especially the curves in her breasts and hips.

I would like to see more of her in PLAYBOY, maybe as a Playmate. She'd get my vote as Playmate of the Year! Michaela is the type of girl that makes your magazine the best.

S. Harvey,
Maroochydore, Qld.

Congratulations to everyone at PLAYBOY for the fabulous Noosa feature in the December edition.

Look no further for your next six Playmates — you have the pick of the crop right there!

D.P.,
Townsville, Qld.

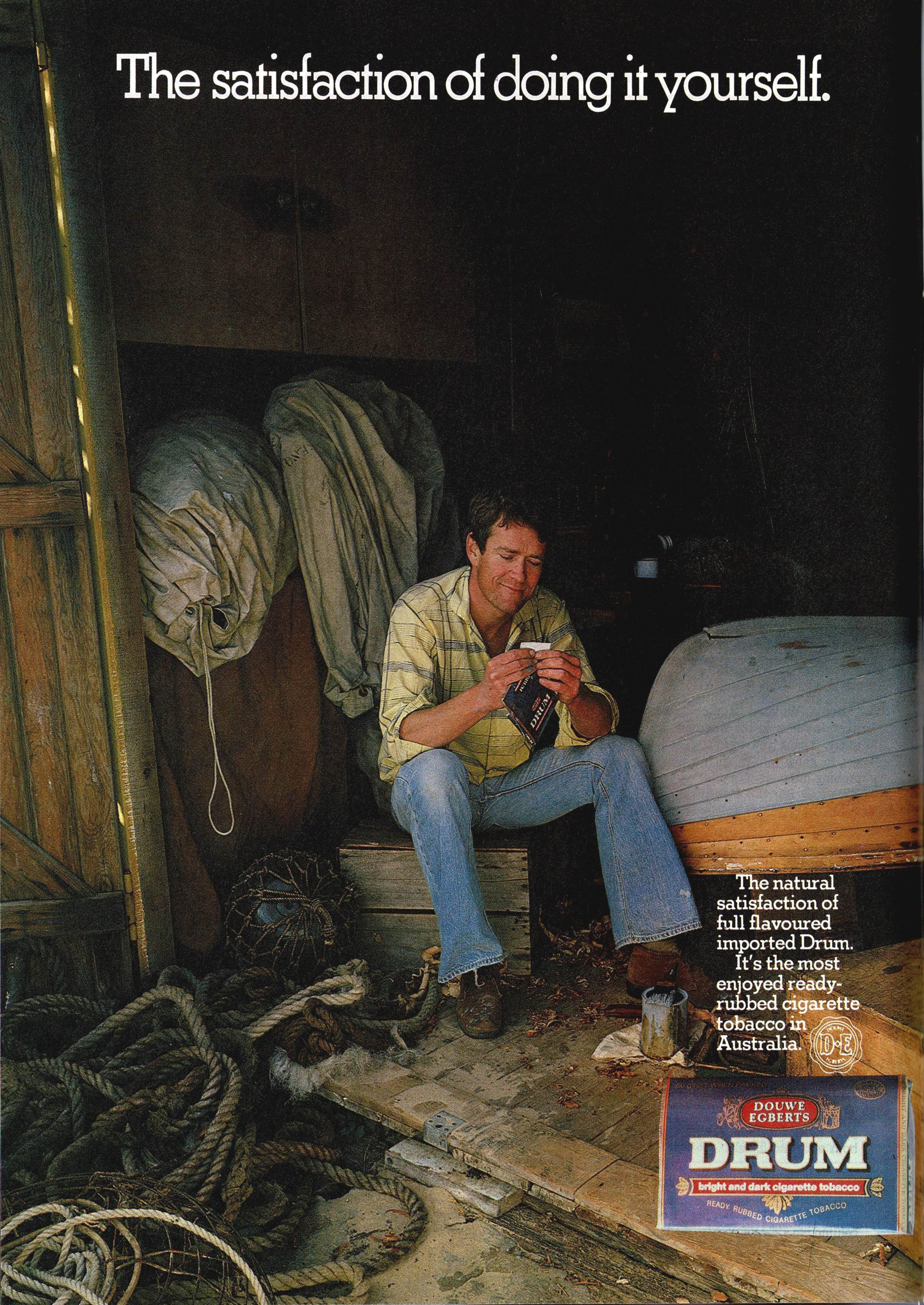
DANGLE IT!

I'd like to see more girls in your magazine with things of various sorts dangling from different parts of their bodies. For instance, I quite enjoy the way some of them wear straps and buttons and stockings and other clothes that aren't really clothes, but what I'd like to see more of are earrings and ankle bracelets and other kinds of shoes besides high-heels — hip-boots perhaps, or gumboots.

I do enjoy the way they roll around on beds and chairs and rugs into all sorts of amazing positions — they must be very well-fed and athletic ladies! But, often they end up with exposed earlobes and ankles and other parts that would look better with something gold or silver attached.

Some people might suggest that only tarts wear such adornments. If this is true, all I can say is, it still doesn't mean they're not nice people. What do you say, PLAYBOY? How about a little more flash to go with all that flesh?

Bruce Foster,
Westwood, Tas.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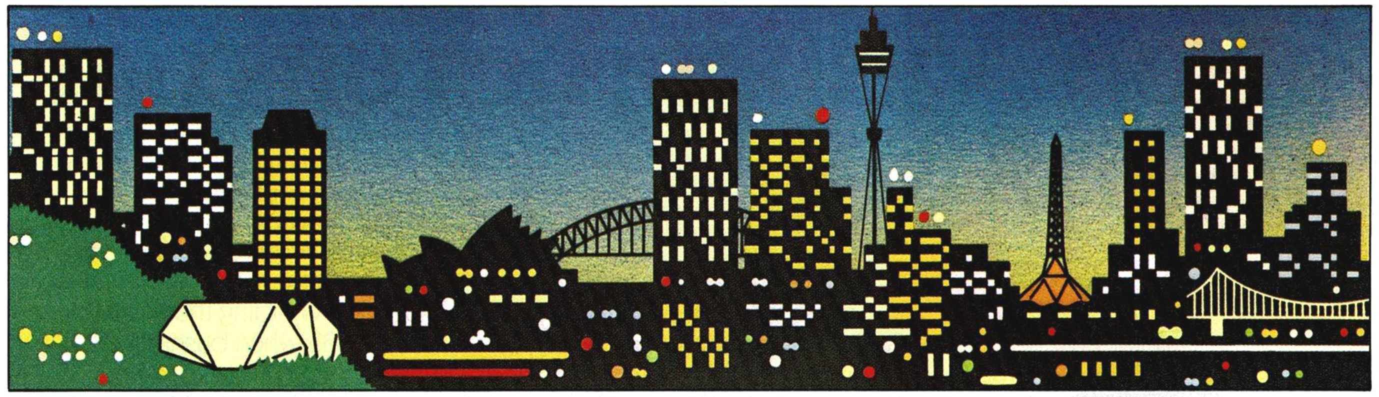
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



PREDICTABLE RESULTS

Each year on April Fool's Day, American magician James Randi presents the Uri Award, named in honor of Israeli psychic, Uri Geller. The award consists of a "tastefully bent spoon with a very transparent, very flimsy base" and it is made to those who engage in "outstanding performances in the pseudo-sciences of parapsychology and the supernatural".

Recent winners have included the US Defence Department which spent $6,000,000 to investigate the "ESP gap" with Russia. Among other things, these experiments examined whether burning a photograph of a Soviet missile can destroy it.

A California parapsychologist received his award for discovering, after arduous research, that the further into the future the event may be, the harder it is to predict.

Randi advises that all recipients are notified telepathically and all are free to announce their award in advance, using precognition.

HOME TRUTHS

It was just another drab, early morning business flight from Sydney to Melbourne until the sexy female passenger slipped out of her seat to perform the most outrageous striptease. For Fantasygrams character Cosmic Connie (see sizzling pic page 13), it was just another unusual assignment, but for the lucky recipient and his appreciative fellow travellers, it sure brightened up the working day. Needless to say, the hosties were late serving the morning coffee.

Public commuters of a different kind were also in for a thrill when a taxi carrying a Cosmic Connie to an assignment collided with a government bus. Knowing most cabbies are unshockable, Connie was using the back seat as dressing-room when the collision occurred. However, the sight of the near-naked performer clambering from the crumpled cab was enough to convince some bus passengers they had got more than their fare's worth.

Sadly not everybody sees the lighter side of the gram business. The boss's wife was bearing a cake to his office party and arrived in time to see Connie completing her strip routine before the husband's appreciative gaze. The good woman had obviously left her sense of humor at home but made up for it by dumping the cake on stripper, husband *and* his secretary.

The Schoolgirl Stripper arrived at another office party in a huge box marked "fragile" to be opened by the birthday boss. The only drawback was that his wife was also on the guest list and she reacted to the surprise by chasing the schoolgirl off the premises.

It seems some fantasies might have been a bit too close to the truth.

And we thought we'd seen it all. Either these under-graduate lovers are about to fail biology or they've invented a completely new technique: reverse foreplay with a cigarette beforehand?

CHECKING IN

*Newcastle's **Mark Richards** returned from Hawaii early this year a contented man. After capturing his fourth successive world pro surfing crown, he had a right to be satisfied. Richards has dominated the competitive surfing scene in an unprecedented fashion. Since the late '70s, when he re-introduced the twin-fin surfboard to the pro circuit, "MR" has been the man to beat.*

His adaptable surfing style allows him to ride anything, from Sydney sandbanks to the immense waves of Hawaii's Waimea Bay, with equal proficiency. It's a versatility that has been of major importance to Richards during the last four years of competitive pressure in places as diverse as Japan, Bali and California.

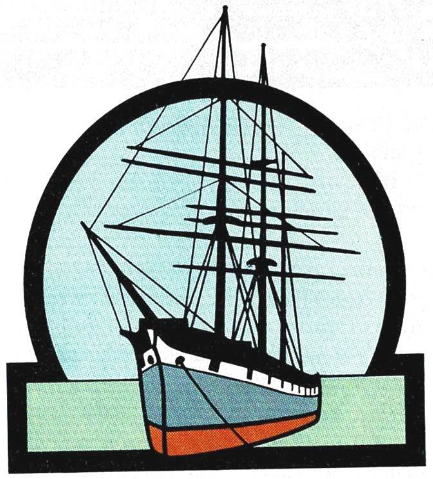
His has been the near-perfect sporting career. Taught the rudiments of the sport by his father, Ray (who now runs one of Australia's biggest surf retail outlets), Richards progressed rapidly and at 17 was regarded as a sharp pro competitor. However, it wasn't until his redevelopment of the idea of equipping his surfboards with two fins rather than one that he added an almost unbeatable edge to his repertoire.

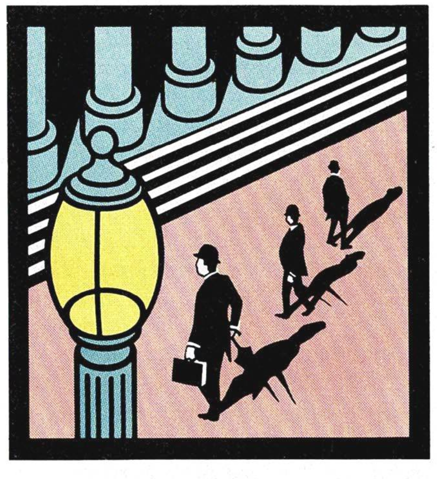
Since his first world pro title in 1979, Richards has kept a succession of surfers (including Bondi's Cheyne Horan, who has finished second to MR three times) from stealing his crown, while acting as a nationally visible ambassador for the sport and projecting a humble, clean-cut image. He was recently signed with international promotors IMG (read Mark McCormack), whose other clients include the Pope and Bjorn Borg.

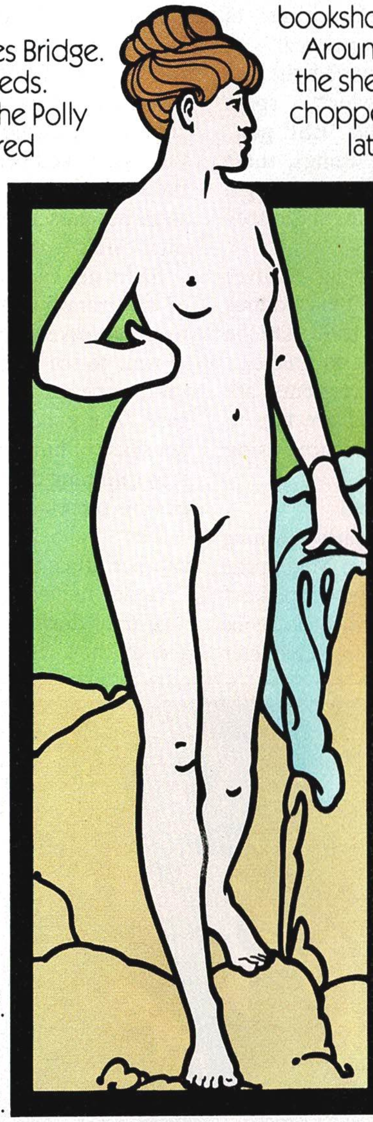
PLAYBOY tracked the world champ to his favorite surfing spot and home patch, Merewether near Newcastle, to quiz him on his winning ways.

PLAYBOY: After four world titles, winning must be getting boring.

RICHARDS: Good God, no. People have been saying that, but it's not like that at all. Actually this last one was probably the most exciting. It was exciting to go into the last leg of the circuit (Hawaii) behind on points. It was also very satisfying to knock Cheyne







You'll run out of time before Melbourne runs out of surprises.

Wow. What were you doing last night! You're woken in Room 305 of The Windsor, Melbourne, and you're feeling fragile. Here's our prescription for restoring the tissues.

Take the stately lift down and step into Spring Street. The palms and Parliament House soothe at once. Around the corner, to the top end of Collins Street and the Great Space. Take the air, along with orange juice, coffee and croissants, and watch Melbourne going about in its own, dignified fashion.

Over there in Henry Bucks the gentlemen are trying on Burberrys and bowlers. And across the street at the Melbourne Club, founded 1839, old school ties pass smoothly under the Georgian portals. Now you're feeling a little better. Ready to stroll down the street. Collins Street.

The Athenaeum Club, Georges, Scots Church where Melba sang as a child, the Literature Bookshop and the Australia Hotel. The essence of Melbourne.

Turn at the Town Hall and pop across to Young and Jackson's. Chloe holds court here, as she has for more than a century, driving four generations of men to commit matrimony. The lady, God bless her!

Amble over Princes Bridge. At left, the rowing sheds. Right downriver are the Polly Woodside, the restored three-master said to be "the prettiest ship ever to come out of Belfast", and the World Trade Centre.

Ahead of you is the Arts Centre. The Gallery, holding a collection of masterpieces spanning three thousand years, the Concert Hall, and the State theatre complex, destined to be one of the finest in the world.

Lunch in the Gallery restaurant. Now take a tram down St. Kilda Road, past an extraordinary collection of war mementoes; not least The Shrine itself.

Get off at Fitzroy Street, by the St. Kilda Cricket Ground. They were wielding the willow here in 1855 when bushrangers worked the St. Kilda Road and pirates plundered 14,000 ounces of gold from a ship in Hobson's Bay, down the street.

Fitzroy Street has seen it all. Squizzy Taylor, dressed in drag to elude the coppers, Sarah Bernhardt turned away from the Seaview Hotel. Strip joints and bookshops and churches.

Around the corner, among the sheltering palms – chopped liver, gefilte fish, latkes, bagels and lox and Luna Park.

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IF YOUR FANTASIES take the shape of a space-age stripper, a sexy Christmas Carol, a nubile school girl or, maybe, a jolly green monster, then here's how you make it all happen. Call Sydney 211 4088 and order a Fantasygram. Twelve to choose from including a witch-doctor for the sick, Johnny Cool, Big Mal look-alike, or Galactic Zapper for late-night encounters. Our votes go to the trio above — Cosmic Connie (guaranteed, we're told, to make all your futures come at once), Christmas Carol (Santa's sexy little helper) and the School Girl Stripper (for a lesson you'll never forget).

(Horan) off at the last minute, because early in 1982 it seemed like everyone in the surf media had decided that Cheyne was sure to win. That spurred me on a bit.

PLAYBOY: Is all this success beyond your expectations?

RICHARDS: Oh, completely. You know, in the early days — 1975 to 1978 — I wasn't doing the full circuit or anything, I was just competing in Australia, Japan and Hawaii because they're my favorite places. Then in '79 it just happened that there were a few contests in Oz, and a lot in Japan — about five — and the circuit ended in Hawaii. I got a couple of extra results and I managed to scam it.

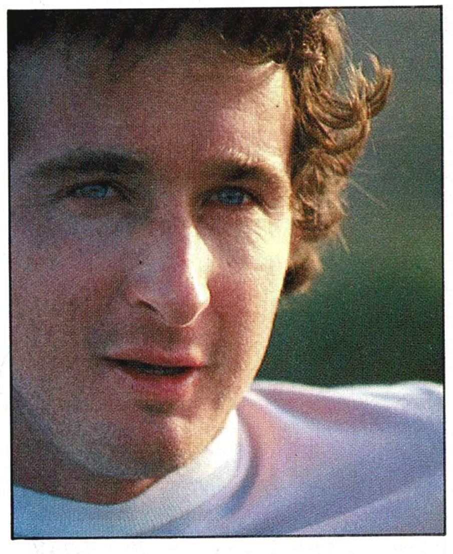
I never set out at the beginning of a year and think about winning the circuit. I just try to go along contest by contest, it helps take some of the pressure off.

PLAYBOY: There must be a lot of pressure at the top. Do you feel much pressure from the other surfers?

RICHARDS: Yes! I do get a little scared because I'm the target for everyone. Cheyne and Rabbit Bartholomew and Tom Carroll are all anxious to get me as soon as possible to eliminate me as a threat. Plus there are the younger up-and-comers who are all waiting for a chance to beat the world champion. Most heats scare me shitless.

You can't let the pressure get to you, though. I think some guys put extra pressure on themselves, but when you go out in a heat all you can afford to think about is your performance. If your train of thought is broken, then that's it, usually.

PLAYBOY: You're becoming more and more well-known in a general sense. Have you found it hard to be a public figure of sorts?



RICHARDS: It's no problem, I enjoy it actually. From the little bit of fame and adulation I've had I can see how rock stars and actors get so paranoid about photographers. But I think I've had a nice little taste of fame. I get a buzz out of signing autographs!

It's funny though how many people, members of the general public, still think surfers are just beach bums. It doesn't seem to matter how much you tell them about surfing being a pro sport or whatever.

PLAYBOY: You've just been picked up by IMG. How did that come about?

RICHARDS: Well, it was through a friend in California. He knew one of the directors, and I was taken to meet some people from the company after the first world title. Later I was contacted by the Australian part of the organisation and they sent one of the head men — James Erskine — down to watch the Straight Talk Tyre Pro contest at Cronulla Beach in 1980. I had talks with them but it wasn't until recently that IMG decided to approach me with a contract.

I'm really stoked with the concept, not just because I stand to gain from it, but because it shows that surfing ranks as an internationally promotable sport. In a way it's another step forward for surfing.

PLAYBOY: You're making a goodly sum one way or another. Is it hard managing the finances and competing at the same time?

RICHARDS: Actually, my mum manages my money for me. I don't know how I'd manage without her [*laughs*]. It'd be very hard otherwise — I've got money coming in from sponsors, surfboard royalties from all over the world, and if I had to take care of all that and at the same time prepare myself for pro events, I'd probably go crazy.

PLAYBOY: What sort of reaction do you get when you go surfing?

RICHARDS: Well, around here it's the same as ever. I've known most of the local guys since I started surfing, and they'll still hassle me like they would anyone. Sometimes it feels a little weird at other beaches, though — I get the feeling that some of the guys out there would like to say "hello" and have a chat but they're a bit nervous. They probably think I've got a big ego or something like that.

PLAYBOY: You've had to travel a lot in your career. Any drawbacks?

RICHARDS: No way! Travelling has been a great buzz. There wouldn't be many 25-year-olds who can say they've been to Hawaii 10 times, Indonesia, Tahiti, Japan, South Africa. . . It's been an unreal life. I think it definitely broadens your mind.

PLAYBOY: Where's the best place you've been?

RICHARDS: I liked Tahiti, but. . . Oz! I've never seen a better place than this.

— NICK CARROLL

JUNGLE ENCORE

For those readers who have been asking about the collection of photo-art which featured Grace Jones (PLAYBOY, March), the book of Jean-Paul Goude's pictures and text, titled *Jungle Fever*, was published by Quartet Books and is available in Australia at a recommended retail price of $39.95. And the rest is as good as our excerpt!

SEX

australia's leading sexologist answers your questions

I am 20 years old and very worried and depressed. My embarrassing problem is that, while I have extremely hairy legs, I have not got even one hair on my chest. This is really depressing me because I am being made fun of by others who feel I am not entirely male. Because of this, I am totally avoiding any situation where my problem could be seen. Is there any treatment such as a cream that could help?

— M.B., NSW.

I have known some perfectly delectable men without a solitary hair on their chests, and very few anywhere else for that matter. I also have known some extremely boring ape-like creatures who should never have descended from the trees. Hair maketh not the man. Stop worrying about treatments and lotions — none work. Try talking to women instead — about what they really want in a man. I'm sure you'll find you possess all sorts of delicious features which will bewitch many lovely ladies.

***W**e have been husband and wife for three years; I am 25 and she is 27. For the first six months, we had a great sexual relationship but unfortunately our sex life has suffered a steady decline. Although I don't consider myself to be any Romeo, I've always prided myself on being able to satisfy my wife. Bearing this in mind, I found it hard to understand why she gradually became so disinterested in making love. I have never liked to force myself on her as I feel that love making should be a voluntary expression of one's feelings toward his or her partner.*

Once a month became a bit unbearable so I decided that a logical discussion would ease the problem, but I lost track of the original theme and we ended up having a rare argument. As it turned out, she told me she often simulated orgasm to make me feel good. What a blow! I was devastated, but my wife is a very honest, kind and loving woman and her intentions were no doubt good. She promised to see a professional person, doctor or therapist about her problem and we agreed to go together. But she has made no attempt to do this and I am loath to prompt her as I think that if she is as concerned about losing her sexual appetite as she said she was, she would have made positive steps to gain assistance.

Three months later, nothing has changed. After conditioning myself to a starvation sex diet, I now realise that I'm losing interest in my wife as a sexual partner. I am totally in love with her and have no interest in other women, but I hope that you may be able to point us both in the right direction to the marital bliss that we once shared.

— G.H., NSW.

PLEASE DO NOT DISTURB

getting in touch with your penis can be hard

It's not always so easy, you know. Sometimes it's hard enough to confess to your dearly beloved that things aren't quite what they seem but to go along to a perfect stranger and ask for help is terrifying.

Your devotion to your wife comes shining through — I'm sure she would understand your feelings better if she read your letter. Many women fake orgasm for years and years before they are able to confess sex isn't living up to their expectations. You have had a breakthrough very early in your relationship, and now is the time to capitalise on it. So talk to her, tell her everything you have told me and encourage her to talk about why she is reluctant to seek help. If she isn't ready to seek counselling at this stage, don't push her. Why not sit down together and read a good self-help book for women, such as *Becoming Orgasmic* by Julia Heiman and Leslie & Joseph LoPiccolo or *Making Love* by Patricia Raley. The latter contains many exercises couples can practise together to help communicate and increase arousal. Write for a free catalogue to Private Collection, PO Box 118, Woollahra, 2025.)

***M**y wife has an aversion to sucking cock and, believe it or not, the problem has caused a rift in our marriage. After I had hinted for many months that there was nothing unnatural about oral sex, my wife reluctantly relented on the proviso that she thoroughly wash my genitals with disinfectant and hot water before taking my cock in her mouth. I had no idea she felt so strongly about it, and because it was obvious she was doing something she loathed merely to please me, I suffered deep guilt.*

To make matters worse, whenever I have been under pressure at work or have been ignoring her unduly, her sacrificial attempt at consoling me usually comes in the form of "I'll even suck your cock, if you want." This makes me feel worse than ever, but I can hardly blame my wife for this guilt because I was the one who instigated the problem. How do I undo the damage?

— D.P., SA.

You are not terribly smart. I would have thought you may have cottoned on to the idea that she wasn't very keen on going down the second she brought out the bottle of DX. Perhaps it would have been better to hold everything at that point, rather than give her such a wonderful opportunity to manipulate you through guilt.

Still, she sounds just about as bad. If she is stupid enough to try to use sex to persuade you to treat her with more consideration, she obviously has equally crazy ideas about how to conduct an adult relationship. Particularly when she is offering a sexual act she loathes — oh dear, will women ever learn!

How about you both grow up a little, sit down together and try to sort out some means of behaving more reasonably towards each other. A marriage guidance counsellor may be able to show you where to start. And leave sex out of it — until you have learnt to communicate honestly.

***M**y wife has put a hex on me. Don't laugh, this is serious. We have a strong relationship but I travel a lot in my work and I've always tended to cut loose when I'm out of town. Nothing heavy, just the odd "stray fuck", to use an unfashionable term. Until recently everything was great. I'd come home rejuvenated and my beloved was none the wiser. But a few months ago I got caught out and the fights that followed nearly wrecked our marriage. I promised to be faithful in future and eventually things got back to normal — except for one thing. I'm now physically incapable of being unfaithful. I'm off on one of my trips, I pick up a babe, we go to bed. . . and nothing but embarrassment. I know there's an obvious answer to this problem — don't fool around — but moralising aside, is there anything I can do? — R.A., NSW.*

Listen to your penis — it's trying to tell you something. It knows what's good for you even if you don't. Your body is showing you that your commitment to keeping your promise to your wife is more important to you than you like to pretend. You may kid yourself that it's cool to pick up a few "stray fucks" and have a good time, but luckily for your marriage, your penis has decided to show you who's boss and has gone on strike.

I'm not trying to moralise, just encourage

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you to tune in on your real feelings. Whether you like it or not, the fact that you can't get it up with other ladies means your heart really isn't in it. When you are with a lady whom you think you should find sexy, sexual messages are being sent from your eyes viewing her naked breasts, your hands feeling her thighs. The messages are being sent, but before they reach their destination, the arousal centre in the brain, they are brought to a grinding halt. Not by a hex imposed by your wife, but by your *own* feelings of concern for her, of commitment to your marriage, of fear of hurting her again.

There is a rather funny exercise used by sex therapists which may help you sort out your real feelings about the whole situation. This involves you writing a letter from your penis to yourself, the penis' owner. You have to imagine what it is like to be your penis. Try to put yourself in its place. Imagine yourself dangling there between your owner's legs. Then write down the answers to the following questions: *How does my owner treat me? How could my owner treat me better?*

Sound crazy? Well, here's a quote from a man who suffered a similar problem to you. Here's the letter from his penis:

''I'm sick and tired of being called names and threatened. Don't you think I have feelings? I try to do my best and you don't do a damn thing for me or yourself. You get into the weirdest sexual situations that anyone can imagine and expect me to perform. And when I refuse, you get all huffy and start yelling at me. Christ, you don't even like most of the women you want me to screw! And do you ever ask me how I feel about them? Never! Well, the hell with you, Charlie, I'm putting you on notice right now. Either you start treating me with some respect and get into situations that interest both of us, or I'm never going to do anything for you again. And, despite all your threats, you know there's not a thing you can do about it.''

See the point? Your penis is doing its best, but it can only respond when your own feelings are giving your arousal mechanism a green light. Whether you like it or not, your wife seems the only green light you want at the moment.

FINDING THE G SPOT

Last month I introduced the G Spot, the new female erogenous zone. This time, let's go on a treasure hunt to find the exact location of this small, sensitive area inside the vagina.

It is very difficult for a woman to discover her G Spot through self-exploration, unless she has a very short vagina, exceptionally long fingers, a flexible wrist and the ability to contort herself into a pretzel. It's easier for someone else to find it for her. Here are your step-by-step directions to the Spot:

1. The woman will probably feel more comfortable about the whole procedure if she urinates before you begin. She may also like to put a towel underneath her if she is worried about the possibility of female ejaculation. The average amount ejaculated is usually only a few teaspoonsful.
2. Place one or two fingers in her vagina, palm up.
3. Locate the midline of the top wall of the vagina. Feel forwards to the back side of the pubic bone, directly behind the clitoris.
4. Slide your fingers back into the vagina to locate the cervix (this is the end of the uterus which sticks into the vagina and feels like the glans of an erect penis).
5. Half-way between these two points, on the upper wall of the vagina, begin to press upwards with a gentle but firm pressure.
6. It may help if, at the same time, you apply pressure to the abdomen (stomach) just above the pubic bone using your other hand.

> *It is very difficult for a woman to discover her G Spot through self-exploration, unless she has the ability to contort into a pretzel.*

7. When you have hit the spot, the woman will usually immediately know it. The first sensation is usually the need to urinate, but that is then replaced by feelings of pleasure.
8. To the finger, the G Spot feels like a small bean. When stimulated it may swell to the size of a 10 cent piece or sometimes become as large as a 20 cent piece. The size varies, just as breast or penis size differs from one individual to another. It may help for the woman to move her pelvis, adjusting her position against your exploring fingers.
9. With more stimulation, the Spot begins to swell in size and the shape becomes much more defineable. It can often be felt as a small lump between your two fingers.
10. After a few minutes of stroking, the woman's level of arousal will usually increase and may lead on to orgasm.
11. Some couples are able to locate the G Spot using an intercourse position with the man lying on his back and the woman sitting with his erect penis in her vagina. This allows the woman to move in such a way as to bring the penis into contact with her G Spot. Don't be surprised if the first time you experiment with this position you experience only mild pleasure. It may take practice to learn this new technique.
12. Once you have located the G Spot, you may like to experiment with intercourse positions which provide maximum G Spot stimulation. The specific position that will work best for you depends on the unique way you and your partner fit together. Many woman find rear-entry positions, whether they are on their hands and knees, stomach, or side, best for G Spot stimulation. For some women arching their back in this position is necessary to create the precise angle that allows for stimulation of the G Spot. For others, stimulation is best when their partner is on top but with his arms outstretched and his back arched. For some, the position of greatest stimulation is sitting on their partner's lap while he is also sitting. Others prefer positions in which the man is kneeling. He can either be kneeling at the foot or side of the bed while she lies on her back on the bed, or he can be kneeling over her while she is on her back with her knees raised over his shoulders.

Other intercourse positions may be more pleasurable depending on the woman's particular areas of vaginal or clitoral sensitivity and your anatomical fit with your partner. Experiment with a different position each time you have intercourse until you can determine which positions provide the most pleasure. Also, some women's diaphragms fit in such a way that they interfere with stimulation of the G Spot. It may be necessary to check with a gynaecologist if you think this could be a problem.

•

If the woman wishes to try to locate the G Spot herself, she should try a squatting or crouching position similar to that commonly used for inserting tampons. She should follow the procedure described above, exploring the upper wall of the vagina with one hand while pressing down with the other on the outside of the abdomen just above the pubic bone. She should experiment with her G Spot just as she may have done when stimulating her clitoris, exploring the type of sensations that feel best.

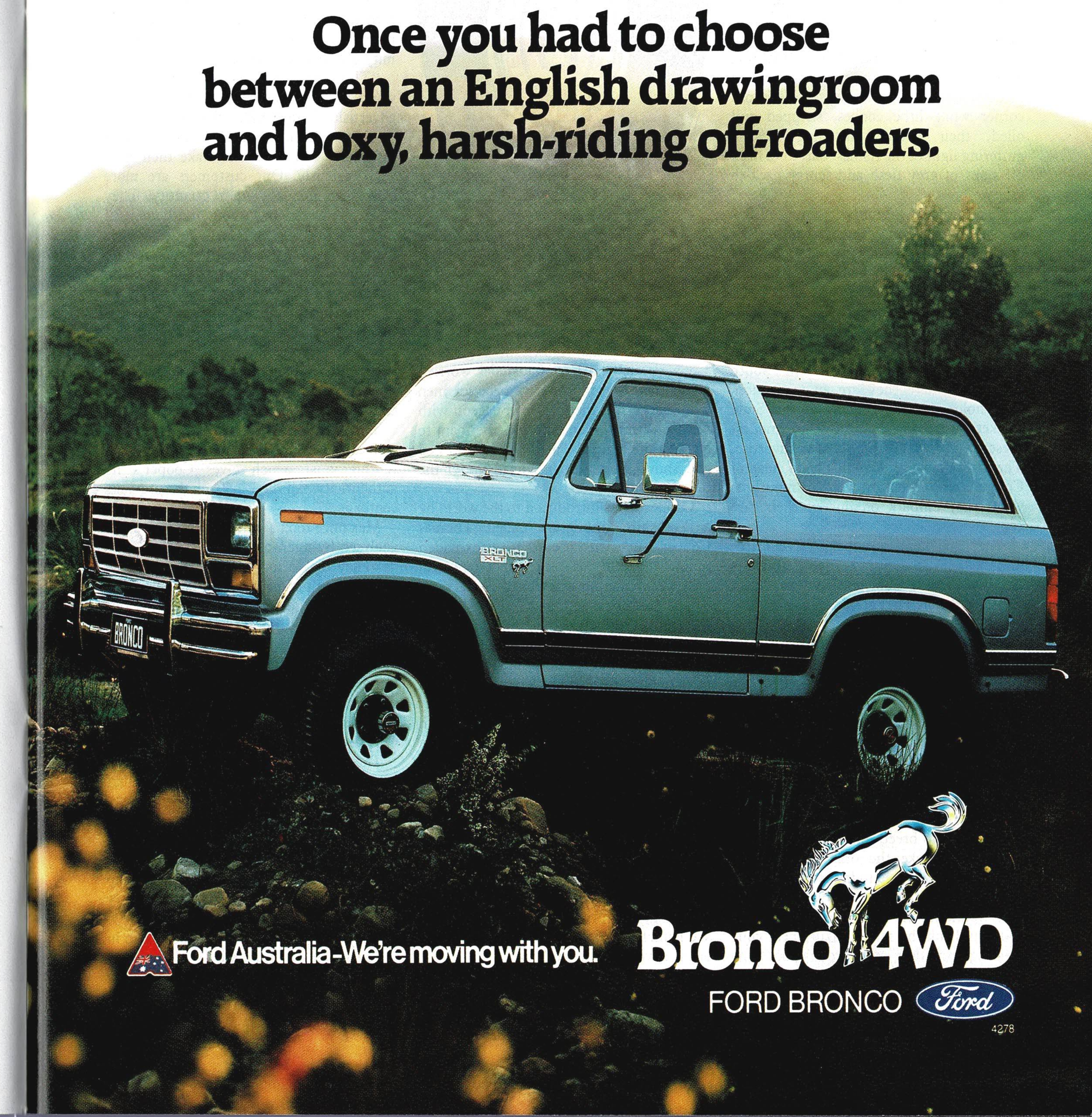
She will probably require a firmer pressure on the G Spot than she enjoys on the clitoris. Some women find that stimulation of the G Spot brings about an orgasm quite rapidly. Some women do not enjoy having the G Spot stimulated until they are at least somewhat aroused. And just as some women never find direct clitoral stimulation pleasurable, some women do not find direct internal pressure on the G Spot comfortable or pleasurable at any point in the sexual arousal process.

— BETTINA ARNDT

Ford Bronco is a rare combination. It's not a contender in the drawingroom stakes. Neither is it your typical harsh-riding off-roader. Rather, it is rugged and aggressive, with its own special brand of stand-up styling engineered on a full chassis frame. Among its advanced features is fully independent front I-beam suspension that helps improve ride comfort by reducing cabin pitching. It also assists front wheel traction, tyre adhesion and steering effectiveness, especially off road. In addition, the latest Ford Alloy Head II 6-cylinder engine provides more power than most other four-wheel drives on the market. While the 5.8-litre V8 engine extra-cost option turns mountains into molehills with ease. Automatic transmission is also available at extra cost with the V8 engine. Limited slip differentials and free-wheeling front hubs are standard features.

When you take the Bronco wheel... high, wide and handsome takes on new meaning. The instrument panel is broad and business-like. There's loungeroom comfort for five adults. And loads of luggage space behind the fold-down rear seat.

See your Ford Dealer for the latest Bronco and discover the new frontier in four-wheel drive. Ford Bronco – it's as individual as you are.


Once you had to choose between an English drawingroom and boxy, harsh-riding off-roaders.
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Ford Australia-We're moving with you.
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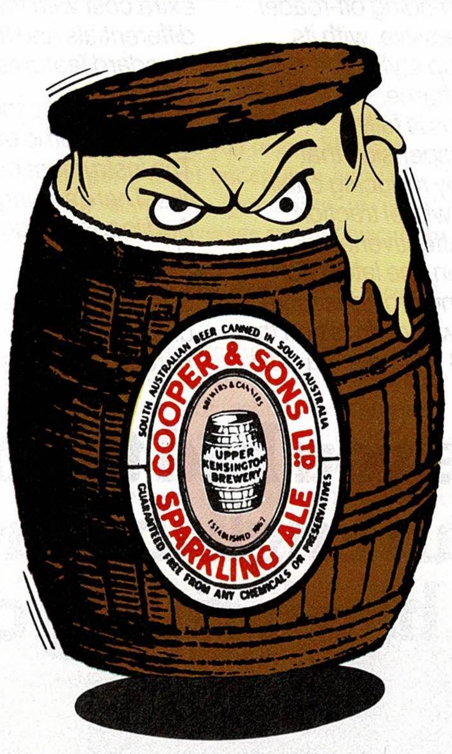
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cooper's — the last word in yeasty complexities

Down a sunny street in a svelte Australian suburb, behind the innocent facade of an imposing and historic home, there lurks a grotesque creature from another time.

Hidden far away from probing fingers of sunlight in a chilly, shadow-haunted vault behind pressure-sealed doors, the beast wallows in its own disgusting slime. A hideous, shuddering mutant weighing hundreds of kilograms — big enough to engulf a suburban living room.

The family which guards the beast can never let it escape. Twice weekly they send brave men into the vault to seize pieces of the creature's precious flesh. Wielding vicious bullwhips and brandishing burning torches, they force the beast back into a corner while lithe coolies, stripped and oiled, their bodies glistening in the guttering light of the flames, dart in to hack off slabs of grey flesh and scurry back to safety.

Their prize is a blubbery chunk of 85-year-old yeast from the living thing that dwells in the basement of Cooper's Brewery, Adelaide — the last independent, family-owned brewery in Australia.

It is distinctly possible you have never heard of Cooper's of Adelaide. They have captured only one percent of the Australian beer-drinking market. Even in South Australia, where they are an institution, they hold only 10 percent of the State market. One reason for this modest presence is that they hardly ever advertise. The only ways you are likely to hear of Cooper's are either by word of mouth or when they embark on one of their rare campaigns to launch a new beer.

After 120 years, Cooper's have introduced their first draught beer, Cooper's Draught, and a new bottled beer called Adelaide Bitter. They aren't a family to rush into things.

But that typically South Australian conservatism has made them the brewers of Australia's only cult beer. Mass sellers like Fourex, Fosters, VB and Swan are far too popular to be cult beers, no matter how impassioned the regional loyalties they inspire.

Besides, they aren't *real* beers. They're feral animals, European-style lagers introduced as a fashion trend in the '20s and '30s and allowed to breed out of control.

Cooper's make the only real beer in Australia. It is brewed today exactly the way it was 120 years ago. Buy a bottle of Cooper & Sons Sparkling Ale or Cooper & Sons Stout and you drink the same dinkum beer your great grandfather used to drink. Unpasteurised, fermented in the bottle, no additives or preservatives, just plenty of natural sediment. Real Ale for Real Men.

Cooper's ale is for tasting, chewing and spitting the bits out. They used to say you could float a half crown in a glass of Cooper's. It's no beer for sissies worried about their waistline. It's a beer for men who like to feel their bellies burgeon with yeasty warmth, men who like the foam to stick to their beards, men who fart in bed and shove their woman's head under the blankets.

Cooper's was introduced to the world by a Yorkshire immigrant called Thomas Cooper, a man with a beard like an exploded pillow stuck to his face and a powerful passion for the most potent of piss.

The brewery is administered by Max and Bill Cooper, direct descendants of Thomas. Because it is a family brewery, their accounts are confidential and they don't have to open their books to anyone but the taxman. Both Max and Bill behave the way Australian brewers should — that is with unaffected charm, broad humor and a natural love of their product. Max, especially, is the kind of bloke with whom you could saddle up at the bar for a couple of hours of serious beer drinking and telling of lies. Bill says the biggest threat to the brewery in the last century was what he calls The Pepsi Generation of the '60s.

"The Pepsi Generation wanted clear, sparkling, light drinks," he says. "We tried. We launched a lighter version of our beer, but it never caught on."

What saved the brewery was The South Australian Diabetics Association.

"They wanted a low carbohydrate beer and they were sick of paying for expensive imports, so they asked us if we could produce one. We came up with Diet Beer in 1971 and it was an instant success. . .it's still our second-biggest seller."

The esoteric nature of Cooper's products has backed the brewery into an ironic corner. They can't advertise because they might actually force sales down.

That's because the drinkers who have discovered Cooper's are very jealous of "their" beer. Though they would be the last people to admit it, Cooper's drinkers are often beer snobs, elitists who would be turned off by any Cooper excursion into mass marketing. Cooper's relative anonymity enhances its appeal.

"The people who drink our beer don't want to be pandered to by frivolous advertising," says Bill. "We go to a lot of trouble with market surveys and we have discovered our customers take their beer very seriously. Our customers are more interested in quality than quantity. They have discovered it without the benefit of mass media and we will respect their feelings because the growth of the product is such that we can't afford to advertise and interfere with its popularity."

The key to this cult popularity of course is that beast of a yeast. Okay, so we lied about the coolies and the bullwhips but this extraordinary living organism, comprising three strains of yeast, is held captive in a cold room in the brewery basement.

The yeast is 85 years old, has a life of its own and no one really understands it, but it is this yeast which gives Cooper's its authenticity. All the way from the previous century.

Max once took a sample to London to be analysed by microbiologists.

"They took a long, hard look at it," he says. "Didn't know what the hell was in it. In the end they just said, 'Work it out yourself.' We still don't know what it is."

Bill adds, "Obviously it's the key to our beer. We don't know where Thomas Cooper got it from. Presumably it was a combination of yeast strains around at that time but there is nothing else like it in the world so we guard it very closely."

The yeast is kept chilled because if it wasn't, it would go berserk, come boiling out of that vault and eat Adelaide.

In case of disaster, if, say, the earth split asunder and Lucifer reached up and took his beer back home with him, the Coopers have frozen samples of the yeast and keep these in different places so the brewery would be able to carry on.

They've even left a small, frozen slab in the yeast bank in London.

A yeast bank? That's another story. Now shut up and drink up. — PAUL MANN

The Scotch.

Why it's even more difficult to find than to afford.

Being a distiller of rare old Scotch whiskies is not the easiest of callings.

How could we know back in 1966, for instance, that so many connoisseurs would be clamouring for our precious 17-year-old Ballantine's in 1983? Unfortunately, there will probably never be enough to go around. But take heart. We are working now on a slight expansion of stocks for the turn of the century.

Ballantine's
17 YEARS OLD

Ballantine's
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
Aged 17 Years
Ballantine's
ESTABLISHED 1827
FULLY MATURED
QUALITY GUARANTEED
VERY OLD SCOTCH WHISKY
17 YEARS OLD
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
George Ballantine & Son, Limited
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22/HWA

CAMEL CALENDAR

Australia is the venue for a brace of international sporting events: the Hay River Huskies — a Canadian ice hockey team — will play State all-star teams; World Championships are to be held in grass skiing and women's powerlifting; there's the First International Test Series in polocrosse, and balloonists will be getting high on hot air in an aerial regatta. There's the Australian Open Backgammon Championships and a vintage car parts swap. Irish flautist James Galway is set to tour and the Tokyo Quartet's award-winning chamber music will be reverberating in selected concert venues during April and May.

Grass skiing: More than 100 competitors from Europe, the US, Canada, New Zealand and Australia will take part in the World Grass Skiing Championships on May 21 and 22 at the Jamberoo Grass Ski Park near Kiama.

Polocrosse: Often called "The King of the One-horse Sports", polocrosse, is an intriguing cross between polo, lacrosse and netball and involves players riding the same horses throughout the game. Check it out at Canberra Showgrounds on May 28 and 29 for the First International Test Series. Participating countries include Australia, New Zealand, Papua New Guinea and Zimbabwe.

Motor Sport: Rounds of the Australian Touring Car and Formula Two Championships take place on May 1 at Adelaide International Raceway. The Touring Car Championships continue on May 15 at Surfers Paradise International Raceway and on May 29 at Oran Park in Sydney. A round of the GT Championships revs up at Winton in Victoria on May 22.

Show and Swap: Looking for solid tyres, claxon horns or running boards for your Morris Cowley? You may be in luck. The Vintage Drivers' Club is holding a swap and sale meeting for enthusiasts looking for bits and pieces to patch up the old roadster. Vintage vehicles from 1918 to 1930 will also be on display at Royal Melbourne Showgrounds, from May 27 to 29.

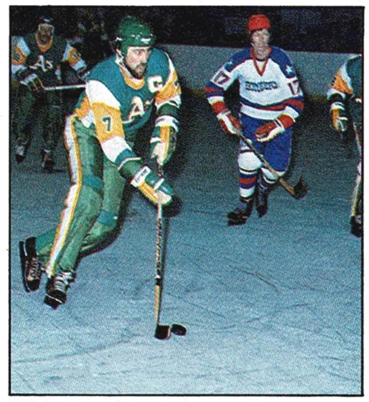
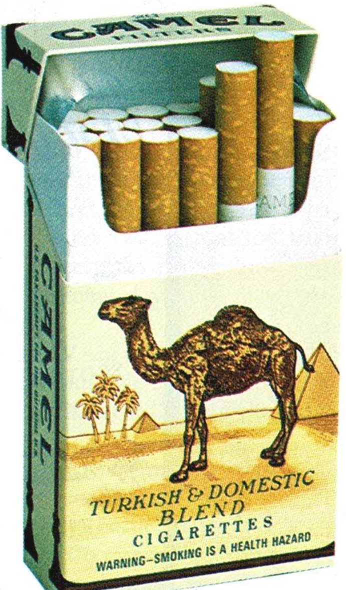


PHOTO BY LINDY KERR

Ice hockey: The Hay River Huskies from Canada will visit in May to play State all-star teams in Sydney, Canberra and Brisbane. The NSW Ice Hockey Association has full details.



Where a man belongs.

CC 1134-83 In S.A. and W.A. Camel Virginia 25's is available in place of Camel Filter 20's.

James Galway: From classical to pop, this Irish flautist flaunts it like nobody else. See him at the Melbourne Concert Hall on May 14 and 16; the Hobart ABC Odeon on May 18; the Canberra School of Music on May 20 and 21; Brisbane City Hall on May 23; Sydney Opera House on May 26, 28 and 30, and Perth Concert Hall on June 2.

Powerlifting: Need a lift? Check out the Women's World Championships in Powerlifting in Adelaide on May 7 and 8.

Soccer: All the excitement of a World Cup match: Australia plays England in Sydney on May 29, Brisbane on June 1 and Melbourne on June 5.

Crafty designers: Leading Australian craftsmen and women will be presenting the latest designs in wood, metal, glass, fibre, clay and leather at Craft Expo, the third National Craft Trade Fair. Check it out at Sydney's Hyatt Kingsgate Hotel from May 26 to 30.

Photographics '83: The latest in photographic equipment and techniques will be exhibited during Photographics '83 at the Melbourne Exhibition Buildings from May 18 to 22.

Entombed Warriors: It's the Sunshine State's turn for this blockbuster exhibition of Chinese life-size terracotta warriors and horses. The Queensland Art Gallery is the venue from May 4 to June 4.

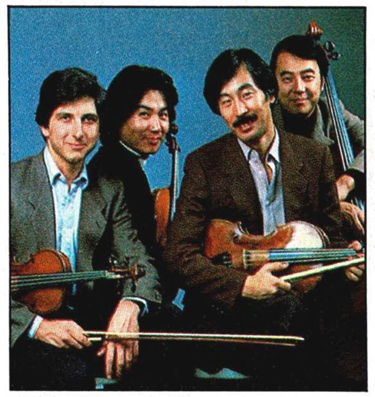
The Perfectionist: David Williamson's new play takes a humorous look at the career/marriage situation. You'll either love it or hate it — which should irritate any perfectionist. It's on at the SGIO Theatre, Turbot Street, Brisbane until April 30.

That's Entertainment: And you'll find it at the new Sydney Entertainment Centre (seats 10,000 to 12,000) scheduled to open on May 1 with a gala show of Aussie stars.

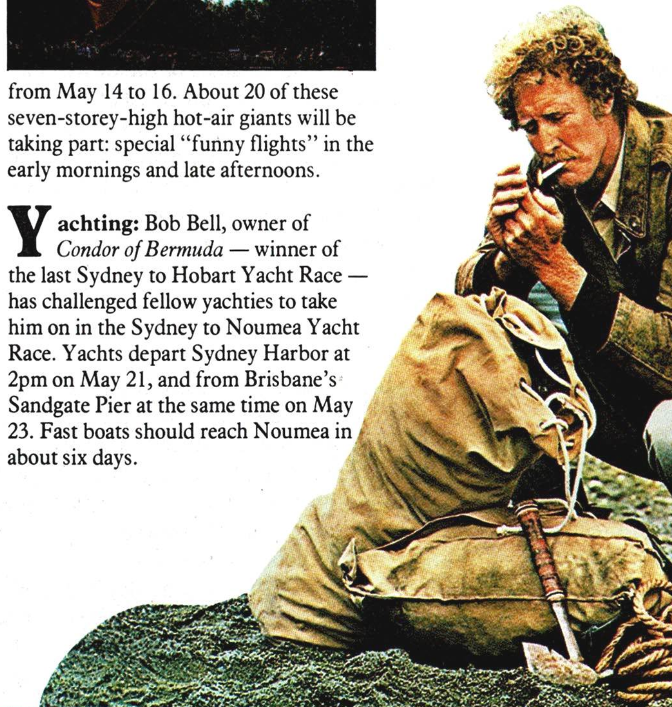
Backgammon: The J & B Australian Open Backgammon Championships are on from April 22 to 25 at the Hyatt Kingsgate Hotel in Sydney. Sign up to play or buy a player and take your chances on winning big money. Players will be "sold" during the Calcutta Auction (evening of April 22) and if you're lucky enough to buy the winning player, you'll receive a large slice of the considerable takings.

Ballooning: The Seppeltsfield winery in South Australia's Barossa Valley is the picturesque locale for the Seppeltsfield Ballooning Regatta from May 14 to 16. About 20 of these seven-storey-high hot-air giants will be taking part: special "funny flights" in the early mornings and late afternoons.

Yachting: Bob Bell, owner of *Condor of Bermuda* — winner of the last Sydney to Hobart Yacht Race — has challenged fellow yachties to take him on in the Sydney to Noumea Yacht Race. Yachts depart Sydney Harbor at 2pm on May 21, and from Brisbane's Sandgate Pier at the same time on May 23. Fast boats should reach Noumea in about six days.



Tokyo Quartet: Renowned for precision of performance and award-winning recordings of chamber music, the Tokyo Quartet will tour Australia in April and May as part of Musica Viva's 1983 season. Tour dates are: April 23, Melbourne Concert Hall; April 26, Melbourne's Dallas Brooks Hall; April 27, Canberra School of Music; April 28 and 30, Sydney's Seymour Centre; April 29, Sydney Opera House; May 3, Brisbane's Mayne Hall; May 4, Adelaide Town Hall, and May 6, Perth Concert Hall.



BOOKS

Staff at the Paradise Room enter into the spirit of New Year's Eve, 1958.

surfers' history plus the life and death of sex

As Surfers Paradise cement-renders itself towards its ultimate Miami Beach (the one in America, not the one next to Mermaid) conclusion, it is timely that Pan News Pty Ltd should produce *The Surfers Paradise Story,* a hefty volume which summarises all that is so grotesquely irresistible about the epicentre of the fabulous Queensland Gold Coast.

Over some 300 pages of beach girl piccies and travel brochure prose, author Alexander McRobbie (Scots born but a long-time Surfers resident best known nationally for his 1947 walk from Melbourne to Perth) takes us down Memory Lane and back up Cavill Avenue with such megastars of Meter Maid City as Paula Stafford, Keith Williams and the incomparable Bernie Elsey.

But before we continue, let me clearly state my bias. There are people who believe Surfers Paradise to be a sad commentary on the all-encompassing greed of post-war Australians: those self-made men who fought off the Japs and earned the right to turn virgin coast into a high-rise nightmare and to wear safari suits and gold chains instead of sober business suits. Well, I'm not one of them, and I would suggest that those spoilsports have never witnessed the grey dawn from the bar at the Penthouse, nor been booked by a meter maid, nor calamaried at The Captain's Table nor lusted after the bronzed beauties on the catwalk at a Paula Stafford bikini parade. Furthermore, I bet their parents never tangoed poolside at a Bernie Elsey pyjama party nor thrilled to Winnie Atwell's honky tonk over wiener schnitzel at the Windjammer.

Rough as it is, Mr McRobbie's "saga" of Surfers is a fascinating collection of memories which traces the development of the resort from the building of Jim Cavill's Surfers Paradise Hotel through decades of concrete and crisis to the current debauched scenes which greet the tourist. Bikini pioneer Paula Stafford will no doubt be shocked to see on page 208 a photograph of two young things topless on the sand, a mere frisbee throw from Grundy's waterslide. Wouldn't have happened back in the days when Sir Bruce Small was the Bermuda-shorted boss of the block.

This volume also boasts a charming parochialism which will endear it to locals and bring a wry, smart-arse, southern smile to the rest of us. A special appendix features reprints of the author's best-loved columns which once appeared in the *Gold Coast Bulletin,* and the complete, unexpurgated version (ads and all) of the joke newspaper published by the Chamber of Commerce on the occasion of its 1965 annual ball.

But parochial as it may be, *The Surfers Paradise Story* does not turn its back on world events or celebrities who, as far as we know, never visited the town. On page 56, for example, the letter sent by Frank Sinatra to Bruno Friedlander, mine host of a hotel in Casablanca, is reprinted in full. Mr Friedlander many years later opened a restaurant in Surfers.

Later in the war, however, the pace stepped up with the arrival of the "overpaid, oversexed and over here" Americans. They became extraordinarily popular with the young ladies of the town. McRobbie quotes a veteran journalist of the time: "On Saturday night if you'd fired a cannon along Surfers Paradise Beach north to Narrow Neck you'd have killed half the US Navy and half the female population of the town." This indiscretion made headlines and got the old scribe the boot from his job as Council public relations officer. But not all the visiting Americans had to kip on the beach. According to McRobbie, General MacArthur made a close friend in Brisbane publican and Gold Coast identity Margot Kelly, who had a luxurious *maison de reve* on Surfers Paradise Esplanade. MacArthur apparently had a joyous time visiting with Margot and later ordered that no property of hers in the resort be requisitioned. Ms Kelly, incidentally, had many famous friends. According to McRobbie, a regular at her table at Brisbane's National Hotel dining room during the war was a young and bearded Royal Navy officer. Upon his arrival in town, Margot would invariably receive a phone call. "Margot, I'm in port," Philip Mountbatten, later Prince Philip, would intone. And within a whisker he'd be knocking on the door.

The Surfers Paradise Story is full of fascinating snatches of history, as befits a town which has been home to such celebrities as Bob and Dolly Dyer, Jack Davey, Sir William McMahon and the Hon Russ Hinze, and whose risque lifestyle has been frowned upon by no less a crusader than Dr Billy Graham.

Of all the brickbats and bouquets Surfers has received over the years, I like best the 1957 comment by architect Robin Boyd: "Here is a fibro-cement paradise under a rainbow of plastic paint."— PHIL JARRATT

•

There is more than a sense of irony in the suggestion that Western society should seek to improve its sexual know-how by referring to Eastern lore. The realisation that the finer points were being added to Eastern technique around the time our forefathers were shackled by Victorian values, suggests the sexual revolution was never really an issue east of Constantinople.

In *Sexual Secrets* (Arrow), Nik Douglas and Penny Slinger explore the erotic wisdom of the East to show how the enjoyment of sex permeated almost all aspects of life. In Japan and China, for instance, centuries-old illustrations and texts prove that children learned about sexuality very early in life and without the taboos associated with Western attitudes. In India, carvings and illustrations for instructional purposes indicate that similar values existed.

Sex as a symbol of symmetry, religious zeal and expression forms a vast part of Eastern art, and the Douglas-Slinger book is crammed with hundreds of illustrations depicting eroticism and its role in the quest for cosmic truth, energy and harmony. The book's academic value is enhanced by ample explanatory text and quotes from religious leaders, educators, philosophers and writers of the times.

In innocent contrast is *How To Avoid Sex* (New English Library) by Cliff Parker. The title is a satirical slight on a supposed preoccupation with sex. As a writing exercise it shapes as a series of skits from an ancient *Carry On* movie prescribing a myriad of ways you and I (or Kenneth Williams) might skate very close to a hundred and one horny encounters without actually getting it up.

If you liked Parker's previous works on *How To Avoid Your Garden/Flying* or are into the sort of humor that made the *Carry Ons* so risque 20 years ago, this collection of tepid sexual skits just might raise a guffaw.

— NEIL JAMESON

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MOVIES

As a courtroom drama, director Sidney Lumet's *The Verdict* was always going to be favorable. The victim of some misdirected McCarthyism witch-hunt in the '50s, Lumet is the acknowledged master at relentlessly racking the tension into trial sequences. His *Prince Of The City* was a prime example and *The Verdict* reproduces that same static formality that builds up in any extended courtroom situation.

It must also be said that *The Verdict* benefits by a performance of real bravura stature from Paul Newman. Newman used *Absence of Malice* to get into shape for this performance and he and Lumet have come together honed to a fine edge. Newman plays a Boston lawyer disillusioned at the turn his career has taken. He throws himself into a high-profile malpractice case involving a young woman reduced to a zombie by hospital neglect. Legal circles and the media circus construe his fervor as a noble crusade in search of justice for the victim's family. But it dawns on the audience that his interests are much more self-centred and that professional ego and respect are the real issues at stake.

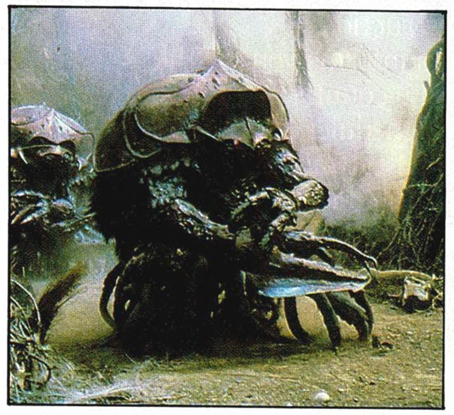
Lumet is never more at home than when raking over professional ethics and David Mamet's script gives him enough rope with which to hang the whole legal profession. Despite the withering social comment, Newman commands so much authority that we ride with him like blinkered associates ready to believe that any success is heroic. All credit to Newman for his soaring dominance because the cast has impressive depth with James Mason as his courtroom opponent, Milo O'Shea as the obstructive judge, Jack Warden as the seasoned adviser and Charlotte Rampling as the crotch to lean on.

Given that justice is an inoperable ideal, I guess an underdog attorney is the next best thing to root for.

•

newman wins in the verdict; thumbs down on dark crystal

David Argue and Bruce Spence add color to Midnite Spares' *Rat Pack.*



Garthim warriors in The Dark Crystal.

The enormous success of *Mad Max* and its sequel has given the Australian film industry something of a reputation in the action movie genre, and *Midnite Spares* won't do too much to damage it. Set in the world of speedway racing, the plot is about as intellectually satisfying as those moronic television commercials for Liverpool's "Place Of Pace". Of course, it's all just an excuse for some automotive mayhem and *Midnite Spares* scores well in the sickening stunt department.

The central character is a young sprintcar driver, Steve (James Laurie) who, in common with the rest of them, is pretty quick on the track and pretty damn slow off it. Steve sets out to blow open a "midnite spares" stolen car racket which feeds off the fringes of the speedway scene and which has also reduced Steve's dad to spare parts after he poked his nose in too far.

The stuntmen and Australia's top sprintcar aces get to provide most of the memorable footage, but director Quentin Masters has been conspicuously successful in his support casting. The speedway circus enjoys some pretty colorful characters and Bruce Spence, Max Cullen and David Argue could all meld into it without turning a head.

And at least the ratbaggery that this film portrays makes me feel better about the closing of the Sydney Showground Speedway. I'd hate to think the local decibel wowsers really killed off a grand tradition by just complaining about exhaust noise.

•

In another world, another time, in the age of wonder, not too far from the Universal Studios parking lot, strange and mysterious creatures which break down roughly into Gelflings (goodies) and Garthims (baddies) stalk the land. The film is *The Dark Crystal* which I suspect is a sort of exorcism of Jim Henson, the man who inflicted the Muppets upon an unsuspecting world.

Admitting to life after, before, or just different from that of Miss Piggy, Henson travels deeper into the realm of imagination than the back pack has ever gone before. Along with *Star Wars* producer Gary Kurtz, ace fantasy artist Brian Froud, and his long-time associate Frank (The Wizard) Oz, Henson has created a fantasy world previously known only to mescalin users.

Jen a Gelfling, one of the few survivors of a race of Barbie doll clones, is told by a wise and gentle mystic of the need to return the crystal shard to the all powerful Dark Crystal or shadow will fall upon the world for all time. He sets off lickety-split on his faithful Landstrider, a wondrous mutation of the worst aspects of both the ostrich and the walrus. There are, of course, evil beings and forbidding castles along the hazardous way, but only a real Kermit would give away the outcome of the story.

Normally this sort of story is heard only in the privacy of psychiatric chambers but Henson says it came to him during a three-day flight delay at the Howard Johnson Motor Lodge at New York's Kennedy International Airport. Next time, Jim, take the bus. Preferably with a wise and gentle mystic.

•

Larry Peerce's film *Love Child* is a fairly predictable treatment of an unashamedly corny concept. . .the cautionary tale of what can happen to a young American who strays from the path of honor. Subtitled "A True Story", it introduces us to Terry Jean Moore, a Florida teenager who flirts with the excitement of armed robbery and nets $5 plus a 15-year jail sentence. As if that isn't bad enough, she's then knocked up by Beau Bridges who's a guard at the prison.

What's a poor girl to do? Well, showing characteristic true grit, Terry Jean begins the battle for possession of both baby and self-esteem. Newcomer Amy Madigan generates some real personality as the locked-up Terry Jean and Beau Bridges does a convincing impersonation of Beau Bridges.

Somehow, however, its potential as a gutsy story is tripped up by its earnest intentions, and we end up in a ghastly no-man's land somewhere between an Anne Deveson docu-drama on Channel 2 and *Prisoner* on Channel 10.

— ROBIN INGRAM

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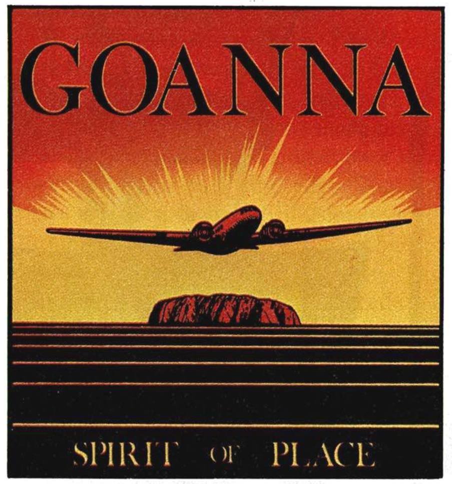
MUSIC

goanna gushes, prince prances and field fails

Since the early '70s, Australia has spawned a number of bands whose primary influence has been the American "West Coast sound". The Dingoes, Little River Band, Stars, Dragon, Air Supply, Cold Chisel, Australian Crawl, Moving Pictures and Men At Work have all reflected this to varying degrees. So well have these artists integrated the foreign style, that it has now become a genuine Australian idiom. Even the Americans believe so.



Goanna is a perfect example of this cultural transference. Many of the melodies on their debut album, *Spirit Of Place* (WEA), sound like Jackson Browne and, occasionally, The Eagles. Gentle, loping rockers interspersed with soft, acoustic ballads. But the use of local images in the lyrics (Solid Rock, Children Of The Southern Land) places this album and the group in a uniquely Australian context.

Goanna has arrived at a very convenient point in this country's history. Their appeals to nationalism coincide with a general patriotic swell. But the group's urge to "C'mon Aussie, c'mon" means more than simply winning The Ashes. The nation's lost opportunity is their major concern. Intelligently allied with pretty, undemanding music, Goanna's sloganeering has found immediate public favor for this expertly-crafted album. It is easy to forecast that they have a long and successful future ahead of them.

●

Prince is one of the more outrageous figures to hit the music scene since Johnny Rotten. Along with Rick James, he has been labelled as "punk funk", and together they have done much to put a bit of excitement back into the moribund black music that has emanated from America in recent years.

Still in his early twenties, Prince has already made five albums, of which the latest, *1999* (WEA), is a double. Like its predecessors, this album is totally written, performed and produced by Prince and again it showcases his unbridled attitude to sex. Despite his youth, Prince could write an encyclopaedia on hedonism, and only a bore could call him single-minded in his fantasies.

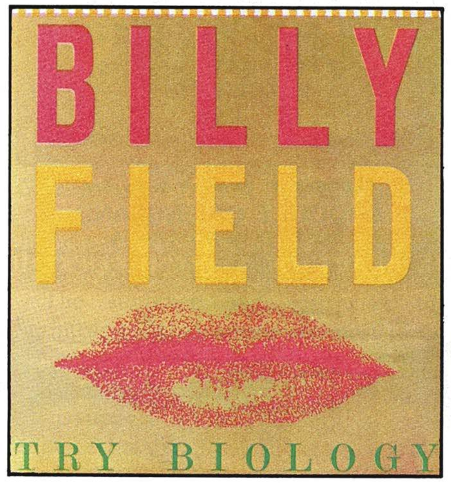
Besides the enjoyment of listening to Prince's lyrics, his other great asset is his reliance on hard, very danceable funk music. Not since Sly Stone was in his prime 10 years ago, has someone had their pulse on the rhythm like this. So if you are beginning to find Michael Jackson a little shallow these days, then a heavy dose of Prince is just what you need. He gives a completely new meaning to the expression "bedrock".

●

Sometimes you wonder how some people ever became a big name. Take Billy Field. His voice could never be called great, he writes some incredibly dopey songs, and most of them are cast in a '40s big band mould. Not what you would think to be the height of fashion. But his debut album and the singles from it sold in huge quantities.

The only rational explanation is that Billy Field's appeal is mainly novelty. If so, will people want to own two of his albums? Is one enough? Maybe, maybe not. Billy must think they do, because his second album, *Try Biology* (WEA), repeats the formula of the first. Even the cover looks similar.

Unfortunately, Billy's jazz pretensions wear a bit thin second time around. Rather than striving to be Australia's modern-day Fats Waller, he would be better advised to pursue his Barry Manilow impressions.



Overall, *Try Biology* is an undistinguished album and places Billy Field on the crossroads already in his short career. He's probably crying all the way to the bank.

●

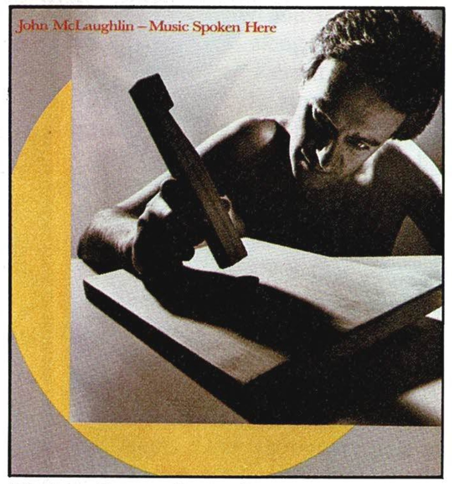
After more than 20 years in the music business, you might be forgiven for thinking that Marvin Gaye had done his dash.

The news has just arrived. The man, who along with Diana Ross, the Temptations and Smokey Robinson, epitomised the Motown sound, is now alive and well and living in Belgium. Fortunately that country does have recording studios and Marvin Gaye has not been idly wasting his old age. His latest album, *Midnight Love* (CBS), is the best work he has done in a decade.

The most remarkable feature of the record, apart from the excellent music, is the instrumentation. Before it was discovered he had one of the great soul voices, Marvin had been languishing in the Motown studios as a session drummer. Now he has capitalised on that past and added a facility with keyboards and synthesisers. Apart from a horn section and guitarist Gordon Banks, Marvin plays all the backing tracks on this album himself.

●

For many purist jazz fans, John McLaughlin went beyond the pale around 1970. His involvement with the groundbreaking Miles Davis groups that produced *Bitches Brew*, *Jack Johnson* and other albums damned him for life.


John McLaughlin – Music Spoken Here

But his critical stocks rose in 1978 with a virtual comeback album, *John McLaughlin, Electric Guitarist*. The trappings of Eastern religion had been dropped and his guitar playing seemed to be more purposeful and succinct. In 1981, McLaughlin finally achieved his aim of recording an acoustic album, *Belo Horizonte*. For almost the first time, he sounded as though he had found his correct metier. His technique on electric guitar is often banal, but on acoustic guitar the effect is exhilarating.

Music Spoken Here (WEA) repeats the combination of the guitarist with a quartet of French musicians. The unusual mix of instruments — acoustic guitar, bass and drums with electric keyboards — contributed to the striking nature of the subtle, reflective music he now produces.

— KENT GODDARD

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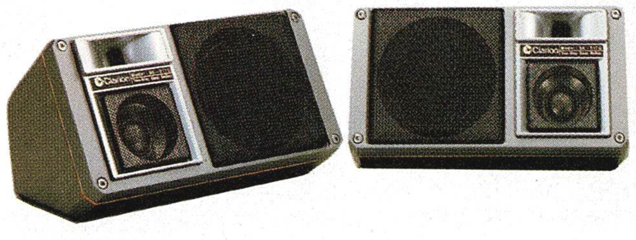

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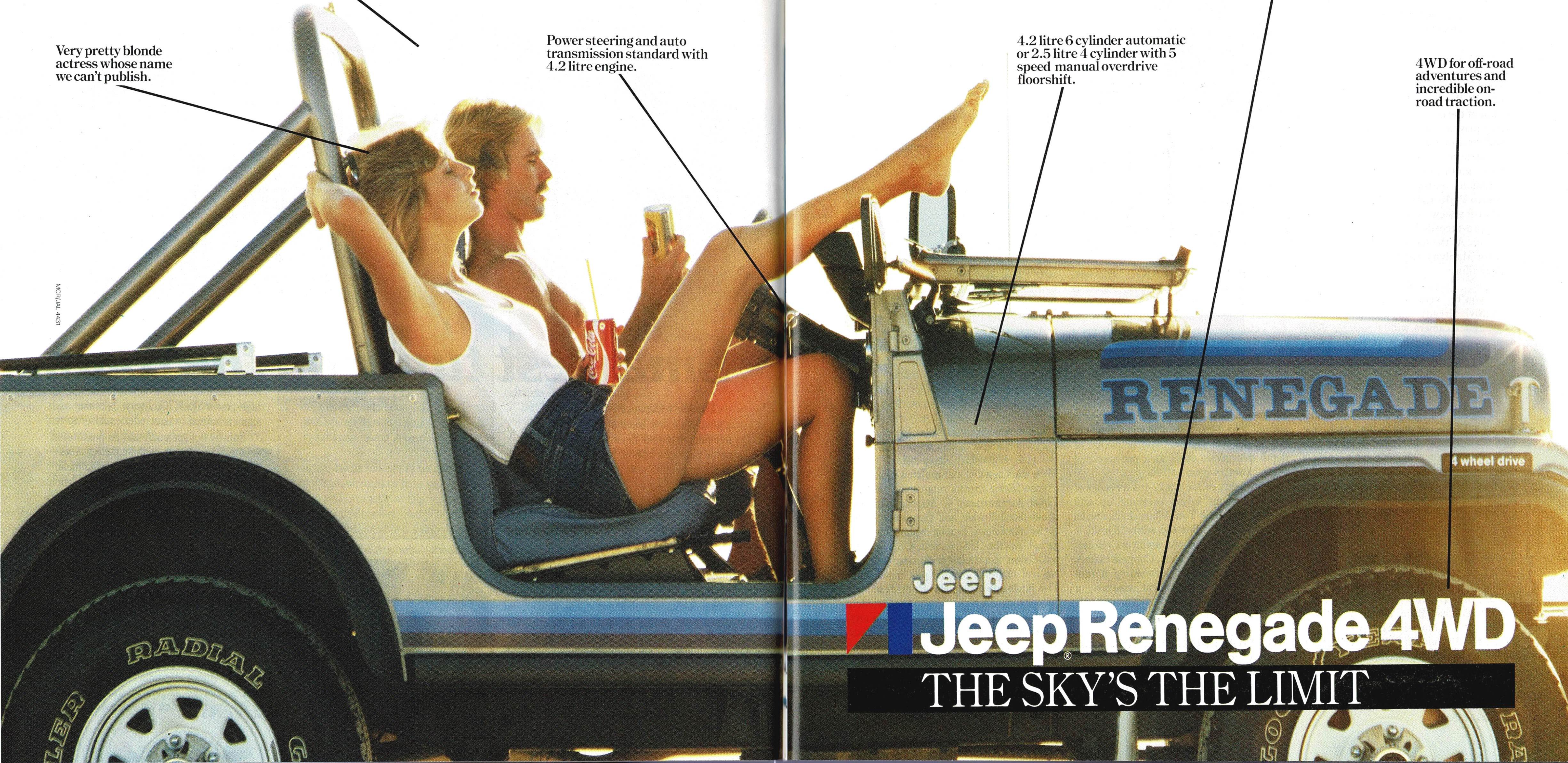

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MCR/JAL 4431

VIDEO

The Australian and world market video equipment leader is still VHS, but late last year, Beta manufacturers started coming on bullish with a new series of low cost, state-of-the-art systems.

Cheapest of the lot is the Toshiba V-9600 featuring front loading, picture search, slow motion, freeze-frame and pre-set recording. The Sony C6 system has a similar range of features and both are currently priced at around $700. The Sanyo VCT 5300P-IIN is approximately $800 and has equivalent features to most VHS systems around the $1000 mark.

At those sort of prices — even allowing for changes between time of writing and publication — the problem of finding another Beta owner in the neighborhood will soon disappear.

●

Stereo sound, for so long the missing component in video heaven, is fast becoming a regular feature of top-of-the-range VCRs. The Rank Arena RV350 is typical of the new era machines with Dolby stereo playback and facility to record FM simulcasts, plus an editing control system that minimises tape "noise" between scenes, multi-program pre-set recording and remote control.

Stereo VCRs rightfully belong alongside your hi-fi system — the only problem is to find pre-recorded stereophonic video cassettes. At the moment they're as rare as calls for Marilyn Chambers to star in a Walt Disney film.

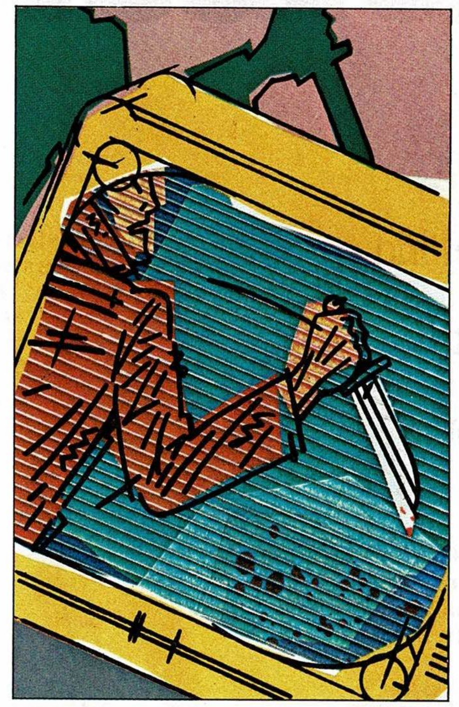
●

If you're visually creative, you've probably already supplemented your single-reflex camera with a portable video outfit. And if you bought early, you're probably now wondering whether to trade in your lot for one of the newer lightweight systems. The Sony FI system, for instance, weighs in at under 7.5 kilograms (4.3kg for the recorder, 3kg for the camera). It all fits snugly into an optional action pack that clips the camera onto your shoulder and straps the recorder to your back inside a waterproof case.

In Japan, seven Beta manufacturers have announced a combined development program for a super-lightweight recorder that will weigh just 2.7kg. The system is now due on the Japanese market and should be in Australia about mid-year.

REVIEWS

TIME BANDITS (John Cleese, Sean Connery, Michael Palin. Directed by Terry Gillam — Thorn-EMI). Conceived, directed and produced by two members of the Monty Python team (Gillam and Palin), *Time Bandits* is the sort of movie that goes all out to appeal to the kid in your funny-bone. It also shares the Monty Python syndrome of slowly building to peaks of hilarity. Then again, if they didn't want you to get to the punch lines and best bits of silliness sooner, why would they have invented picture search?



beta challenges vhs for market supremacy in '83

ONE FROM THE HEART (Teri Garr, Frederick Forrest, Paul Julia, Nastassia Kinski. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola — Star Video). A movie literally just made for video. Francis Ford shot *Heart* via a recently developed video-to-film process that he calls Electronic Cinema. He says it will revolutionise film-making in years to come. Maybe. Certainly the process highlights the glittering surrealistic fantasies that are the basis of *Heart's* visual appeal. And the quality of the image on the TV screen has a clarity and definition of depth that makes most other pre-recorded video cassettes seem soft focus.

The quality of the story? It's a bucket of schmaltz about lovers breaking up and making up, while Tom Waits drones on in the background. But the sultry Kinski is always worth a look. As a cinema release, *Heart* flopped world wide. Coppola blames the major studios for railroading it into short runs in independent cinemas, a circumstance that prompted *Heart's* swift release as a video item.

THE AWAKENING OF EMILY (Koo Stark, Victor Spinetti, Sarah Brackett — Video Classics). Soft core porn set in the gently rolling English countryside and no better or worse than a hundred other excuses to pan slowly over a selection of nimble bodies coupling naked.

But Koo Stark, of course, *has* played hide the sceptre with a prince of the realm and, according to Video Classics, sales have been so high that even Republicans must be tuning in to see what shape a royal treat takes.

Koo is small-breasted, shapely and a lithe mover. She has a heart-shaped face, big, dark, gooey eyes and a somewhat minimalist Thespian technique. Her role is that of a young girl seeking fulfillment as a woman. Randy Andy could have done worse.

THRILLERS

A good thriller can be defined as something you could sit through a third time and find the best moments still chilling. Among the hundreds of titles available, a good thriller with a durable tingle is still hard to find. Here are some of the best recent releases:

Dressed to Kill — Director Brian De Palma's tribute to Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho*. Taut, tense, grippingly paced with guaranteed KOs everytime you watch Angie Dickinson being carved up in an elevator, and during the *Carrie*-inspired denouement.

The Silent Partner — The essence of a good thriller is in the twist of the plot and this one has more good turns than a corkscrew doing its business with a vintage red. Elliott Gould, Susannah York and Christopher Plummer chase each other for a prize of $50,000. Gould also stars in *Dirty Tricks*, a political thriller involving humor and an attempt to prove that George Washington was a pink traitor. The chase sequences build up some steam but otherwise there's just too much standing around swapping stale gags.

Twisted Nerve — British thrillers tend to be slower-paced and less action-packed than the American formula. *Twisted Nerve* is a good example of how tension can slowly build to a powerful conclusion. Hayley Mills stars as a girl manipulated by a young psycho faking mental retardation.

Final Assignment — Michael York as a blank-faced Ruskie and Genevieve Bujold as an American reporter play love/hate games as the USSR and USA vie for possession of a dissident Russian scientist. No real surprises but the plot moves fast.

The Kidnapping of the President — A terrorist handcuffs himself to the President of the United States and wants $100,000,000 in diamonds for the key. Really, the whole thing is just an excuse to mount some well-executed scenes of violence.

— ANTHONY O'GRADY

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

SERVENTY SPEAKS OUT

P.D. Jack's article on the World Wildlife Fund (December) was well-researched and contained only a few minor errors, yet an unbiased reader could reach entirely different conclusions from the same facts.

First, for errors of fact: I am described as a "conservationist author", "a well known one-man band", "sufficiently eccentric to lend an aura of authenticity", and "a professional conservationist, in that he earns his living by it". I do not earn my living by conservation. All my services to conservation groups are given free. I am a professional in terms of my scientific background and 30 years of experience, both in Australia and overseas.

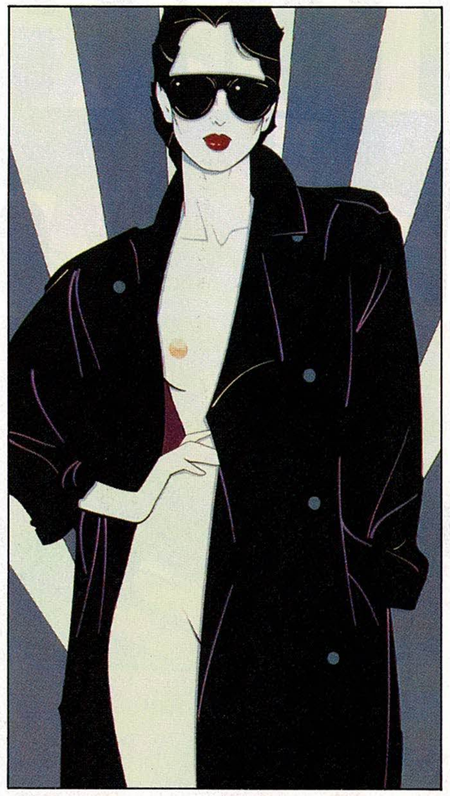
I earn my living by writing books and articles and by making films about natural history.

Far from being eccentric, my friends complain I am too predictable. For example, I have opposed mining of any kind on the Great Barrier Reef, destruction of the jarrah and karri forests of south-western Australia, the destruction of Lake Pedder and the Franklin, and uranium mining. I have never been a one-man band. The media create the illusion that battles to save particular places are won by individuals. Historians foster the same illusions. Every battle in which I have been involved has been won by groups of people of all ages and politics, sometimes hundreds, sometimes tens of thousands of them.

This is why all my life I have helped organise new groups to assist in the conservation cause. I was involved in forming the WA Tree Society, the WA National Trust and the newly-formed Decade of the Trees towards the Greening of Australia group. I was largely responsible for World Wildlife Fund Australia being created, starting work on this project in 1962 but having to wait until 1978 for its formation.

The statement that WWF is doing a wonderful job for certain rare and exotic species, but is doing nothing about the big issues, is not true. WWF was formed to work on endangered species but the realities of the conservation cause have modified this policy. WWF has been involved in many broad issues. International campaigns include The Seas Must Live, the conservation of tropical forests, and a campaign this year on plants, the most endangered of all natural groups.

In Australia we are carrying out a national rainforest study as well as a survey of south-western Queensland to obtain information needed to set up a network of conservation reserves. When we go into a conservation battle, we like to be able to present a government with a well-researched argument but we will be tenacious in ensuring that our recommendations are accepted.



The World Conservation Society Strategy expresses principles that can be used by conservationists everywhere. From its lead is coming an Australian Conservation Strategy that will be complete in 1983. Surely this is the keystone of broad issue conservation!

I now come to the main complaint. Is there such a thing as "tainted" money? This question has been running for centuries. Bernard Shaw dealt with it in *Major Barbara*. The charity in question was the Salvation Army; the money coming from brewers. I have always taken the attitude that once the money is in conservation hands, it is purified.

This brings me to the final point at issue. Alcoa was not responsible for the destruction of the jarrah forests — the blame lies with the present Western Australian Government, and in the final analysis, on the people who elected them. The destruction of the Franklin is not due to "Comalco, EZ and BHP" as claimed in the article. The blame lies squarely on the Tasmanian Government, and finally on the Australian Government, if it does not take action to save it.

I refuse to allow governments of any political hue to wriggle out of their environmental obligations by blaming nationals or multi-nationals. The power is in their hands and finally, ours. The buck stops at our own doorstep. If enough Australians care, then we can look forward to a reasonable future.

Vincent Serventy,
Hunters Hill, NSW.

STUART NOT A CULT FIGURE?

A devoted reader of your magazine, I was dismayed to read Frank Robson's 'Torch Man' article in your October issue. As a likely insight to the feelings and emotive responses of Stuart's mother, it was probably an excellent article. But as a piece of intelligent journalism, I fear it lacked the main ingredient of credibility.

With remarks of a high IQ and. . . "He was the strongest man anyone knew and — in prison — the smartest". . .Robson placed his article in the ever-growing piles of junk journalism that are steadily overwhelming us.

To state categorically that Stuart was a cult figure to other inmates is blatant fabrication. To some, he may have been, but they would have been a very minute number.

To my misfortune, I met Stuart in the late-'60s in Long Bay Prison. His reputation as a stand-over man was rampant and many of the scars he bore were from other inmates (not scared of him) who were usually protecting other less capable inmates. Stuart was renowned for standing over the old drunks and antique residents for their tobacco issues, and over boys in Wings 1 and 2 for sex.

He was terribly lacking in smartness, as he was continually being knifed. I recall one time he was knifed in the showers at the CIP. It was reputed to have been over one of his attacks on a boy — although I don't know that for sure. He was sliced from mid-stomach to mid-back via the under part of the rib cage. The weapon was a large butcher's knife from the kitchen. I was standing with another inmate at the clinic as Stuart came running, screaming across the grounds. He was naked, wet and covered in blood. He collapsed in a pool of blood outside the clinic; officers, nurse and inmates looked on with more laughter than concern.

Stuart was eventually transferred to Grafton after that attack (more for his own protection than anything else). For some time after the attack, he was moved around the CIP under protective escort of four prison officers.

Stuart was a bully and a person of low character. In return, he achieved the rare distinction of being despised by both officers and inmates.

Name and address withheld.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DON CHIPP

a candid conversation with the ex-liberal minister about the democrats, dams and the divisions of power in parliament

The wrinkles are shallower, the fire still smoulders in the eyes. Don Chipp is back on the hustings, the eloquence of tongue and hands undimmed by 23 years on the centre stage of Australian politics.

Despite the shock of a serious heart attack 18 months ago that mocked his obsession with physical fitness, Don Chipp, incredibly, looks younger than when last we met when his disenchantment with Liberal politics was etched in that washboard face. Late political and physical parenthood seems to agree with the man every Canberra watcher in the land wrote off as a spent force when he finally cut himself off from the Liberal Party and mainstream politics almost six years ago. Chipp is understandably proud of the new political party he has since carved in his own image, and of the six-month-old daughter he fathered in the image of his second wife, Austrian-born air hostess, Idun.

At 57, images are very important to Chipp, leader of the Australian Democrats and keeper of the balance of power in the Senate. When a photographer interrupts his political musings in a mid-floor suite of Sydney's Boulevard Hotel, Chipp anguishes over the severe or casual look for the photographic record. On the cameraman's advice, he opts for an open shirt. He retires into the bathroom; when he returns a gold chain and cross have replaced the sober tie.

Walking the wire between a bemused but curious electorate with on the one side, a Liberal Opposition in the rebuilding process and on the other, a new Labor Government, Chipp knows the golden value of every swing voter won over and every dollar donated to the cause.

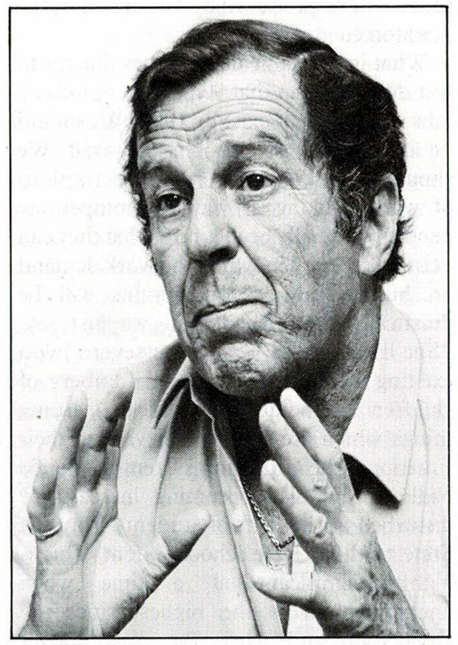
Chipp has already confounded the sceptics. He has got the Democrats rooted in barren political ground, and made the unconvinced eat crow when he persuaded the 1980 and 1983 electorates to entrust his Senate team with the responsibility of checking and balancing Government legislation. In just five years, Chipp has achieved almost every electoral goal he has set himself and his fledgling party.

But Don Chipp knows full well that it is not enough. Those initial successes in Federal and State ballot boxes must be consolidated if the Democrats are to establish themselves as an alternative political force. The latest challenge to the Democrats came in March when Malcolm Fraser ordered Australia once more unto the polls. Chipp measured his neck by declaring that the Democrats would tighten their grip on the power balance with gains in the Senate and more daringly, that they would win their first seats in the House of Representatives. However, most of the swinging vote swung behind Bob Hawke and Labor, denying the Democrats a voice in the House of Representatives. But their watchdog status in the Upper House was reinforced and their influence in the preferential voting count highlighted their polling power. It was enough to encourage Don Chipp to run on towards that impossible dream — an Australian Democrats Government. Not that Don Chipp has ever stopped running. From the time he broke with Northcote convention deep in the Melbourne working-class belt by opting for high school rather than Preston Tech, he has had a mission to make Australia an egalitarian Eden.

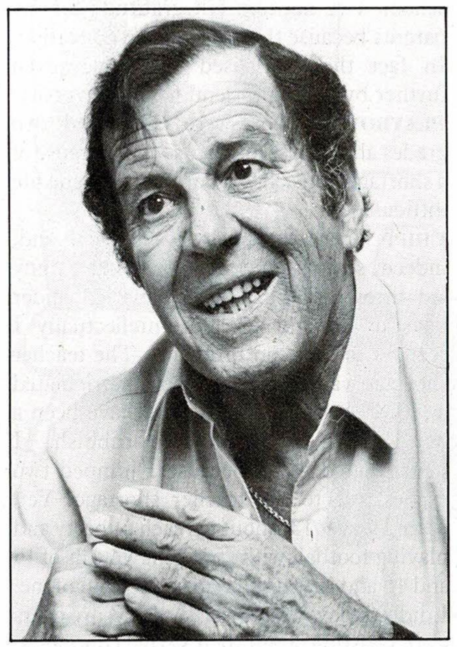
Through high school, university and the Air Force, the way was often clouded by the strict teachings of the Church of Christ and the isms and dogmas of various political high priests. The mists cleared when an old friend and mentor, the late Sir Maurice Nathan, simplified the options for Chipp during a chat in a small Melbourne coffee shop in the early '50s. Within a couple of months, Chipp was a paid-up member of the Australian Liberal Party, which, with a little help from the voters, presented him with his first ticket to Canberra.

Chipp served the party well through the Menzies-Holt-Gorton periods when "liberalism" was still an acceptable word in the Chipp political lexicon. But a disillusionment — which began to take bud when Gorton got the shove —flowered when Fraser made his coup and, in May 1977, at an age when most politicians might have considered swapping the quest for power for the potting shed, Don Chipp struck out on his own.

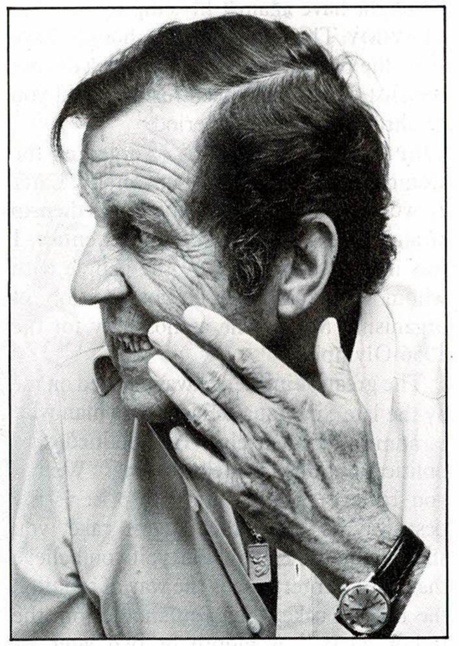
Again the political grail — which he felt the Liberal Party had long lost sight of — was a wealthy, powerful Australia brimming with equal opportunity: a nation in which the haves and have-nots were one people working for the common weal. There have been times since when Chipp has appeared to have more in



"You can't hate — or love — anyone whom you pity. I have used that device in my relationship with Fraser."



"Australia can be a great nation only by allowing initiative at the small to medium business level to flourish."



"Who would want to join the Melbourne Club anyway? Those members are the most boring people you'll ever meet."

common with that other Don, Quixote, than the new political messiah, but one by one the windmills have tottered and fallen. Time and again, Chipp has given us glimpses of political genius as he has identified the real issues worrying Australians and made political mileage of them. And now he is at it again, singing the praises of the conservationists, belting the crap out of the multi-nationals (he is convinced they are hell-bent on reducing Australia to a quarry) and clamoring for a human approach to the problems of education, health and unemployment.

To check what is ticking in the astute political mind of Don Chipp, PLAYBOY *sent* **Russell Deiley** *to talk to the man who is convinced he could be king one day.*

"A couple of years ago, a mate of mine observed that if the road to hell is paved with good intentions, Don Chipp and the Australian Democrats are on a slippery path," says Deiley. "It was a hell of a good line, but simplistic and slick. Chipp really cares about the future of Australians. He's honest enough to admit he might not be the man for the moment, maybe not the man who will stir us enough to climb out of the trough of apathy and get the country moving. But he is so consumed by hope, and he is angry enough about the defaulting politicians who are misshaping our destiny, that he is going to give it his best shot."

PLAYBOY: As a child, you watched your father and his mates scramble for work tokens during the Depression. What effect did that have on you and how has it colored your attitude toward society?

CHIPP: It has given me an understanding of the resentment felt by members of the trade union movement and the working class against the employing class. It's given me an understanding of the problems of the trade unionist — not just problems relating to his working conditions, but also the prejudice he might have against his employer.

PLAYBOY: The experience should have been the perfect crucible in which a devout socialist would have been formed. Did you go through a socialist period?

CHIPP: Of course; in fact, I verged on the Communist while I was at university. Later I swung round to Douglas Credit, then to straight Labor, but in my mid-twenties, I was influenced largely by the people with whom I mixed when I got the job of organising Melbourne as host city for the 1956 Olympics.

The greatest influence was exerted on me by the late Sir Maurice Nathan, a man who I admire immensely. He defined the political options for me by saying: "Well, if you believe that private enterprise is the best way to build the biggest cake, you should join the Liberal Party; if you believe that public enterprise is the way of building the biggest cake, then you should join the Labor Party." A month or two later, at about 27 or 28, I joined the Liberal Party.

PLAYBOY: You have often spoken — with some bitterness — of having been denied an adequate school education. Have you mellowed in your recollection of your school-days?

CHIPP: I'm surprised that you should ask that, because it was the reverse. What I *have* been bitter about were the penalties I suffered by having a State school education. I have often recalled with bitterness that, although I was a senior league footballer in Melbourne, I was not selected in the inter-faculty university match, while all the no-hopers who had gone to Scotch, or Melbourne Grammar or whatever private school, could easily get a game.

Although we came from a relatively low socio-economic background, our family was not poor. My father was a foreman fitter-turner, but with four children living in a working-class suburb, my parents did have to make a heavy sacrifice to send me to high school at a time when most of the children born and brought up in Northcote left the State school at 12, went to Preston Tech to learn a trade and joined the blue collar work-force.

For some extraordinary reason, when I was 11 or 12, I came home one day and said: "Mum and Dad, I want to go to high school." They were overjoyed, but, at the same time, a little distressed because in those days you had to pay to go to high school. I've nothing but gratitude for my parents because they gave me an education. In fact they penalised themselves even further by paying to send me to university.

Enormous numbers of children are being subjected to learning things which are totally irrelevant. The education system has failed badly.

PLAYBOY: Yet you were catapulted two grades ahead in secondary school because of a shortage of teachers. Surely that made life difficult?

CHIPP: There were physical, social and, indeed, sexual disadvantages being a puny lad thrown in among big-muscled, older boys of 16 and 17. But intellectually I seemed to have no problems. The teacher shortage was the main reason I matriculated at 15. People say: "You must have been a boy genius," but that's rubbish. I matriculated at 15 because I jumped two grades due to the teacher shortage. Yet, there I was at 13, about to reach puberty and playing football with strapping youths of 15 and 16 and getting the shit belted out of me. I didn't know what girls were and my peers were boasting about their sexual conquests. That certainly gave me a king-sized inferiority complex which I had until I joined the Air Force when I was 18.

PLAYBOY: You withdrew into yourself as a teenager?

CHIPP: Because of my shyness, I did not have a wide circle of teenage friends. I did not spend my teens in the pursuits of most healthy, teenage boys; chasing girls, boozing and that sort of thing. Instead, I indulged myself in heavy discussions with much older people on economic systems, various isms and religion. I was very heavily into religion in my teens and closely associated with the Church of Christ. I suppose I was mature intellectually, but very immature socially.

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to the education of now, rather than then. Many young Australians are angry about the futility of education, how it fails to prepare them for today's world. Why are the educationists failing our children?

CHIPP: Educationists must ultimately accept some of the responsibility, but I sheet home most of the blame to politicians who should be directing the educators on the concepts they must adopt. There is no question — and of all the politicians, only Barry Jones and I keep hammering this point — that we are now living in an entirely new ball game in terms of education, work prospects and the future. To paraphrase Arthur Koestler, we are allowing a technological revolution to take place without adjusting our psychological and sociological responses to the change. This is what we have done over the years when faced with a new phenomenon. We know what problems it is going to produce, but we say, "Too hard," and put it at the bottom of the pile. I'm talking about the silicon chip. Every politician in Canberra, Macquarie Street or wherever, knows what is happening — the projections have been outlined in every report, including Lord Hirshfield who came out here and said that within 10 years, all the goods and services of today will be produced by 10 percent of the workforce.

What in the name of God does that mean if it doesn't mean that 90 percent of today's jobs simply won't exist by 1990? We should be asking what sort of jobs *will* exist. We should be looking at alternative definitions of work, looking at ways to compensate people financially or in kind so that they can exist in a society in which the work demand on human muscles and brains will be drastically diminished. But we just say, "She'll be right," and persevere with existing systems. Enormous numbers of children are being subjected to learning things which are totally irrelevant to their situation. The education system has failed badly. I am also becoming increasingly disturbed at the drift of students from the State to the private school system. This is highly significant at a time when unemployment is the highest since the Depression and when the discretionary dollars available to households are becoming less and less. Yet we find more and more parents prepared to spend up to $3000 a year to send one child to a private school.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps one of the reasons is that, in a shrinking employment scene, parents feel that their children will be more likely to find a job through the old boy network?

CHIPP: I have asked dozens of parents and teachers why they think it is happening and still I don't know the answer. The reason you suggest is only one of many they put forward as possibilities. Those reasons include fear of violence in the playgrounds of the State schools; loss of respect for State school teachers who are prone to strike, and who appear to have lost their professionalism and dedication; and fear of peer groups in the State school system where a kid who shows an interest in educating and bettering himself is put down and rubbished. From a personal view, I think your reason is one of the lesser. But it was certainly a reason in my day, and it was the reason why I made sacrifices to send my four kids to private schools.

PLAYBOY: What are the Democrats doing to get other politicians off their bums to do something about the education crisis?

CHIPP: A group comprising teachers, parents and students nominated the Democrats' education policy as the best of all the political parties. But then the Teachers' Federation made a sham of the exercise. After being party to choosing our policy as the best, the Federation announced it was going to put $180,000 behind the Labor Party to help the ALP win the election. Their apparent reasoning was that Labor was the only party with an acceptable education policy that could win government. But by constantly putting forward our policies to the Parliament, by moving amendments every time there is an education bill before Parliament, and by vetoing things which impede advances in education, we *can* have an influence. We recently voted against the proposition to introduce student loans for tertiary education. Unhappily, the Labor Party went to water. If they had joined us, we could have defeated that legislation which we regard as extremely dangerous. It means a reversion to the elitism of 20 years ago because a bloody bank is going to be the arbiter on who gets a loan. What chance has a single mother, or most women for that matter, of getting a loan when the banks will regard them as greater risks than men?

PLAYBOY: You take frequent shots at the Australian class chasm. Were Australians more class conscious in the '30s and '40s?

CHIPP: There is no question about that. The only way in which class consciousness has affected Australians is in the education system. Of course you have this bullshit among people in Toorak and Sydney's North Shore who carry on a pathetic, socialite stance. There is certainly class consciousness among that self-appointed elite. I won't embarrass the lady by naming her, but a woman from Toorak actually joined the Democrats the other day. When she told her friends, they all said: "Oh, you haven't joined *those* people have you?" Members of that social set regard us as lower on the social scale than even members of the Labor Party. But those people are so far up themselves that nobody takes any notice of them anyway.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like you have personally felt the sting of class distinction?

CHIPP: I have suffered it and come to terms with it. Yet I still deeply resent it when I come across it. It is hideous that Jews and migrants can't join certain golf clubs or those so-called exclusive clubs like the Melbourne and Adelaide Clubs. It is monstrous that the self-appointed elite in our midst can impose class distinctions on other members of Australian society. But, in a real sense, I suppose that is relatively unimportant because who in their right mind would want to join the Melbourne Club anyway? Melbourne Club members are the most boring people you'll ever meet.

PLAYBOY: As a product of the Melbourne working class, have you ever secretly delighted in rubbing shoulders with the establishment and being a participant in their exercise of power?

CHIPP: If I was honest with myself, I would have to say that, subconsciously, I enjoyed rubbing shoulders with them and saying: "Here I am, you son of a bitch; I'm not here because I was born in Toorak, I'm here because I have taken off my coat, worked and studied and I exercise more power than you do!" I have never felt that they are superior to me. In fact I have always felt they were inferior. Maybe that is inverted snobbery, but I find them so boring. Very few of them have a sense of humor.

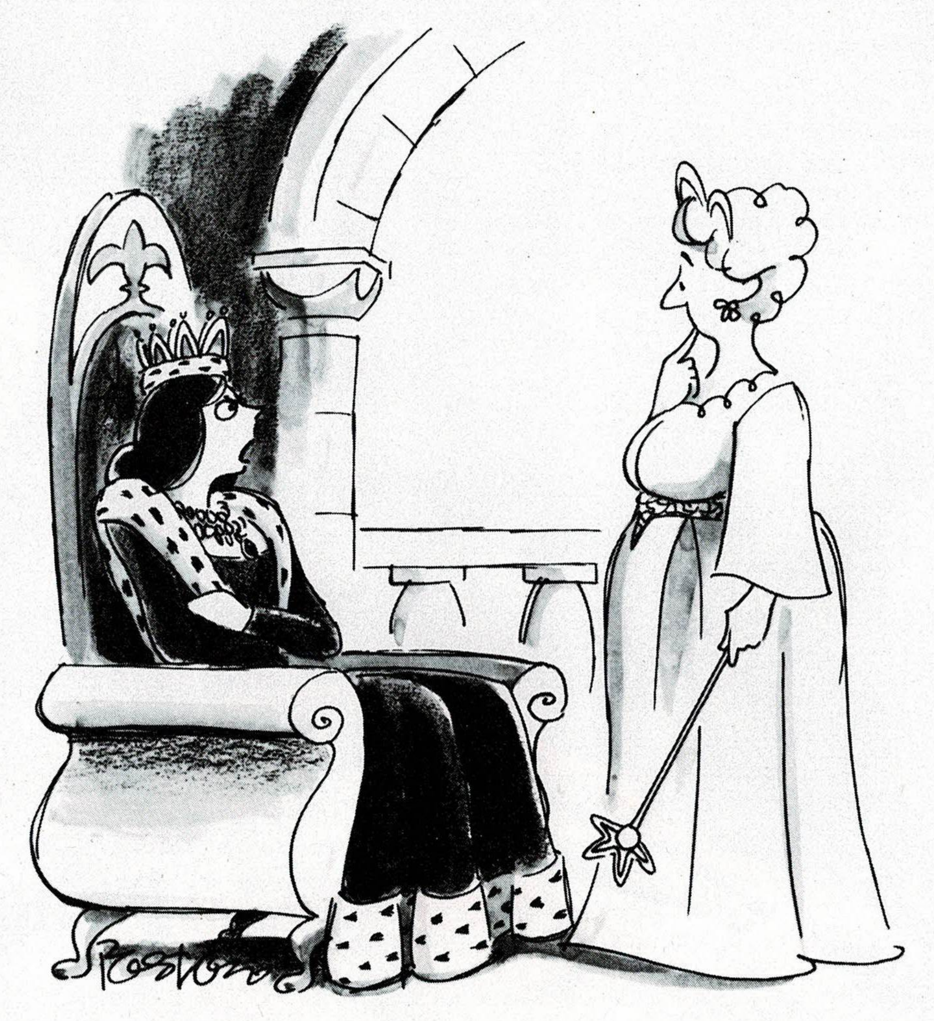
PLAYBOY: Are you including some of your former Liberal Party colleagues in that broadside?

CHIPP: Some of them, yeah. But I was thinking essentially of members of the establishment, although some of my colleagues certainly fit that description. Not a lot, mind you. The Liberal Party changes over the years. During the days when I enjoyed being a member of the party under John Gorton, a lot of Libs could not claim their roots in the establishment.

PLAYBOY: Your background is classically Labor, yet you chose to make your political run in Liberal livery. Why?

CHIPP: I remember making a mental note after joining the party following my discussion with Sir Maurice Nathan in a little Melbourne coffee shop that, had I been a young Indian or Indonesian, I would have joined the socialist party. And I would still do that today. The fact is I am an

(continued on page 103)



"That's great. You find me a prince and he gives me herpes!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL SKELTON

PLAYBOY'S TOUGH TIMES MONEY GUIDE

how to stay one step ahead of the recession

JUST IMAGINE you're back in 1979. Your job seems secure, the mineral boom is about to explode, inflation is less than 10 percent and you are looking for an investment that will make some *real* money. So, you buy a glossy investment guide called *Ninety-nine Ways to Get Rich in Australia.* Keeping avarice in check, you coolly skim through sections on gold, stamps, forests and antique cars until something bright and shining catches your eye — diamonds. The advice is eminently logical. Diamonds are rare and have always been the gemstones favored by royalty. In the preceding 30 years, their price increased by 20 percent annually! A one carat, flawless diamond worth $5000 in 1973 sells for $20,000 in 1979! The author *does* mention that the market for diamonds is cyclic but assures you that the giant South African DeBeers Company, acting through its Central Selling Organisation, will protect you from temporary drops in demand. You see, the Central Selling Organisation holds a world-wide monopoly on diamond sales. When demand is weak, it merely withdraws diamonds from the market. This creates an artificial shortage and maintains the price. The guide also notes that diamonds are a long-term investment; you can't expect to make a profit overnight. Patience is the key. Those who buy diamonds are sure to reap great rewards, someday. Needless to say, you find

article by seth gregory

the argument in favor of diamonds convincing and off you go to your local diamond merchant. For six months, you are really riding high. While your friends collect pitiful (and taxable) interest on their building society savings accounts, your diamond is happily appreciating in its lovely, felt-lined, box. Then, without warning, things start to go sour. Economies everywhere are weakening. The mineral boom turns out to be merely a whimper. Predictably, the demand for diamonds begins to drop. But, you're not worried. The Central Selling Organisation is there to protect you — and it tries. It restricts the diamond supply, but the market continues to slacken. Diamond merchants who set up shop during the '60s, fold up their tents and move on. By the end of 1981, the Central Selling Organisation is sitting on a mountain of diamonds and the price of yours has dropped 40 percent.

Things are not working out quite as they were supposed to, but you know better than to sell out now. You may have bought at the top, but you are not going to sell at the bottom. The guide said diamonds are long-term investments. Things are bound to improve? Wrong again! By the end of 1982, your diamond has lost two-thirds of its original value (should you find anyone willing to buy it). The economy is in worse shape than ever, your job is no longer secure and having money in the bank would be comforting. There is still the likelihood that in the "long term", diamond prices will recover; but just how long-term, no one knows. You finally learn what the doyen of modern economists, Lord Keynes, meant when he said: "In the *long term* we are all dead."

Now, what do you think about diamonds?

The present guide is not only for those who have had bad experiences trying to make a killing, but also for those smart enough to avoid questionable schemes in the first place. The plain truth is that all get-rich-quick schemes are either frauds or illegal. About the best one can expect in economic life is safe, steady asset growth. This guide has been prepared to help you achieve this modest goal. Entries have been arranged alphabetically, encyclopaedia style. Each section is self-contained so you can skip around and read them in any order. You may find some of the recommendations rather conservative, but you are unlikely to be sorry you followed them.

ADVICE

Because few of us have either the time or the inclination to study investment analysis, we do what appears to be the next best thing: consult professionals who do the work for us. For fees ranging from $140 for a monthly "letter" to $5000 for weekly or even daily advice, anyone can buy professional investment analysis. For these fees, advisers claim to do more than merely inform their clients about how investments work, they claim to be able to predict future trends. To do this, most investment advisers work hard gathering data and analysing markets. Nevertheless, it's whether or not their subscribers make money that really counts. The fact is that most probably don't. Typically, the advice is too general to be meaningful ("sell at any sign that an upward trend is over"). When advisers do try to predict a specific trend, their success rate is no better than tossing a coin.

Consider the following experiment: in 1967, three senior members of *Forbes'* staff (*Forbes* is a widely-read American business magazine) hurled 10 darts each at newspaper stock exchange listings previously mounted on an office wall. A hypothetical $1000 was invested in each company pierced by a dart. Three years later, their "portfolio" had increased in value by 50 percent. By comparison, the price of an average share went up only seven percent. During this same three-year period, only 15 percent of professional investment managers beat the market average. In other words, dart-throwing journalists made better choices than 85 percent of professional analysts. (Actually, even the 15 percent who beat the market average did not all match *Forbes'* staff's 50 percent increase.) Subsequent experiments, in which dart throwing was replaced by computers generating random numbers, have confirmed these findings. Professionals do no better and often worse, than merely guessing. Since experts cannot outguess the market, their advice is not worth the expensive bond paper it is printed on. No investment guide, not even this one, can predict the future.

All get-rich-quick schemes are either frauds or illegal. About the best one can expect in economic life is safe, steady asset growth.

BORROWING

Depending on who you ask, it was either Ben Franklin or William Shakespeare who first said, "Neither a borrower or lender be." Whoever it was, he was not only ungrammatical, he was wrong. Some of our richest citizens are our greatest debtors. Virtually no one ever became a millionaire without borrowing money.

There is, however, a big difference between borrowing to invest and borrowing to buy consumer goods. If you take out a loan to buy a factory, there is at least the possibility that you will make money on the cash you borrow (provided people want to buy what you make). Moreover, the interest on such loans is tax deductible. In contrast, borrowing to buy a stereo system or color TV won't make you any money. In fact, as your TV is bound to get old and fall apart someday, you are ultimately guaranteed a complete loss. For this reason, it is better to pay cash than borrow money to buy consumer goods. A $600 television could wind up costing more than $800 on a two year hire-purchase contract.

There are times, however, when even the most level-headed among us finds something that "must" be bought immediately — a trip, a car stereo system, a boat. When this happens to you, keep in mind that loan costs vary greatly and it pays to shop around.

Bankcard is a familiar and easy-to-use source of funds available to most people. Once upon a time, in the good old days before double-digit inflation, the 18 percent interest charged by Bankcard seemed usurious. Today, of course, it's more or less moderate. There are cheaper loans than Bankcard; cheque account overdrafts and personal loans are two, but there are dearer loans as well. Finance companies, for example, make loans for consumer purchases quoting "flat" interest rates. Although these often sound reasonable (10-12 percent), the numbers can be misleading. A flat rate of 10 percent produces a yearly effective rate twice as high. Add to this such charges as loan establishment fees, stamp duty and life insurance (to pay off the loan should you die from overwork trying to make the payments) and you might want to stick with Bankcard. If you're really desperate, you can visit a pawnbroker. They will usually give you about one-third what your stuff is worth at 20 to 25 percent interest per month. Of course if you don't pay the loan, your things will be sold.

CHAIN LETTERS

Every year, like clockwork, some idiotic chain letter scheme takes the news. For those few lucky readers who have never seen a get-rich-quick chain letter, they usually go something like this: "The Lord will provide, all you must do is believe. Your faith will be rewarded within seven days, provided that you do not break the sacred chain. Bruce Elliot received $8000 but then lost it because he broke the chain. Pia Lee of the Philippines actually lost her life because she broke the chain. This letter has been around the world four times [*how the writer knew this is not at all clear*] and will bring you good fortune if you follow these instructions:

"First, add your name to the bottom of the list of four names on this page. Send $1 to the top name and cross it off your list. Then, make copies of this letter and send it to 20 other people. Remember, don't break the chain and you can expect to receive as much as $8000 in the next week."

There are many variations on this theme. In 1981, the big rage was pyramid parties which first originated in America. In 1982, it was the UK-based "golden circle". Each is a form of Ponzi scheme. Ponzi was a classic con man who made his money by promising big returns to investors which he paid from the money he received from new investors. As long as new investors kept joining, there was plenty to pay the old investors plus a little for Ponzi. Eventually, of course, the sucker supply dried up and the scheme collapsed. Pyramid selling schemes in which "distributors" keep signing up new "distributors" work the same way.

The problem with Ponzi schemes is that there aren't enough people in the galaxy to make them work. Take the sample letter quoted herein. In order for me to get $8000, I would have to send my letter to 20 people who must send theirs to 400 people who, in turn, send theirs to 8000.

What's more, every single one of these 8000 people have to send me a dollar. Let's say they do. For each of these people to receive $8000 themselves, 64 million people would have to be involved. One more step and we exhaust the population of the earth.

The first few people who invest in a Ponzi scheme will, indeed, receive money from those who come later, but the latecomers have to lose.

COLLECTIBLES

Periodically, magazines carry articles on the merits of collectibles like fine art, ivory chess sets, antique furniture, china figurines, commemorative medallions and so on as investments. There is no doubt that all such items are dearer to buy today than they were 10 years ago. Unfortunately, this does not mean that buying them guarantees you a profit when you wish to sell. The reason is that collectibles must be sold through dealers or auctioneers who take a cut (sometimes as much as 50 percent) for their trouble. In other words, your collectible must double in price just for you to break even.

The worst of all collectibles are the "instant collector's items" issued by private mints. These items are often advertised in brochures accompanying credit card bills. A computer-generated letter (*Dear Patron of the Credit Card Arts*) stresses the artistic quality of whatever is being flogged (*details so fine they are invisible to the human eye*) and its limited nature (*when this offer expires, the moulds will be destroyed, the factory demolished and the designer kidnapped and held in a South American jungle for a period of not less than 10 years*). In reality, these offers are limited to anyone who wants to buy them. They make money for the mint and practically no one else.

FUTURES

Several years ago, I received a telephone call from a commodity futures salesman. In a voice that could shatter glass, he said, "There's been a killer frost in Brazil, a flood in Cambodia and war is about to erupt in Uganda! Do you know what all this means?"

Actually, I didn't. But my ignorance hardly mattered; my caller did not wait for an answer. "Coffee," he shouted, "is about to skyrocket!" Next came the sales pitch. For a mere $10,000, I could be the proud owner of options to buy a significant portion of the world's coffee bean crop. The price was sure to quadruple, making me rich beyond my dreams.

I won't keep you in suspense. The very next day, I *sold* coffee futures contracts as soon as the market opened. My behavior, which was quite opposite to that recommended by my caller, was guided by the assumption that whoever was selling all those coffee beans knew something that I didn't. Sure enough, within days the news was out. Bolivia (my caller never mentioned Bolivia) decided to unload two years of accumulated coffee beans at once. The world was to be awash in coffee and the oversupply would drive the price way down. Would it be uncharitable to suggest that my caller knew about this?

That's the problem with futures. If there really were a killer frost in Brazil, who do you think would learn about it first — you or the Nestle company? Big companies who have representatives around the globe reporting back the slightest change in temperature, growing conditions or political stability, have a distinct advantage over the speculator who gets his information from the daily press. No wonder 80 percent of those who speculate in futures lose money. The 20 percent who do make money include the large companies with inside information and those few speculators who happen to make a *lucky* guess.

GEMSTONES

For a while in 1980 and 1981, the media were carrying expensive, full-color ads extolling the virtues of colored gemstones (sapphires, rubies, emeralds) as an alternative to diamonds. We have already seen what happened to diamonds. Believe it or not, colored gemstones have fared even worse. The problem is not only that most speculators are amateurs in a field dominated by experts, but also the absence of anything like the Central Selling Organisation or a universally accepted grading system. This last problem makes it very difficult to know the quality of what you are buying. Virtually everyone who bought colored gemstones in answer to these ads has lost money.

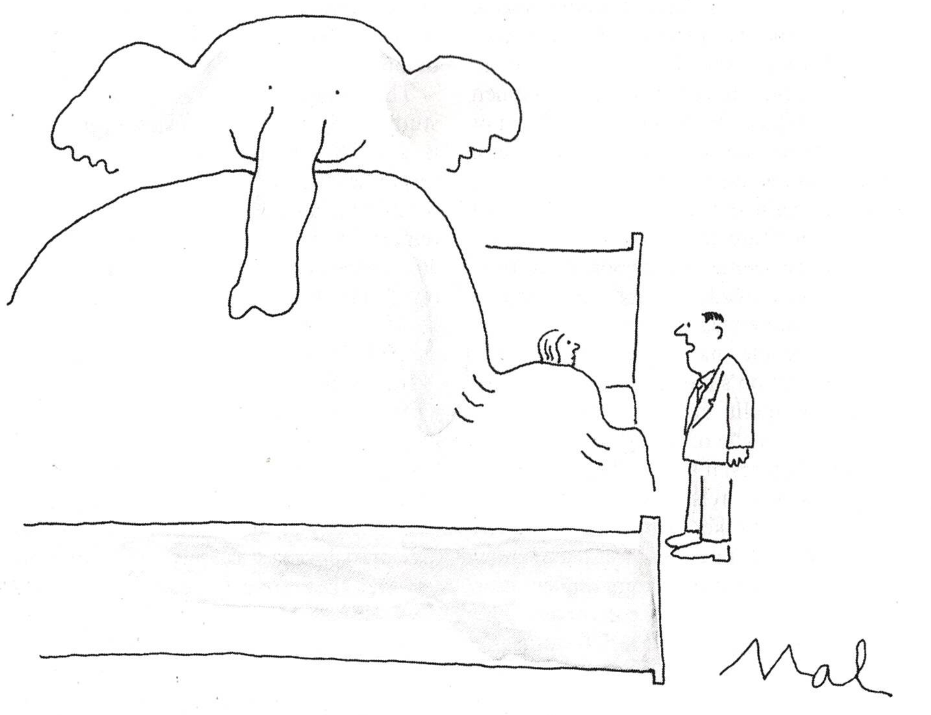
GOLD

Of all the silly reasons advanced for buying gold (it's shiny, it satisfies deep psychological needs, it constitutes "real wealth"), the silliest is that gold is a good inflation hedge. This last belief is so common that few have thought to question its validity. Too bad, because its validity is highly questionable.

The price of just about every commodity increases with inflation. Beer, cigarettes, even tinned tuna fish have all been getting steadily dearer for years. A dollar invested in tuna fish 10 years ago would be worth two dollars today. Gold, on the other hand, sold for US$850 per troy ounce in 1980 and for US$313 in 1982. This represents a 63 percent decrease at a time when inflation was pushing the price of everything else up. What kind of inflation hedge is that?

Of course, the gold price does sometimes

(continued on page 146)



"Doris, I thought you told me size wasn't important!"

are you single, married, divorced or living with someone? is there sex after marriage? playboy looks at how marital status affects your sex life

THE PLAYBOY READERS' SEX SURVEY

PART 2

IN 1982, PLAYBOY ran a seven-part series of articles (*Man and Woman,* February — August) on the sexes including a detailed questionnaire about sexual behavior, habits and attitudes. We tabulated the results of that survey and introduced our findings to you in the March 1983 issue of PLAYBOY.

The results suggested that we are no longer in a sexual revolution but a sexual evolution. Changes that began in the '60s and '70s have reached fruition in the '80s. People are doing more of everything and having a better time. In particular, men and women appear to have become sexual equals, partners in pleasure. Women have learned from men that sex can be an adventure; men have learned from women that intimacy can be an adventure. Most of the people who answered our questionnaire are in relationships. One in 20 lives with someone, eight out of 20 are married and eight out of 20 are unattached. Of those, the majority are seeing one person more than others, have a steady relationship with one partner or are engaged.

Many people have thought that the sexual revolution's most important product is the one-night stand — that it has unleashed a plague of casual sex. When we look at the figures, it becomes clear that the best sex exists in relationships. By using a computer, we broke down our findings in terms of marital status. We wanted to know how the married differ from singles, how cohabitants differ from the divorced. The results were unexpected. Marital status is a major factor in determining sexual behavior.

The survey shows that among our readers, single people engage in as much sex as married people. And couples who cohabit — who remain legally single while acting married — have the best of both worlds. Indeed, when we look at the sexual behavior of cohabitants, we discover that they lead very interesting lives: they have intercourse with greater frequency and greater delight than married or single readers.

A small but significant number of the people who answered our survey are divorced and/or remarried. (We included the answers of widows and widowers with those of the divorced.) We discovered that the people who have been in and out of marriage possess great sexual energy. They are not sexual failures. In many cases, they seem to have come out ahead after a divorce.

The average age of the single males in our study is 25; the single females' average age is 24. The average age of our married respondents is 34 for husbands and 29 for wives. Our divorced readers are 26 and 32, remarrieds 39 and 31, cohabitants 29 and 26. These are the veterans of the sexual revolution. Participants, not observers.

HOW MUCH IS ENOUGH?

Intercourse is still the standard by which we measure the quality of our sex lives. The men and women who answered our survey have a clear notion about how much sex is enough. Once a week is the cutting point. The majority of men and women who say they make love at least once a week or more say that they are satisfied with their sex lives. However, as soon as the level drops below once a week, they express discontent. Seventy-five percent of the men who make love once a week say that while they are satisfied with their over-all sex life, they want more intercourse. Sixty-four percent of the women at that frequency say they want more. (In contrast, only 24 percent of the men who make love four or fives times a week want more intercourse. A mere 16 percent of the women who make love that often want more intercourse.)

How many times a week do you have intercourse?

	Male		
	4 or more	2—3	1
Single	20%	23%	10%
Married	19%	38%	18%
Divorced	27%	30%	11%
Remarried	27%	38%	16%
Cohabitant	47%	33%	10%

	Female		
	4 or more	2—3	1
Single	31%	27%	10%
Married	26%	41%	16%
Divorced	31%	30%	10%
Remarried	31%	40%	13%
Cohabitant	42%	36%	9%

Percent who said the frequency was satisfactory

	Male	*Female*
Single	33%	44%
Married	38%	56%
Divorced	40%	43%
Remarried	47%	56%
Cohabitant	61%	62%

Let's re-examine those figures. The cohabitants are the most satisfied with the amount of intercourse they are getting. In the other groups, we notice one striking fact: no matter how much they are getting, men in any category are less satisfied than the women in the same category. For them, there is no such thing as enough. They want more intercourse, and they are more likely than women to do something about it. Men

are still the initiators of sex — 72 percent say that they always or usually start the ball rolling. While women have become more open about their desire, they still lag behind men. Only 19 percent say they usually initiate sex. The vast majority — 66 percent — say they initiate sex "sometimes".

How many times a night do you have intercourse?

	Male	
	1	2 or more
Single	24%	69%
Married	74%	25%
Divorced	31%	66%
Remarried	68%	30%
Cohabitant	53%	44%
	Female	
	1	2 or more
Single	31%	64%
Married	73%	25%
Divorced	29%	67%
Remarried	67%	30%
Cohabitant	60%	38%

As you can see, the vast majority of people who go to bed with the same partner each night do it once a night. Singles and divorced people, in contrast, are inclined to fuck their brains out. Why? One obvious reason is that variety is a powerful aphrodisiac, while familiarity breeds contentment. If you think your partner is going to be there forever, you don't seize every opportunity. The unattached have a different approach to sex. Singles are more likely — when they do have it — to have sex repeatedly in the same night. For single people (including the divorced), it's a safe guess that sex is more attached to performance than it is for married folk. Nothing is taken for granted. There is a vague, unspoken notion that if the sex is not terrific, they may never see their partner again.

ORAL SEX

In part one of our report on *The Playboy Readers' Sex Survey,* we said that oral sex has become an accepted, if not an essential part of our readers' way of sex. When we asked our readers how they would change their sex lives, almost two-thirds of the men said they could always go for more oral sex. The figures for women are significantly lower — only slightly more than a third say they desire more oral sex.

Perhaps no other sexual activity invokes such expectations. It is naughty; it is nice. Some people feel that it is the most intimate sex act. In our first report, we noted that almost everyone has tried it. About a third of our readers say that oral sex provides their most intense orgasm. It allows the most direct stimulation, and many people find the simpler roles during oral sex to be liberating — each partner gets to be giver or receiver or, when the mood strikes, both.

The sexual revolution changed marital sex significantly. The married people we heard from do more of everything than the married people in prior sex surveys. Today, almost everyone has tried oral sex and about half do it almost every time. More than 90 percent of all the husbands say they enjoy *giving* oral sex and between 72 and 81 percent of all wives say they do. That is important news: some people have been reluctant to experience fellatio or cunnilingus out of the mistaken notion that their partners find it distasteful. Others limit the activity, sensing that their partners perform out of duty. Our findings suggest that, to the contrary, the majority of lovers do it for the joy of it.

Marital status and frequency of oral sex

	Male	
	Percent who perform	Percent who receive
Single	64%	49%
Married	47%	34%
Divorced	70%	53%
Remarried	54%	40%
Cohabitant	59%	50%
	Female	
	Percent who perform	Percent who receive
Single	65%	55%
Married	49%	42%
Divorced	67%	52%
Remarried	55%	42%
Cohabitant	61%	46%

MASTURBATION

In part one of this report, we found that an overwhelming majority of our respondents engage in masturbation. The majority no longer feel guilty about pleasuring themselves. In no other area has the change been so great. In three decades, we've gone from viewing masturbation as neurotic to viewing it as natural. When we studied this behavior in terms of marital status, we came up with some interesting figures.

People who are single (and who have never been married) masturbate more than people who have a permanent companion. One could conclude that the proximity of a partner inhibits one from masturbating. More to the point, if you are having intercourse on a regular basis, you are less likely to masturbate.

When we compare the figures for frequency of masturbation with figures for frequency of intercourse, we discover a predictable relationship. Given a choice, the people who have regular sex partners will opt for intercourse. (For example, the cohabitants, the group with the highest frequency of intercourse, have one of the lower frequencies of masturbation.) The unattached male respondents (singles and divorced) masturbate as much as or more than they make love. The more people say they masturbate, the less likely they are to say they're satisfied with their sex lives.

Although the questionnaire did not ask about it, it is our experience that both men and women tend to view male sexual desire as a limited resource. Women who discover that their husbands masturbate in private, view it as a form of cheating. They ask themselves, Why does he do this? Haven't I satisfied him? Perhaps they feel that masturbation somehow steals sexual energy that should be reserved for sex with them. The amount of masturbatory activity — even among married people — suggests that it occupies a new place in the erotic equation. We have a sexual life that we exercise with another person and we have one that we exercise in private. It is a separate activity or a possible turn-on when done in the presence of a partner.

Marital status and masturbation

	Percent/more than once a week	
	Male	Female
Single	61%	37%
Married	43%	22%
Divorced	56%	34%
Remarried	38%	25%
Cohabitant	41%	27%
	Average frequency per month	
	Male	Female
Single	13	10
Married	9	5
Divorced	12	7
Remarried	7	6
Cohabitant	10	7

SEX IS BETTER THE SECOND TIME AROUND

As we study the computer print-outs in a more detailed manner, an interesting pattern emerges. In some categories, single and married readers form one group, divorced and remarried readers a second. Leaving the cohabitants aside for the moment, we began to call the two other groups the First-Timers and the Veterans. On question after question, the readers who have never been married, or who are married for the first time, say they do less than readers who had concluded a first marriage or were presently in a second one. Our findings suggest that people who remarry are more adventurous the second time around. For example:

●Fewer than half of the single and married males who answered our questionnaire have ever engaged in anal intercourse. More than 60 percent of the divorced and remarried males have done so. The same pattern holds for women: 60 percent of the single and married females have engaged in anal intercourse, compared with 70 percent of the divorced and remarried females.

●Approximately one-third of the single and married men have had sex in public,

(continued on page 114)

ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

SHEPHERD'S WARNING

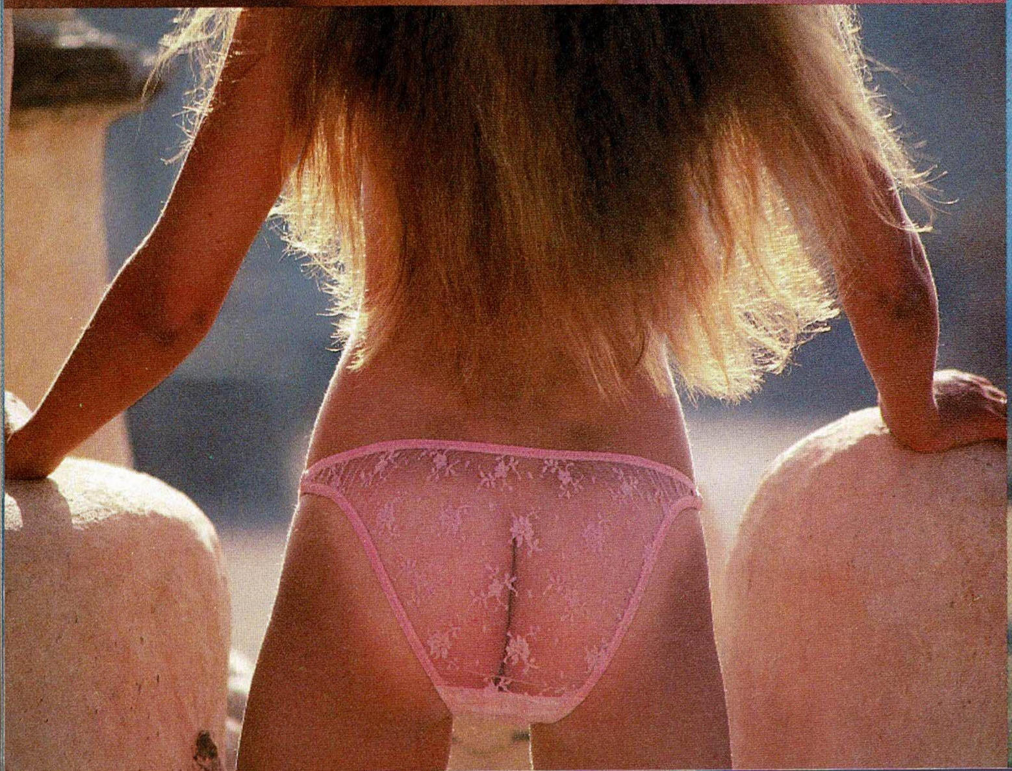
Red sky in the morning is not such a bad omen when it brings to light the beauty of Vienna-born, Australian-educated Sonya Shepherd.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY H. SCHMID

Sonya, 20, is a student of medicine and a citizen of the world. Since leaving the parental home in the Adelaide foothills, she has roamed Europe in search of. . . who knows? ''Absolutely restless,'' is how she describes herself.

The brown-eyed beauty tried modelling and worked on several films before deciding late last year to minister to the sick. "The glamor life is fine," she says, "but I wanted a career I could be truly proud of."

Our long-legged lovely amuses herself playing backgammon with student friends, or watching old movies on television. "And I love Indian food," she says. "The hotter the better."



"Of course I enjoy my body," she says. "And to me this is the perfect compromise. I give my mind to science and my body to PLAYBOY." Sounds fine to us, Sonya.

THE HARDER THEY FALL

an unsavory saga of a schlong gone wrong

JOHNNY HOLMES leaned over the body and with his right hand propped himself against the brass bedstead. The cocaine in him rolled his emotions into a tight, focused ball, so that somehow the coolness of the brass impressed him to about the same extent as the astonishing amount of blood flooding from Ronald Launius' mangled skull. He didn't feel panic or remorse; the coke took care of that. He felt the cool brass, and watched the bright scarlet blood.

The steady beat of the black poker impacting on flesh continued upstairs. It sounded like a sock filled with sand being thrown against concrete. Holmes heard someone say, "Give me some help with his legs," and idly wondered if it was Deverell's corpse they were moving. Someone, Lind's girl, was pleading not to be killed, with a voice so terrified as to sound inhuman. There were low moans from Susan Launius. He heard them but kept quiet about it. When the others left the house he did, too. They went through the wrought iron gate, leaving it open, even though the pit bulls had gotten loose and were at run in the yard.

It was around 4am on July 1, 1981, in the Hollywood Hills. What was left behind was a grisly scene of mass murder. The smeared-mustard stucco box home at 8763 Wonderland Avenue contained five bodies, one of which would be discovered alive 12 hours later.

Joy Audrey Miller, clubbed to death, rented the house for $750 a month. A fringe figure with a history of arrests, she had been observed actually doling out drugs in front of the house at least eight times — this according to police affidavits filed in the case she was, at the time of her death, being prosecuted for. At 46, she was a bizarre cross between Ma Barker and Edie Sedgewick, the matron of a drug and burglary ring, her house a demotic '80s

article by al goldstein

ILLUSTRATION BY TOM JAMES

version of a crash pad. She had been through bouts with cancer, had both breasts removed, but battled physical exhaustion to continue trafficking. Neighbors thought she lived off money from her father, the owner of a liquor store where Joy used to clerk. The '69 280 SL Mercedes was an emblem of her success and its limitations. The recently purchased pit bulls were an emblem of her fear.

William Ray Deverell, clubbed to death, was Miller's lover. He too had a long string of arrests — 13 between 1952 and '58, seven for narcotics — but lately police had been unable to arrest him at the Wonderland Avenue address because Miller insisted on taking responsibility for all the drugs in the house. She was shielding Deverell, a saving grace in her life, a good strong man. He was next to her on the floor when they found him.

Ronald Launius, clubbed to death, was a Sacramento, California import who had passed himself off as something of a desperado. He, too, had a history of arrests, including one for murder. A Sacramento cop described Launius as "one of the coldest people I have ever met", and detailed a drug smuggling scam that had Launius using teenage mules to ferry drugs across the Mexican border in rebuilt cars. Witnesses in his court cases had shown a strange predilection for turning up dead. The ultimate irony about Launius, however, was that he was killed with a fatal case of blood poisoning in his veins. Left untreated, he would have died from a dirty needle anyway.

Barbara Lee Richardson, clubbed to death, was the one fluke murder of the night. Also from Sacramento, she had recently broken up with her boyfriend, David Lind, Launius' partner. She had come to Laurel Canyon to try to reconcile things with Lind, and earlier on in the evening they seemed to come to some sort of understanding. Lind had been one of the murderers' targets. He had left in the early hours of that July morning. Barbara Lee was his replacement.

The killers had left four people littering the floors at Wonderland Avenue. The neighbor who discovered the scene described it as if someone had taken a couple of buckets of blood and flung it over the walls. The police had a more cynical tag for it. They were calling it the "four-on-the-floor murders".

Susan Launius had part of her face and skull bludgeoned in that morning, her neck torn and bruised, the tip of the little finger of her right hand severed in what hospital people were calling a "classic defence wound". She was to be the cops' star witness if she survived, but when she did she said she remembered seeing only "shadowy figures" that night. Shadows don't kill, they told her. Only shadows, she said. Launius drifted in and out of consciousness for 12 hours after the massacre, until a neighbor finally heard her low moans and walked in on the aftermath of the killings. Her cries of the early morning before had not elicited a response.

Laurel Canyon is the kind of place one expects to be an enclave. The wooded Hollywood Hills provide a sense of sanctuary. Every news account about the murders soberly reported the fact that then-governor of California Jerry Brown's house was only two blocks away from where Launius, Miller, Deverell and Richardson were killed. Early on in the investigation, the murders were characterised as "Manson-style hacking deaths", terrifying everyone. The Charles Manson business had been too random, too casual as to choice of victim. Everyone in Laurel Canyon hoped the deaths were drug or "business" related. No one wanted the spectre of chance death invading their refuge.

Ten minutes from this refuge, down winding roads perfect for road-testing a Ferrari or Porsche, Sunset Strip rolls out its shabby carpet of decadence. Here is another world — harsh, menacing, abrasive, importunate. It is the world of the locust, the poseur, the objectless hustle.

> *A New York publisher who had been obsessed with Holmes would react strongly to the news of his involvement in murder. I was that publisher.*

One of its prominent denizens is Adel Nasrallah — a name he had Americanised, in order, no doubt, to give everyone an idea of his sense of taste, to Eddie Nash. A nightclub owner — of the defunct rock showcase the Starwood, the soon-to-be-defunct Seven Seas, Ali Baba on the Strip, a lot of gay clubs — although authorities would charge the clubs were only part of his dealings. Nash was busted three times for drugs in the months surrounding the murders. One time police came up with US$1 million in coke from his private safe, but his lawyers would argue that this was for personal use. After the murders, his name would crop up in the Los Angeles media with increasing frequency — something about an arson ring where he was the only one acquitted, among four co-conspirators convicted of racketeering and mail fraud. Then there was an overdose death at Nash's Studio City home: one Domenico Fragomeli, Nash's driver and butler.

It was the link to the Laurel Canyon murders that would prove most troublesome to Nash over the next months. Greg Dewitt Diles, his massive, blubbery bodyguard — at 300 pounds a mountain of black lava — would be arrested for the murders and then be released for lack of evidence. Both the prosecution and the defence would characterise the deaths at Wonderland Avenue as "the gruesome revenge of Eddie Nash".

But the trial for the murders would not be that of Eddie Nash. John Curtis Holmes, who gave his trade as "actor and screenwriter", would be arrested and charged with the killings nearly six months after their execution. The press had a field day with sex-and-death "porn star" headlines, and his arraignment would send shock waves through the tightly-knit pornography industry in California.

●

Across the continent, a New York publisher who had been obsessed with Holmes would also react strongly to the news of his involvement in murder. I was that publisher.

I had followed Holmes' career with an avidity that bordered on neurosis. As publisher of *Screw,* I was in a position to observe and critique every prick in the X-rated business. As a Jewish male, I was unable to lose a simple fascination with *size* as a quotient of sexual prowess. And Holmes' prick was *huge.* I recall the first time my paper had remarked upon a certain newcomer on the smut scene, then anonymous, as "that schmuck from LA with the enormous cock"... A star was borne between Holmes' legs.

That was in 1972. Over the next years, as the sexual revolution blossomed and the number of porn stars and movies burgeoned, Holmes unleashed his "14 inches of dangling death" in 2500 separate films, loops and features, finally to become the brightest star in the rather murky firmament of smut. Now, as the connection between John Holmes and the Laurel Canyon murders became apparent, I couldn't help but marvel at the direction John's life had taken. Johnny Wadd, one of Holmes' main personas in his films, was a sullen, macho, gun-wielding shamus — porn's parody of a hard-boiled dick — exactly the type who would be involved with characters like Eddie Nash, Greg Diles and something called The Four-On-The-Floor Murders. It all sounded like a lousy screenplay. There were bitterly satiric Holmes jokes circulating in the *Screw* offices ("Bludgeoning? I think he was just naked and turned around fast without warning anyone.") and one of my borderline psychopathic staffers had proposed that I be photographed with a giant bloody dildo, making a public offer to police of an "important clue" in the Laurel Canyon murders. Calls came in daily from porno and publishing luminaries with bits of gossip about the case.

But through it all, I couldn't shake my uneasiness, a sense that my judgement had betrayed me. I had been convinced I had known Holmes. We had appeared together at countless sham celebrations of porn's success, the type of non-events where men with unclean fingernails glad-handed actresses whose perineums were more recognisable than their faces. Holmes seemed to share my insider's disdain for the porn establishment, he because he felt it had ripped him off, I because I was sickened by the bad-faith hypocrisy that infected it. I had interviewed Holmes for *Screw,* and received what I thought was a fairly accurate, if composite, portrait of the man. We were, I thought, friends. And there was always the psychological question of my attempted identification with Holmes.

The size of Holmes' prick brought out all the insecurity in me. With my oral fixation, it always reminded me of a salami, but I've heard it compared to a woman's forearm, a cannon, a Sunday paper when the rest of us were just dailies. I feel if that prick were just attached to my body this would be a very different world. Success, money, women, it would all be mine. I remember an exchange I had with my analyst:

GOLDSTEIN *(on the couch):* I meet all sorts of people through my job, and they all have large pricks. I envy them. I'm intimidated by a guy like Johnny Holmes because his schvantz makes mine look like a half a pack of Tums.

THE SHRINK *(intentionally bland)*: What would your life be like if you had a larger penis?

GOLDSTEIN *(getting excited):* I just feel that I would be laid a lot more often. Women would be begging for it. That moment of excitement when I dropped my pants. I wouldn't even have to show them my bank book. Or the 700 issues of *Screw.* But I would drop my pants in the hallway somewhere and they would all drop to their knees and genuflect. I mean instant power. It would be the same way the Pope feels with his cross. If I were panhandling in the street, selling pencils next to one of the guys running up to wash car windows, it wouldn't matter. A big dick would be a great equaliser.

THE SHRINK: Would you trade places with John Holmes?

At the time, I seriously considered the proposition: Holmes' prick was awesome. I had certainly seen enough of it in movies, and somehow I thought if you knew the prick you knew the man.

But now I wondered. Details and contradictions began flooding in. Holmes began to recede in my mind into a strange sort of lacuna, until he was again, as he had been in the beginning, an anonymous schmuck with an enormous pecker. Holmes became a shadow, an enigma, a cipher.

For five months, from the murder night of July 1 to November 30, 1981, Holmes was unavailable to help me figure him out. Immediately following the murders, Los Angeles police had picked him up on an unrelated charge and kept him for a week, shunting him around to various downtown hotels under heavy guard, grilling him about Laurel Canyon. When they released him on his own recognisance, Holmes disappeared.

I searched for ways to pin down his personality. There was, for example, a disturbing story from Gloria Leonard, the porn star. Discussing Holmes in the weeks following the murder, Leonard told me of the last time she had seen him. They had once worked together in France but had gone a couple of years without seeing each other, when Holmes called Leonard to set up a reunion at her new home in Los Angeles. He arrived at 9.30 in the morning. "He looked like he'd been going," Leonard told me. "Like he hadn't been to bed yet. He looked — well, he's so painfully thin, you know, he's all cock." In the course of two hours that morning, Holmes had freebased over three grams of coke. A week later Holmes and Leonard were to meet at her home once again, at noon, since, as she told John, she had an appointment that morning. When she returned to meet Holmes, her house had been burglarised, to the tune of $25,000 — jewellery, electronic equipment, guns. Holmes never showed for their appointment.

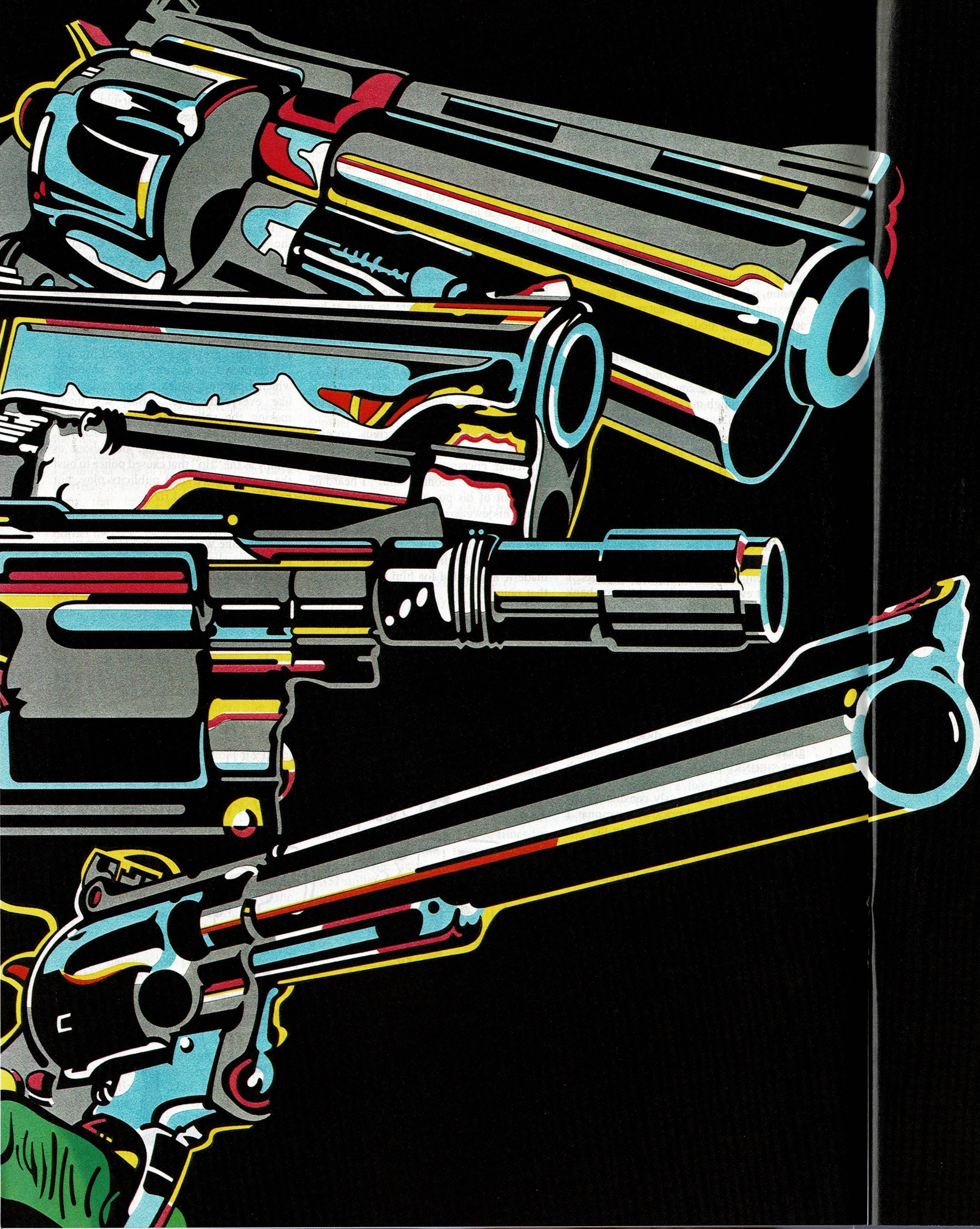
"I heard he had a serious cocaine problem but it wasn't until after that particular encounter that I realised how serious it was," Leonard said. "I heard he lost a lot of his possessions. His cars, his house, his jewellery, everything else. He had obviously not worked in films for about a year or more because he was just so immersed in the drug culture, or coke had made it impossible for him to get it up at that point."

It was during the time Holmes was on the lam that *Exhausted,* his last film, was pushed into release. Suzanne Atamian, aka Julia St Vincent, a 22-year-old former girlfriend of Holmes, produced the film and engineered a publicity campaign to coincide with the notoriety provided by the murders. It is a strange fuck film, a pastiche of interviews, clips and testimonials, a "documentary" on John Holmes, the man. Watching it amid the hype of the murders — the screening was invaded by cops who thought Holmes might be there incognito — I felt unable to separate shadow from substance. In the film, the sex goddess Seka said Holmes was the man who erupted with "the come of God". That was the Holmes I knew and idolised. But also in the film, in one of the interviews slotted throughout, I saw Holmes groping for a sense of himself: "Everybody...sees into that character which I portray, which is not me. I'm just like everybody else...[But] it's tough making the split sometimes." I knew I wouldn't get any answers from *Exhausted.* The film was fascinating, but about as phony as the "tip" that caused police to bust the screening. A good publicity ploy, but nothing at all behind it.

Atamian was also the source of a few of the bits and pieces I gathered together on Holmes. She was convinced Holmes was a pathological liar, who despite their romantic involvement, had lied to her. "I caught

(continued on page 118)

LOOK... I CAN DIG THE PART ABOUT THE STORK BRINGING THE BABY..... BUT WHO FUCKS THE STORK?



JOEY'S ON THE RUN

life as a fugitive can make prison look almost good

"THE POLICE caught us in the end. The real surprise, I guess, was that they managed to apprehend us without killing us. They were certainly prepared for a big scene: bullet-proof vests and all those guns. Automatic shotguns, rifles, pistols — all cocked and at the ready. They came running, and then the sliding on to one knee business, guns aimed right at us as the cops yelled, 'Hit the deck!' We were sitting there having a cigarette, watching this in amazement. It all looked pretty stupid. We were arrested and taken back to Melbourne. It was May 1, 1981 and we had been on the run for almost eight months." Joey Hamilton was back in the slammer. Again. Being arrested had long lost its novelty value for Ronald "Joey" Hamilton. There is nothing special about the opening chapters of his story. He got caught, the judicial system put him on the penal roller-coaster and he had been accelerating ever since. As a rough-cut, working-class kid hustling around Melbourne's Collingwood area, he graduated from boys' home to prison to "full-time crim" status, spending most of his adolescence and early adulthood in a series of institutions. A 1973 arrest for armed robbery furnished the police profile of Hamilton: "A hardened criminal who cannot give an inch, who is very difficult to talk to, who will not make admissions to police, and who always engages competent lawyers." Right, Joey was a tough-headed boy. He copped an eight-year stretch in

article by
peter olszewski

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVIS/FARRELL

response to his claim of being framed. Joey said it was a set-up, a police inquiry said it wasn't. So, Joey escaped from prison, was caught and landed an extra year on his sentence.

That might have been the end of Hamilton as a minor pain in the police department's arse if publicity surrounding his escape had not caught the attention of the 1975-76 Beach Inquiry into the Victoria Police. Judge Barry Beach, then a Queen's Counsel, found Hamilton's complaints were "fully substantiated". Perjury, unsavory dealings with an informer, conspiracy to give false evidence, fabricating a record of interview and witholding vital evidence were among Beach's criticisms of the police's handling of Hamilton's case. Additionally, Beach wasn't exactly impressed with police claims to have lost virtually all of Hamilton's file.

"In this case," concluded Beach, "it is my opinion there has been such widespread malpractice on the part of police officers concerned that, in justice to Hamilton, he should be granted a new trial."

He didn't get the new trial. On December 13, 1976 Joe was released from Pentridge and entered an odd legal limbo — *nolle prosequi,* i.e. to abandon prosecution's proceedings. He would never have to face court on the charge, but he would never be pardoned either.

Joey Hamilton was no longer a minor irritation to the police. While in Pentridge, he had become politicised with an obsession for exposing police corruption. The Beach Report was testimony to his success and as a leading in-prison activist he became a *cause celebre* among inner city radicals. For the police, Ronald "Joey" Hamilton had become an embarrassment, a festering problem. If Joey could have done without the police force, the cops could certainly have done without him.

While in prison he met the radical folk singer, Shirley Jacobs. He later married her and on their wedding night, callers dropped by and blasted a volley of high-powered rifle fire through the front windows of their home. Somebody was trying to tell Hamilton something. He was subsequently shot at, beaten up, bombed and harassed. He was arrested for loitering — outside his front gate. He was dragged from a barber's chair at gunpoint and held in cells for questioning. His house was repeatedly broken into with the police sometimes admitting to having gained false entry. One of his houses was bombed, another burned to the ground. Joey Hamilton must have upset somebody.

On April 13, 1979 Joey and Shirley Hamilton were busted for possessing and trafficking marijuana. They faced Judge Whelan in court in early September and by Joey's estimation, the judge's behavior made it obvious the trial would not be fair. Whelan's judgement was rumored to be impaired by the cancer which would soon prove terminal. Hamilton described Whelan as "The Mad Ayatollah" and shed no tears when he eventually succumbed to the cancer.

Early in the trial, the Hamiltons decided not to front court anymore, and fled Melbourne. Whelan ordered their arrest and the Hamiltons responded with a sensational letter immediately front-paged by the press as a "death threat". There was never a death threat. What the Hamiltons did say to Whelan was that they had exiled themselves because "it would be absolutely futile for us to attempt to gain justice in your court."

The letter concluded: "We declare our intention to one day return and vow to continue forever our struggle to see that the likes of yourself — a totally unfit person to hold any position of authority — are forced to account for their actions."

Emotive stuff. And so, amid a gathering storm of publicity, the manhunt for the Hamiltons began. Wanted posters appeared as far away as Europe and South Africa; but the Hamiltons had not gone overseas. Joey and Shirl had fled to the high country: the Snowy Mountains, safe haunt many years ago for bushrangers and other fugitives and even today a vast wilderness of mostly virgin bush. Until now, Joey's story had been mostly one of misdirected urban energy and wayward ideals. But this time, the scenery and dangers were different. This is his account of that chapter of his life.

> *We were trapped on an island and would be marooned there for 14 days. I tried to cross the flooded river but couldn't make it.*

●

We headed out of Melbourne on a Friday night, September 12. Our hired four-wheel drive vehicle was loaded with survival gear and stores. For company we took two dogs and a puppy and a friend who later betrayed us. From that point on we referred to him as Judas. The larger dog was called Big, an appropriate name for a 13 and a half stone mastiff cross.

On Sunday we turned off the Alpine Way near Tom Groggins, the historic cattle station, and almost immediately encountered calamity as our vehicle tipped over. This was not in the plan, but we managed to right the vehicle after deciding to use the spot as a stores base.

Five miles further into the wilds, we struck the headwaters of the Indi-Murray River and established a temporary camp. It was here we penned the letter to Whelan and handed it to Judas to deliver the next day in Melbourne.

We awoke to the drumming of steady rain and the realisation that the river had risen alarmingly and was uncrossable. Not only did the Indi-Murray bar our way, but our retreat was cut off by floodwaters. We were trapped on an island and would be marooned there for 14 days. I tried to cross the flooded river but couldn't make it. I even attempted to drop trees across it, and I'm talking about trees 80 feet tall, but it couldn't be bridged.

Those 14 days were pure misery. The driving rain extinguished our cooking fires and we lived on cold canned food. The dogs were feeling it too. Blackberry thorns ripped their feet and ears and one dog, Zeb, was bitten by a snake.

On the 15th day the rain stopped, the sun shone and Judas returned. He couldn't understand why we hadn't forded the stream but after a futile day of trying to help us secure lines across the river, he eventually got an inkling. Judas returned to Melbourne, we went to sleep and the next day it was raining again.

"Stuff this," I thought at the time. We had no choice, we *had* to cross that river. So, I secured a rope to a tree and with the other end, attempted to swim across. Luckily, I made it and soon had Shirl across. We walked into an area known as Glen Wills and step by step moved our stores deeper into the mountains. It took us four staging camps to establish a settled site. We'd move stores from the base to the first camp, move to a second camp, move stores into that camp and so on. It was an absolutely exhausting process and although we had an inflatable canoe for when the river level dropped a bit, we had the luxury of using it just once. Then we deflated and folded it and hid it.

During the night, water rats chewed off all the air nipples.

The dogs had been doing a bit of chewing too. I couldn't believe the supplies those dogs powered through in the first six weeks. Our stores should have been replenished, but Judas failed to show and for a fortnight the dogs ate what we ate.

Leaving what food remained, we chained the dogs in camp and walked back to the Alpine Way and flagged down two cow cockies in an old Valiant. They were from Bega looking for cattle agistment because of the drought conditions on their home patch. Nobody expects to encounter two crazy-looking people tramping through the wilderness in such bad weather. In those mountains at that time of the year, people trapped in broken-down cars have been known to die of exposure. Needless to say, these two cockies were suspicious and asked plenty of questions. So many questions that I was beginning to think they were coppers. I asked how long since they had seen rain down in Bega. "We-e-ell," one bloke drawled, "it rained last Jannawerry." From the way he said it, I *knew* we were sweet, they weren't coppers.

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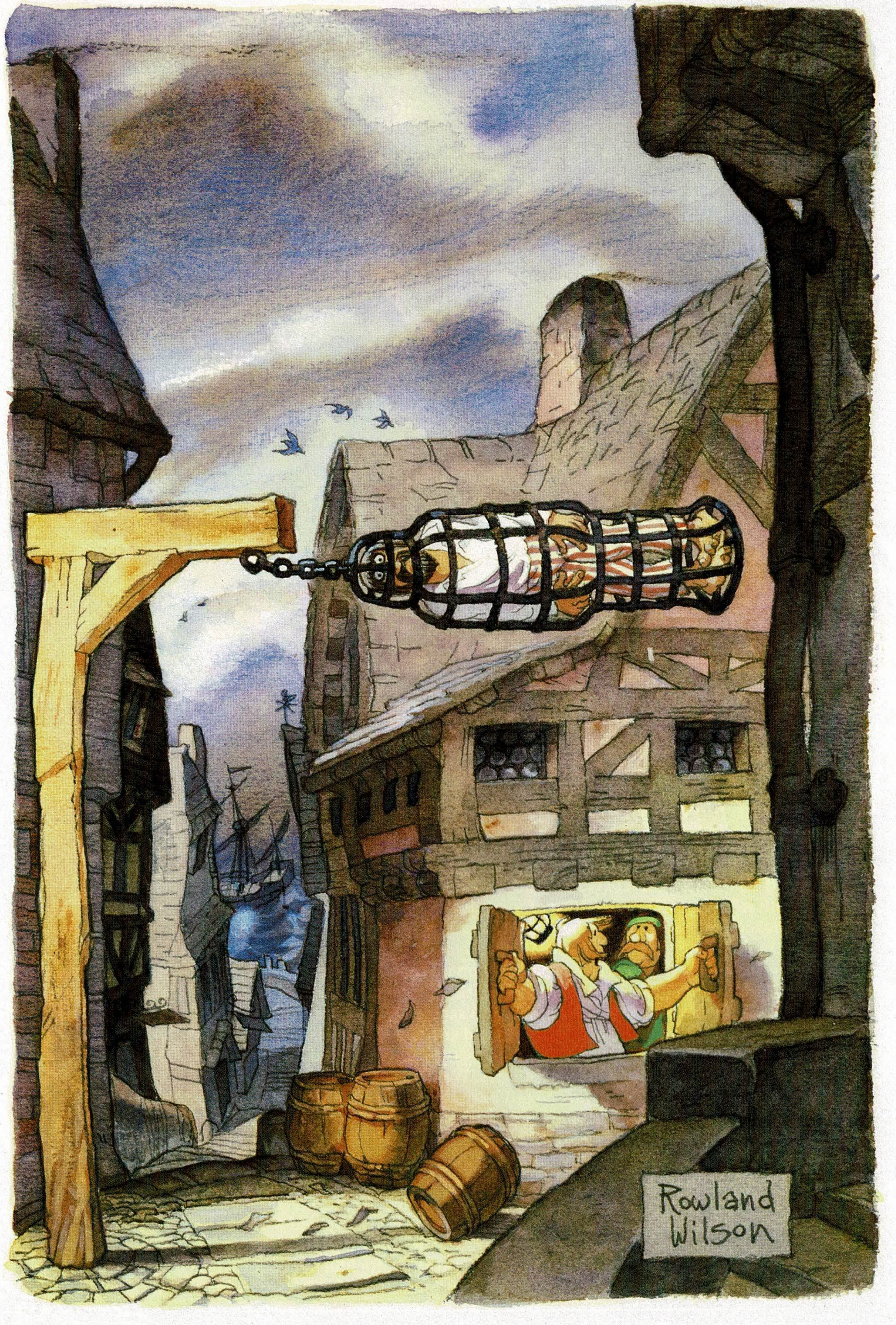
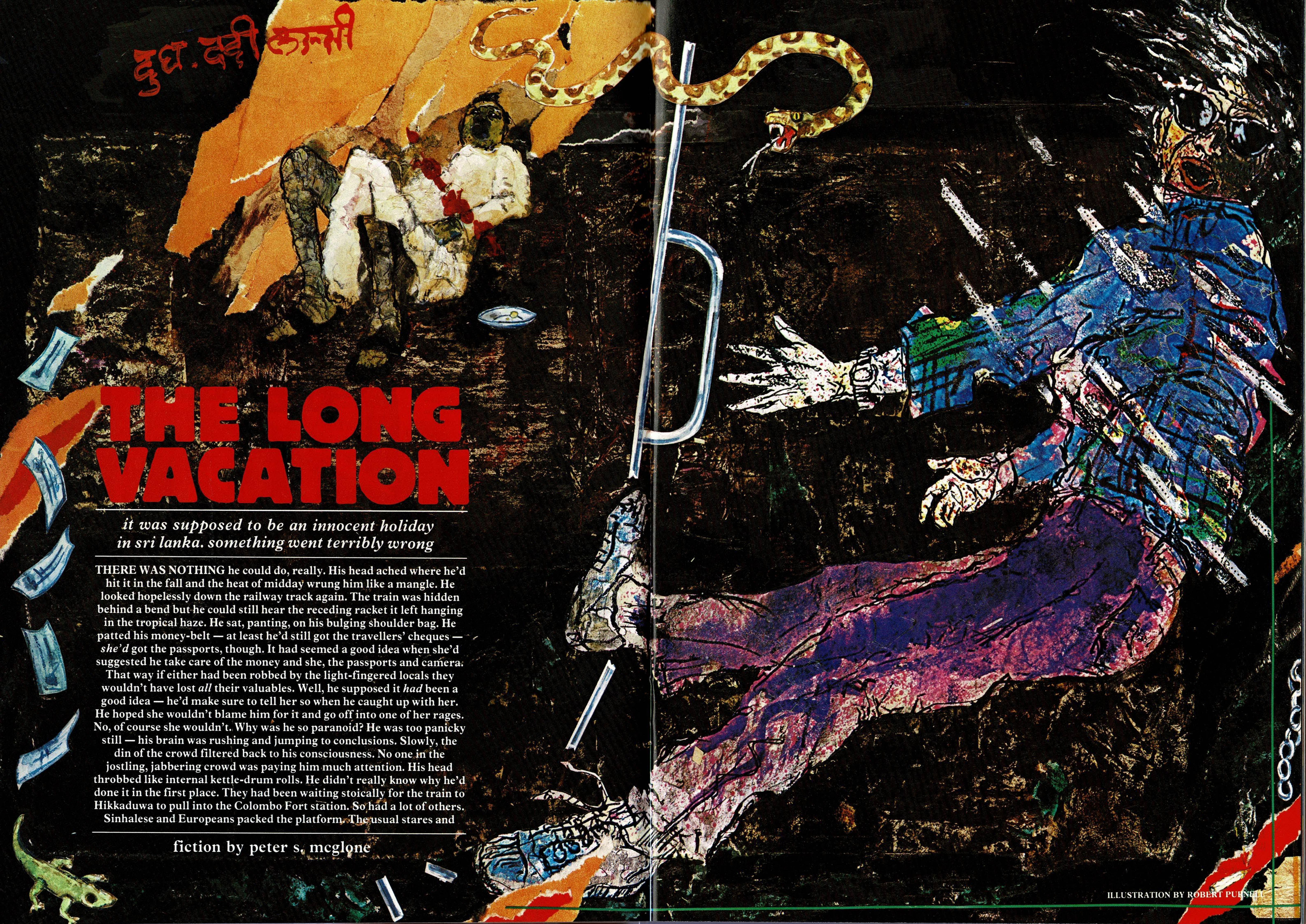


"By all indications, we're in for a heavy blow."



THE LONG VACATION

it was supposed to be an innocent holiday in sri lanka. something went terribly wrong

THERE WAS NOTHING he could do, really. His head ached where he'd hit it in the fall and the heat of midday wrung him like a mangle. He looked hopelessly down the railway track again. The train was hidden behind a bend but he could still hear the receding racket it left hanging in the tropical haze. He sat, panting, on his bulging shoulder bag. He patted his money-belt — at least he'd still got the travellers' cheques — *she'd* got the passports, though. It had seemed a good idea when she'd suggested he take care of the money and she, the passports and camera. That way if either had been robbed by the light-fingered locals they wouldn't have lost *all* their valuables. Well, he supposed it *had* been a good idea — he'd make sure to tell her so when he caught up with her. He hoped she wouldn't blame him for it and go off into one of her rages. No, of course she wouldn't. Why was he so paranoid? He was too panicky still — his brain was rushing and jumping to conclusions. Slowly, the din of the crowd filtered back to his consciousness. No one in the jostling, jabbering crowd was paying him much attention. His head throbbed like internal kettle-drum rolls. He didn't really know why he'd done it in the first place. They had been waiting stoically for the train to Hikkaduwa to pull into the Colombo Fort station. So had a lot of others. Sinhalese and Europeans packed the platform. The usual stares and

fiction by peter s. mcglone

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT PURNELL

offers from the locals: "Want cheap hotel?" "What country you?" "Hallo, hashish, sir?" mingled with the patient conversation and brave faces of tourists as they nerved themselves for the rush of actually boarding the ramshackle train when it decided to appear.

Louise was talking about how great it had been in Hikkaduwa a couple of years before when she and her old boyfriend had rented a house there. He'd been nodding and smiling and putting in a few words — he always felt a bit strange, maybe jealous, when she spoke of her old lover. He didn't for a moment disbelieve that she loved him more than anyone but nevertheless, her innocent remembering disturbed him.

Suddenly, he decided that in order to get seats for the journey, he'd have to cross the tracks and board the imminent train from the other side. He was sure he'd have a better chance there than in the inexorable crush from the platform side. He stuck his thongs in the side of his bag, jumped on to the oily black sleepers and clambered up the other side. He gave Louise a wave and grinned broadly. She waved back. No one seemed to worry about him — here the tracks were often crowded with people taking short cuts or leaping from train to train as the platform numbers were changed.

As soon as the dilapidated train had noisily crawled into the station, he'd jumped off the platform and reached for the nearest second-class door. The clamor and the heat were like a sticky liquid enveloping him and dragging against him. In the confusion, his mind wandered for a split-second. He'd thought of Louise. Would she ever be willing to commit herself to him?

His foot had skidded on a damp mess on a sleeper.

Shit? Maybe a bloody slapstick banana — they were ubiquitous in Sri Lanka!

With malevolent speed, the rail rose to meet his forehead.

By the time he'd freed himself from the twittering panic-stricken crowd, he'd known he'd missed the train.

"Christ! Slipped in the shit!" he thought in frustration.

Wearily, he headed for the fly-blown information counter, ignoring curious glances and one grotesque beggar who spun a deformed hand like a propeller hanging by the slack skin and flesh which connected it to a withered forearm.

He got his information. The next train left in three hours. Usually it was late. Maybe four hours. Sometimes very full. You might get seat. Maybe. No second class. Only third.

Well, she'd just have to wait for him at the other end. What a bloody pain in the arse!

He sat down again and pulled out the guide book, *The Budget Travellers' Bible.* He thumbed through to the appropriate heading.

"After the dismal and often dangerous Sri Lankan Bus System — CTB — to travel on a brisk and regular railway can be an unexpected pleasure."

"Arseholes," he thought bitterly.

A couple of heads were swung towards him. He realised he'd thought it aloud.

•

The placid brown faces suddenly broke into bright white grins. A shrill whistle screamed to the accompaniment of a drum. Louise craned her neck to find the reason for the noise and the smiles.

Children ran screaming and laughing down the centre of the carriage and buried their heads in the strength and love of parents and family. Then another whistle — louder still and closer — and they jumped from safe arms for another nervous peek.

At last, with a great flourish of tambour and whistle, a strange apparition leapt into the swaying, rattling vehicle.

Louise gaped. Before her was a filthy, dwarf-like old man, prancing and leaping and banging a dirty drum. A grizzled white stubble surrounded his toothless, wet mouth. The remainder of his face was obscured by a cheap plastic Groucho mask — nose, glasses and moustache. On his head, a scrap of foul rag completed his costume.

So much squalor amongst so much beauty. And what chance for him in this country of nephews and foreigners? He must hustle all the time.

He did his rounds, whistling and banging, collecting a few alloy coins, moving like an actor who had but one character to play. A role of survival.

Unlike most beggars she'd seen, Louise couldn't decide from what exact affliction this amazing mountebank suffered. Still, she blushed as he came by and dropped 10 cents into his hollow instrument.

She was aware of someone staring at her. She brushed her knees and resolutely fixed her gaze at the scenery which lurched past the window.

"He is dumb." A tall, slim Sinhalese youth looked at her in a half-humble, half-proud way and expelled smoke in a long sigh from his nostrils. He grinned. "What country?"

Oh, God. Not another hassling native. Not after the awful start to the day. Why pick on *her?* "Australia."

"I have an uncle in Melbourne."

"That's nice."

"He is a doctor. I too, will be soon a doctor."

He looked about 20. Typical of many Sri Lankans, he had regular features, deep brown eyes and great warmth in his smile. Men and women alike, faces in the street, could startle with their beauty. This was a handsome youth. And yet there was a hint of something else behind the bright eyes, the soft voice and eager smile. Something almost snake-like.

Louise blushed for her uncharitable thoughts. Why the hell did she always feel so guilty in these places? Was it *her* fault that people starved here? Was she to blame for corruption, injustice, exploitation?

"You're a medical student, then?"

In a compelling stream of half-truths and fantasy, he began his spiel. Louise smiled and nodded occasionally. Naturally he was selling or promoting something. The game was to work out just what before you felt embarrassed and sorry for all the time and energy you'd caused him and ended up feeling guilty again.

No, not a medical student. Next year he hoped to finish high school and enrol. Money was scarce in his family. One of nine children. Yes, it was difficult but his parents sent him to school so he'd become a doctor one day and could support the family. And so on. Yes, English and Australian people he liked. Fat Germans and Swedes were ugly and vulgar.

He prattled on in his hypnotically broken English. Each town, each new hawker, each beggar, each detail of the journey he explained and described with no encouragement. Louise watched and listened and paid little attention. A fatal mistake. He'd squeezed beside the couple opposite her own dirty vinyl seat and was waving something under her nose. What the hell? What was he saying?

"This is family house. Very cheap. Very clean. You must stay here. Take card. On back is map for you get there."

His original casualness was lost now in the fever pitch of hard selling.

"No thanks," she smiled back at him, "we're booked into a big hotel in town. This place is miles away from town. No good."

As he persisted to no avail, he gradually lost the eagerness and sparkle and a sullenness came over his face like a black tropical cloud. He crawled away out of the carriage.

He stuck his head out of the window beside the stinking toilet and took a deep breath.

The broken-down, palm-thatched houses sped past. Dense jungle. A few monkeys. Villagers washing at a pump or in filthy streams by the track. Away in the distance, a flash of light from a blue, white-fringed ocean. His thoughts leapt in a fury of bitterness. So much squalor amongst so much beauty. And what chance for him in this country of nephews and foreigners? He who couldn't even pass a few stupid examinations because he didn't have the time to study?

It made him sick. To exist in the trap was heartbreaking. He must hustle all the time. Every European was a mark. Gems, guesthouses, handicrafts — he touted for anything. It was half true about his family — it was large. And it had a severe claim on him. He must support them. Without a pass in his exams he'd not be able to get work even as a clerk. A *doctor*! What a joke! Stupid woman. With her smiles and condescension.

Going back to his family. For what? To tell them he'd no chance of passing? Couldn't even bring a bit of business home with him. He wanted a cigarette. A 10-year-old urchin came by bawling his wares.

"Sweets, cigarettes!"

Anthony Bandara spent his last few cents on a single Bristol and took an energetic drag.

He stood, frozen and frustrated. Then a look of desperate determination entered his still face. A powerful and ruthless gleam superimposed the facade of charm in his eyes.

Once in the zoo, he'd seen a wizened keeper in the snake house demeaning himself before a rich European couple. Despite their obvious distaste, the keeper had insisted on tormenting the lazy cobras by poking at them with a stick until they reared up and spread their hoods. The couple had hurried away in disgust. The keeper had smiled a broken-toothed smile of bewilderment and shuffled off to find another tip. He had no idea why the couple spurned his efforts.

Anthony had only contempt for him as well. The cobras alone had acted with defiance. Though trapped and caged, their display was no less unnerving. So beautiful, so uncompromising.

•

With a great deal of shunting and stuttering movement, the train made its uneasy way into Hikkaduwa Station. A wholesale jostle and push took over. Louise began to extricate herself and tugged at her bag. It was wedged overhead and would not budge.

Christ, can't *something* go right for once?

A hand shot out and seized the bag. She looked into Anthony's eyes. A good turn? A genuine friendly gesture? She smiled at him. "Thanks."

"Welcome. You follow me. More easy for you."

"Well, er, thanks!"

In the station, they stopped walking and Louise held out her hand. "I can manage now, thank you."

But he was not going to relinquish it so easily. "I find taxi for you. Yes?"

"No, I'm going to get some tea. I have to wait here. For my boyfriend."

Shit! It sounded so feeble.

"OK. I bring bag. This way."

Sitting down with tea and a couple of sweet, rock-hard cakes, she felt better. Soon she filled in a few gaps for him. He smiled guardedly and sympathised over the accident at Colombo. He seemed concerned and genuine. He offered to check the time of the next train and marched selflessly to the inquiry office already besieged by a score of distraught travellers. She sipped her tea slowly, wondering again why the locals drank such inferior stuff when the world's finest teas were grown on the island. Idiot, she gave herself a mental nudge. Tea was for export. Rich foreigners drank the good stuff. The remainder was consumed by the poor islander. It was no different now they were called state plantations than it had been in the old days of colonial rule. Plantations tied laborers to bosses, so they couldn't grow their own food and were forced to exist on meagre wages. An average worker earned less than one Australian dollar a day.

She began to feel guilty again. She pulled out the *Sri Lanka Times* and became engrossed in the latest bribery and corruption scandal. Anthony returned and sat down.

"This is unbelievable!" she began. "Did you hear about these students bribing their teachers for examination passes? The whole place is being closed down. Innocent and guilty suffering together."

"Who is to say so? It is happen often in Sri Lanka. Teachers are poor as well. Students have rich parents. Family in business, much money, buys a paper for son. Maybe a politician. Only for rich people."

"In my country only clever ones pass."

Louise felt stupid as soon as she'd said it. If it was clever to pass, *buying* a pass was probably *really* smart.

"What time's the train?"

He looked at his hands clasped in front of him on the table. "Sorry to say. No train 'til tomorrow. Trains finish. Breakdown. Line clear tomorrow."

She looked at him steadily. Her heart dropped. She felt like a little girl. In total she had about six rupees, enough to pay for the tea and cakes.

He returned her gaze, smiled and said, "Take look at my hotel. Then tomorrow come station for meet. Yes?"

Louise shrugged her shoulders and smiled.

•

The visual and aural onslaught was tempered by the cold sweet beer he swallowed greedily in the Nan King a while later. White-coated waiters dawdled around tables packed with tourists. A strange choreography inspired their random dance. A beer might take 30 minutes to arrive. An argument, a fit of pique, a bad memory. The permutations were limitless and unfathomable. They had made sloth an art.

He could see gleeful Orange People wolfing down chop suey, a middle-aged English couple totally bemused by the accoutrements to their curry — wondering where the ketchup was. Chinese youths

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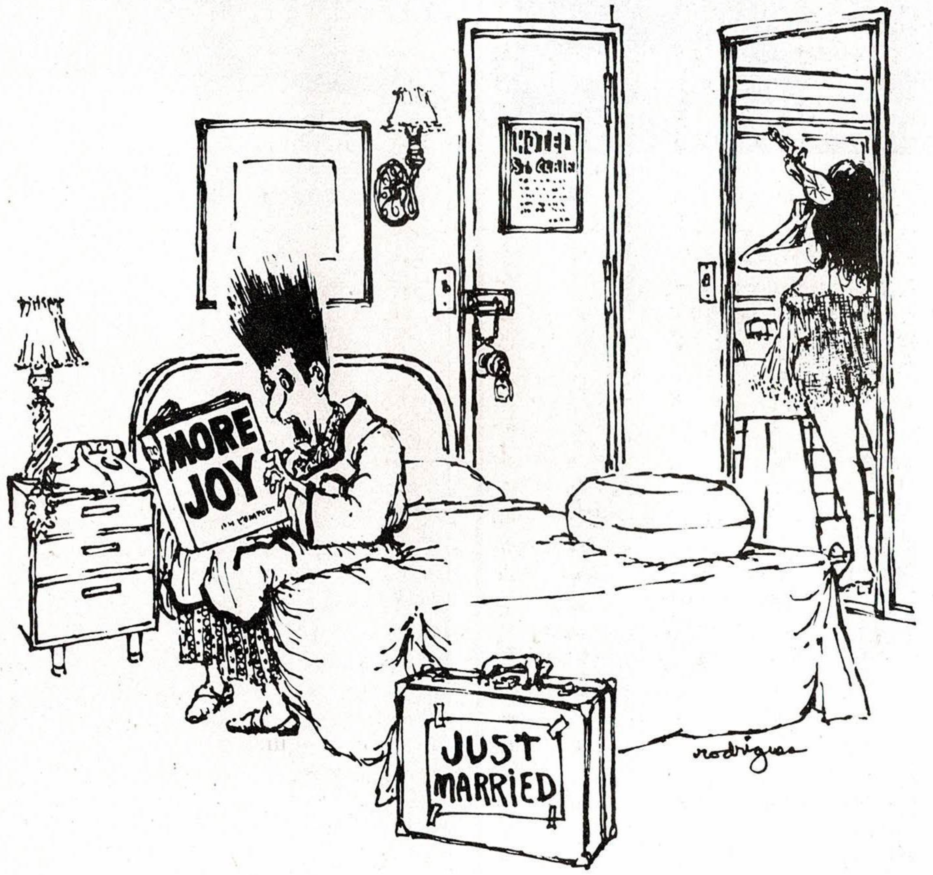
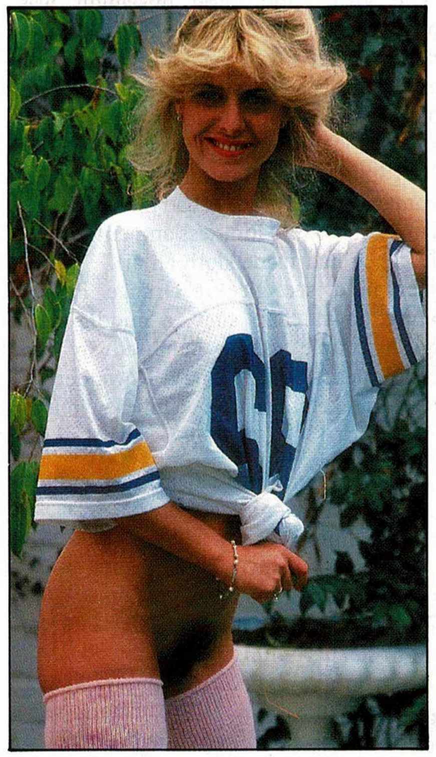


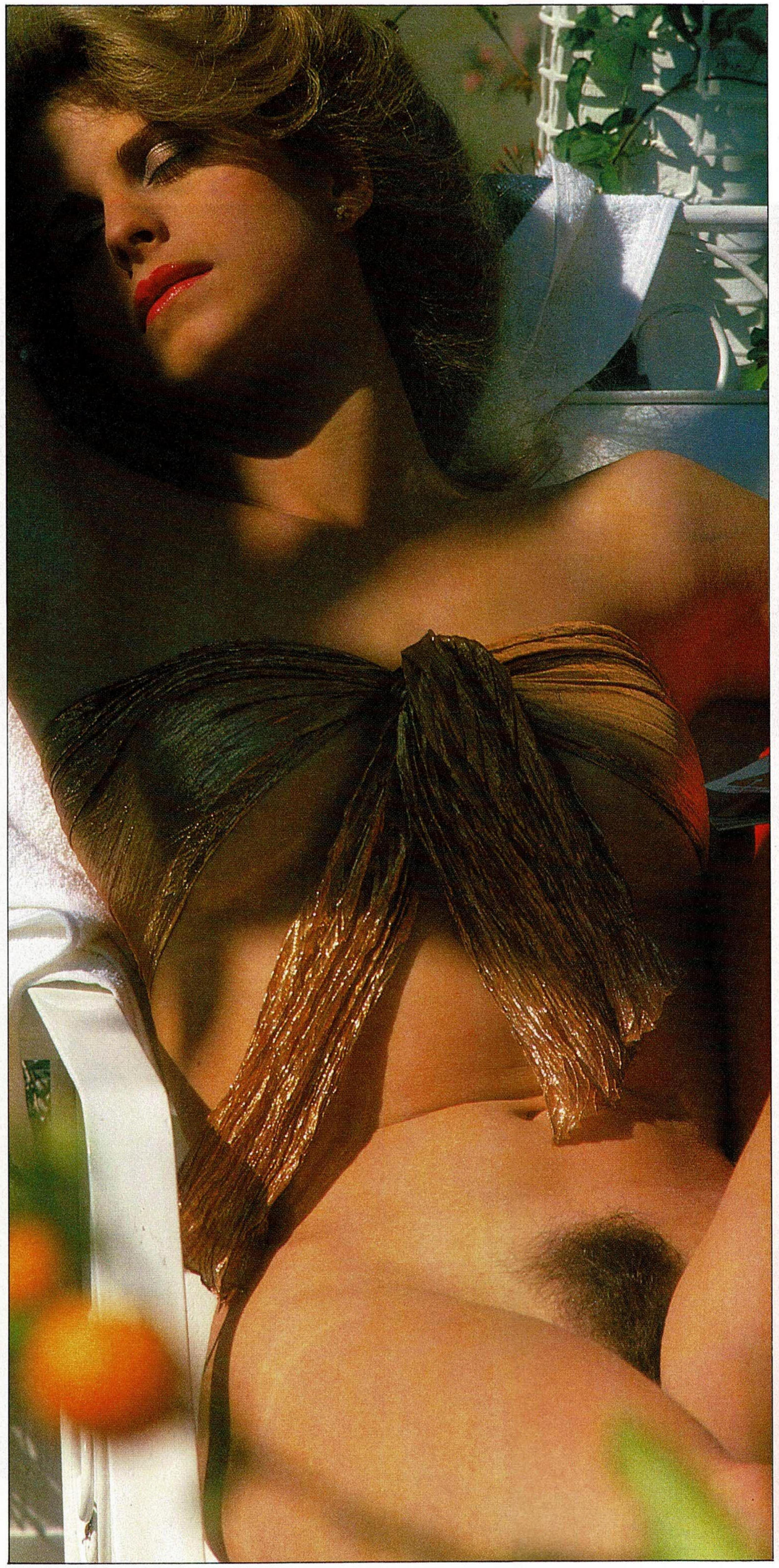
May Flower

Kelly Ryland, our bewitching Miss May, lives in Queensland and loves the caressing climate and golden beaches of the Sunshine State. She lists surfing, scuba diving, sailboarding, water skiing and horse riding among her favorite sporting pursuits.

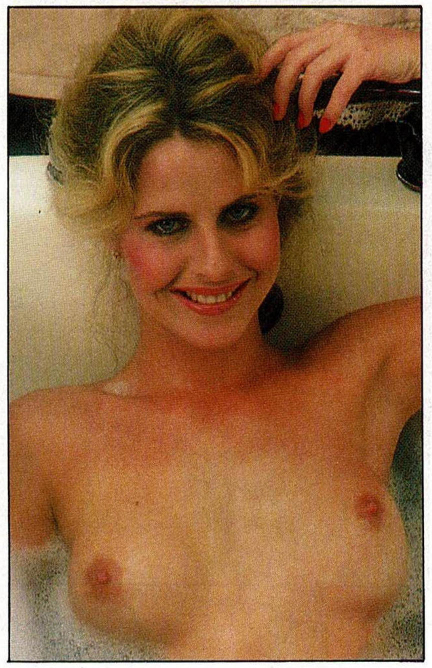


PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICO METTBACH AND DANNY NOLAN

When Kelly's not soaking up the sun, she's likely to be in the spotlight on modelling assignments or taping TV commercials. She hopes to travel to the USA to take up a serious modelling career. "That's where it's all happening," says lovely Kelly. "I'd like to be involved in the film and entertainment industry there."



On the other end of the travel rainbow, Kelly would like to be stranded on a desert island with a tall, well-tanned, strong Aussie male. A generous guy with an easy-going nature and a good sense of humor. "I have a fiery temper when things make me angry," says this softly-spoken, sensuous Leo, "so he would have to be understanding. We could shed all our inhibitions together. . ."

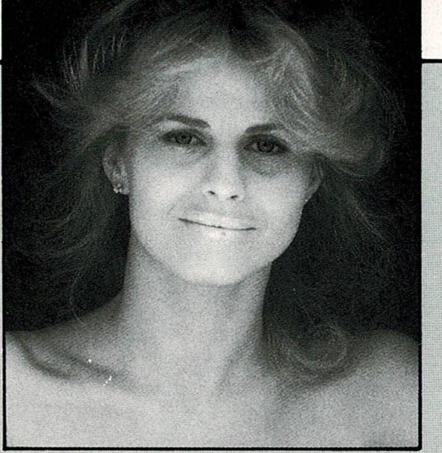


"Fast cars and rainy Sundays really turn me on," smiles Kelly. But she also admits to a love of Chinese cooking and sewing. Our Miss May is an ambivalent girl torn between a professional career and settling down with that special someone. We suspect the sun will continue to shine on Kelly Ryland, no matter which path she chooses.

MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

kelly Ryland.



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Kelly Ryland.

BUST: 34" WAIST: 23" HIPS: 33"

HEIGHT: 5'4" WEIGHT: 96lb SIGN: Leo.

BIRTH DATE: 8.8.61 BIRTHPLACE: Dandenong, Melbourne.

AMBITIONS: To be happy at everything I do + to settle with a terrific guy one day!

TURN-ONS: a deserted island with my favorite man, fast cars + rainy Sundays.

TURN-OFFS: Stereotype people, jealousy, drunken men + cruelty to animals.

FAVORITE BOOKS: The Godfather, The Rich + the Mighty, Rascals in Paradise + Scruples.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Janis Ian, Dustin Hoffman, Raquel Welch, E.L.O + Peter Allen.

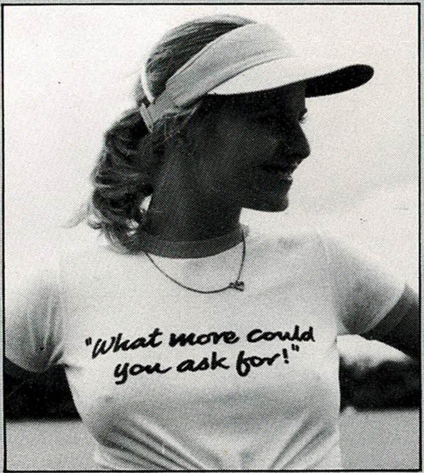
FAVORITE SPORTS: Tennis, windsurfing, + horse riding.

IDEAL MAN: a tall, well tanned strong Australian male, with a good sense of humour.

SECRET FANTASY: To spend a month on "Fantasy Island."

Up to mischief at 2 yrs.

A pixie in fancy dress at 6 yrs.



"What more could you ask for!"

Sweet Sixteen

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *self-deception* as faking an orgasm during masturbation.

An old lady kept two pet monkeys, Tom and Dick, whom she loved very much. One day, Tom took sick and died. A couple of days later, Dick died of a broken heart.

Unable to bear the thought of being parted from her pets, the old dear took them to a taxidermist.

"Do you want them mounted?" he inquired.

"Oh no," she replied, blushing, "just have them holding hands!"

Her daughter, thought worried Ma Coffin,
Had morals the city might soften.
So she phoned and asked, "Lynn,
Are you living in sin?"
Lynn said, "No — but I visit there often."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines a *loser* as a man who's tried for exhibitionism — in small claims court.

No longer a virgin, Miss Wise
Arranged for a marriage disguise:
It was surgical art
That refurbished the part
By constructing a tissue of lies.

While drying himself in a full-length mirror, the recently-divorced man noticed grey hairs in his pubes.

"I know you haven't been getting much lately old fella," he said, "but I didn't realise you were this worried about it!"

The prostitute and her psychiatrist had just completed a session on his office couch, but neither made a move to leave. They both sat quietly, looking at each other.

Finally and simultaneously, they broke the silence: "Fifty dollars, please!"

The very nervous young man stood before his pregnant girlfriend's stiff and starchy father and blurted out, "I am asking sir for your daughter's hole in handy matrimony!"

You don't need to be too much of a Thespian to act in pornographic movies. We're told that this is one dramatic medium in which it's quite acceptable for an actor to muff his lines.

Then there was the randy old bloke who was stung on his private parts by a bee and asked the doctor to relieve the pain but leave the swelling.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *anti-climax* as a boregasm.

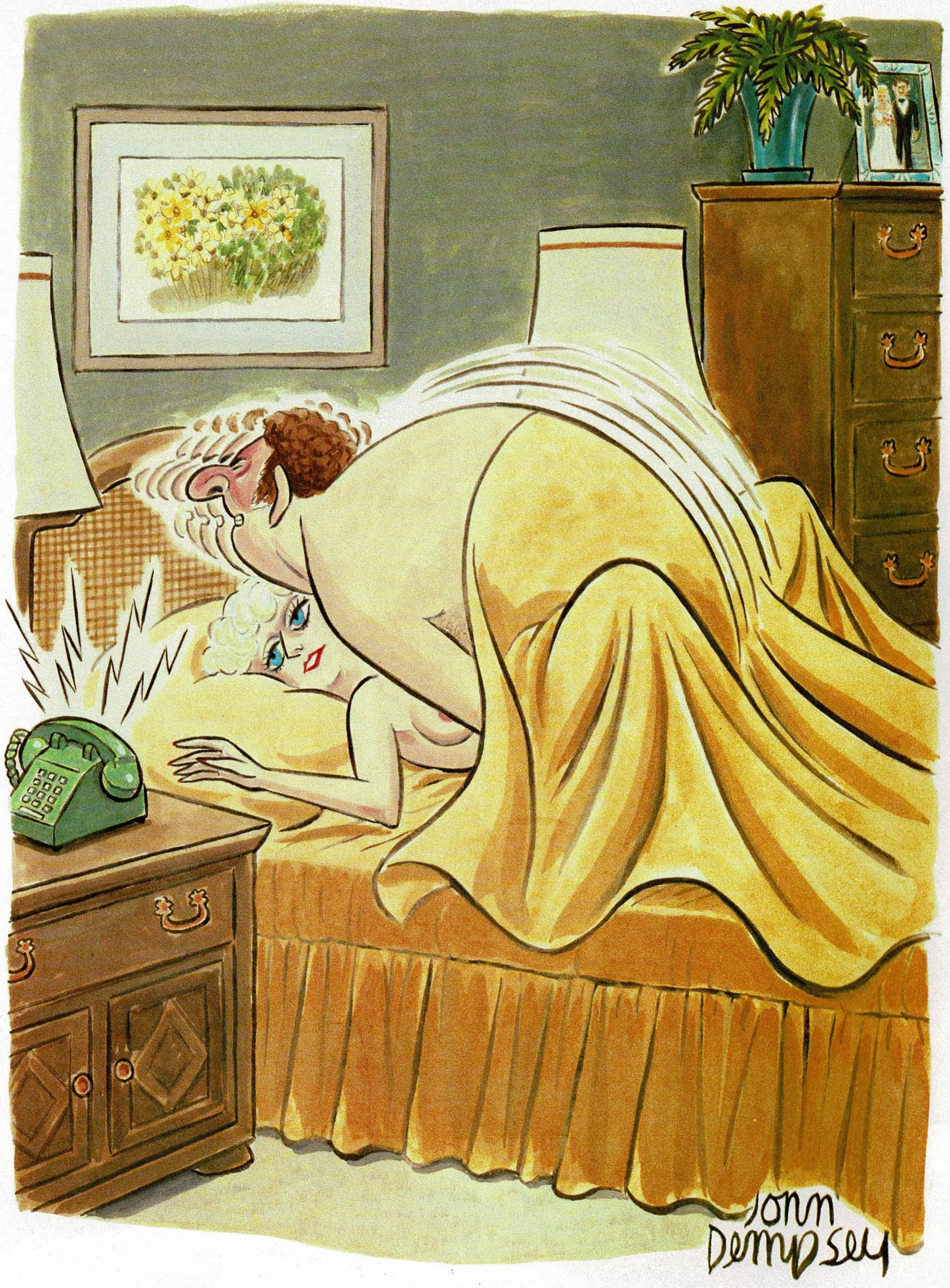
In sex education, Miss Best
Said, "Billy, your work has regressed!
But since learning's a tool
If you stay after school,
I will help you bone up for the test."

LeRoy Neiman

The big-city groover's dear old Mum came to visit him from the bush. She was wide-eyed as he showed her through his sumptuous bachelor pad, and a look of approval crept over her face as they entered the bedroom and the mirrored ceiling caught her eye.

"How sensible, Kenny," she smiled, "now you can shave in bed."

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.*



"I'll get it."

ALASKAN DIARY

mountaineering memoirs from the wildest frontier

words and photos by jonathan chester

THE SNOW is deep, knee-deep. Even though we're wearing skis, the traverse across the slope is a hard slog. On a slight ridge we start a zigzag descent, striving to keep as much rope between the three of us as possible. I am hunching down over my ski poles to ease the ache in my shoulders when it happens. With a soft *whoomp!* the slope immediately below me avalanches. A textbook slab. A 60cm covering of snow is sliding away before my eyes, carrying my two companions with it. I am immobilised by fear as the rope snakes out, until, like a water skier being plucked from the beach by a power boat, it whips me

from the spot above the fracture line. For an instant I'm on my front, then flipped over on my back. Over and over with my mind racing through a check list of consequences: broken arms, legs, buried alive. . . death? Over and over in a locomotive express.

As suddenly as it started, it stops. The slide had lasted a matter of seconds and travelled about 100 metres. I am half buried but can see one companion. Judging by his call, the other is nearby. I check myself for damage and notice a blood-stained hole through my overglove near the base of my right hand. I am joined by my companions and learn they stayed on top of the snow for most of the descent. I remove the glove to inspect the damage; the sight of the gory slash at the base of my ring finger seems to compound the pain.

Nausea comes with the resultant shock and the knowledge that we are lucky to be alive.

We untangle the maze of ropes and skis and continue the slow descent. On the hanging glacier below, mist obscures our path and we vote unanimously for an early camp. Without use of my right hand, every chore is doubly difficult. We are all dispirited and drained by the brush with death, and lack of food and depression begins leading my mood down negative trails. Thoughts like: "Maybe I should quit climbing, get married, settle down, play dominoes. . . anything but keep risking my neck in these cold, inhospitable places."

There have been a few too many close calls over the past several years.

●

Man has always had an attraction for wandering out of his element. Maybe that explains why this Australian, born and bred in Adelaide (capital of the driest, flattest State in the driest continent) undertook 10 years of globe-trotting in numerous mountain ranges with awesome reputations for heavy snows, freezing conditions and savage winds. Poking around in remote places in search of different lifestyles and cultures, has become a lifestyle of adventure in itself. As an astrologer-girlfriend once told me, it's a way of fulfilling my Piscean penchant for dreams and romance. I don't know if that's an adequate explanation, but it's probably as valid as the old "because it's there" cliche.

So, I was bound to make it to Alaska one day. Mt McKinley (Denali) is the highest peak in North America, and the Alaska Range offers some of the most serious alpine and expeditionary climbing in the world. I'd made the acquaintance of peaks in Europe, Britain, New Zealand, South America and the Himalayas, and now it was Alaska's turn. Climbing magazines, journals and books had extolled the scenery and sheer scale of the Mt McKinley area and, like so many other climbers, I was sold.

It would be an adventure to savor and file away among the more memorable. That's why I kept a Denali diary.

●

May 18, 1982 — Our rental car sits heavy on its suspension as we roll into the tiny bush town of Talkeetna, 200km north of Anchorage. There are three of us — Ben Read, his wife Anne, and I — but the real weight is in the gear we've brought to sustain us for three months. There are 500 residents in this town but they see twice that number of climbers pass through each year between April and July, the climbing season in the Alaska Range. Taking in the town is a 10-minute exercise, so we make camp by the air strip. In this part of the world, people catch planes like city dwellers grab cabs; this means the undistinguished slash of gravel which passes as the strip is a high traffic zone. The bush tranquillity is regularly pierced by the thud-chop-thud of helicopters (the only sound I know that is hard *and* soft at the same time), while light planes, the Holdens of Alaska, buzz in and out at hourly intervals.

This tiny town is really a busy intersection. Located at the confluence of three lively rivers, Talkeetna is also the base for three flying services. The hot shots among the local bush pilots have earned international reputations for their skills. After all, there is a lot more involved in flying around here than ferrying climbers the 100km to the Kahiltna Glacier base camp and dropping fuel and supplies into remote areas. From Kahiltna International Airport — as climbers have come to know base camp — it is still 35km to the summit of McKinley.

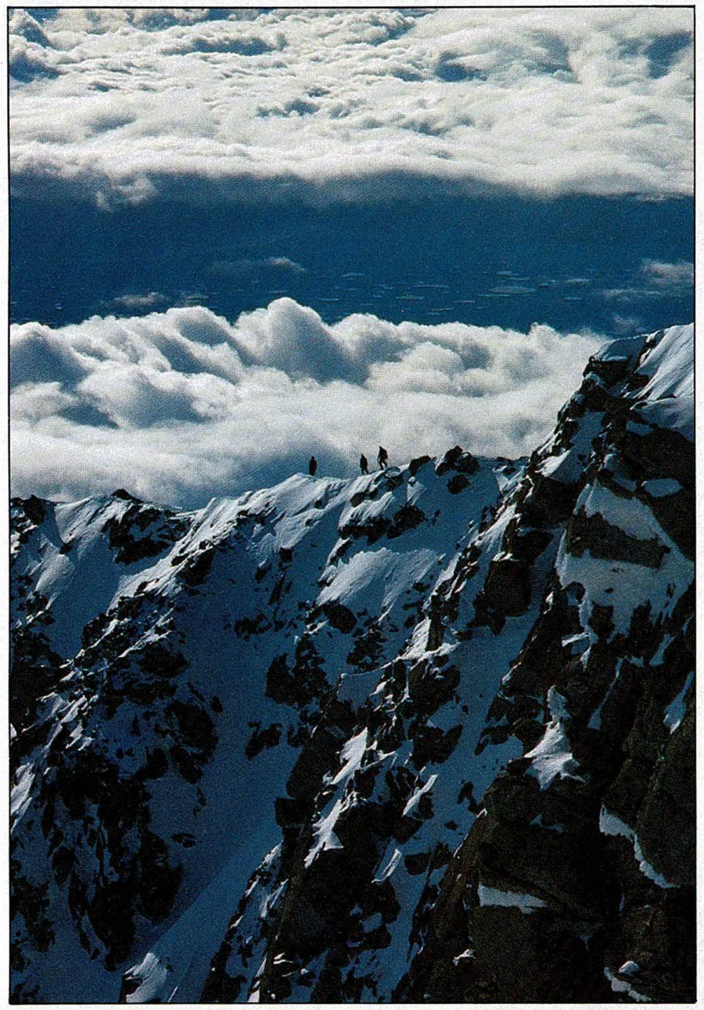
The choice of flying part way up the glacier to start a climb of 2300 metres, or to walk and ski the entire distance, is rarely weighed up by climbers. Most opt for the obvious.

"But there always has to be someone different," comments climbing ranger Scott Gill. Ben, Anne and I sat in the lounge-cum-office of the ranger station being interviewed by Gill as part of the registration procedure, the only requirement to climb Mt McKinley or Mt Foraker in the Denali National Park.

As Gill's questions unfold, so does his scepticism increase. Our plans to hike to the Ruth Glacier, then ski through the Great Gorge and across the South Buttress of Mt McKinley just to reach the base camp, are received with a wry smile. Scott had obviously interviewed similarly ambitious and naive climbers from the "Lower 48" to later see them humbled by the scale of the Alaska Range. Part of the ranger's job is to pick up the pieces.

Our lack of local knowledge was obvious but we determined to learn as much about the task ahead from locals and climbers fresh off the mountain. The ranger station houses a well-stocked library of books, maps and photographs on the Alaskan mountains and that's where I first learn of the "Alaska factor". In essence, the "A" factor is anything too big, far, cold, hard, sudden, or strange to be understood when mountaineering in this arctic range. It comes in large proportions around here.

The physical and logistical preparations had begun many months before: scrimping together cash for air fares, climbing gear and photographic equipment. It's hard to cut corners when it comes to safety and serious objectives demand nothing but the



FAIRVIE
VIEW INN
ROOMS

Clockwise: (1) A climbing team descends the West Buttress after reaching the summit of Mt McKinley. (2) The Talkeetna Gold Nuggets can-can troupe. (3) Water from snow melted on a petrol stove provides the writer's only bath in 38 days above the snowline. The igloo substituted as home when the tent became unusable. (4) The task of planning and sorting meals for 30 days was quite a logistical exercise.

best tools. As the ice axe advert goes: "Tools for the ascent of man".

I like this life of travel and climbing but to do it as often as possible requires a bit of sacrifice and making the most of meagre resources. There are few motel nights, fewer restaurants but plenty of sleeping on the ground and eating outdoors. A daily can or two of beer is one of the last luxuries to be sacrificed while on the road. A Foster's sign in Talkeetna's one and only general store seems like a minor miracle and, although I prefer Cooper's Ale, I must give some credit to Foster's for delivery distance. Thirsty and grateful climbers fresh off the mountain drink at the Fairview Inn. It's like a backdrop from a frontier movie set. The walls are hung with sketches of pioneers, photographs of hunters and fishermen displaying their prizes, and pilots posing beside their planes — a walk-in scrapbook of Talkeetna's history. Just above head height, moose and caribou antlers bedecked with hats add a touch which can only be found in Alaska.

May 21, Day One — Mile 131 on the Parks Highway is the roadhead where we turn our backs on the fast world. We are now to measure progress in kilometres per day rather than by the hour. Before long, we're slogging through mud and muskeg: quite a new experience for an Australian used to clearly-defined terrain underfoot. Neither completely liquid nor solid, it becomes heavy going. True muskeg is like walking through foot-deep sponge. After 100 metres, my feet are sodden. Recommended footwear for such country is knee-high waders or neoprene socks and running shoes. I have neither, so I wrap my feet in water-proofed nylon stuff bags. They don't work. In Alaska the bush terrain is very tough on the inexperienced and it puts us right out of the sourdough class. Sourdough was the bread the miners baked in Alaska's goldrush days and with time it came to connote experienced old-timers. Being a tenderfoot, an Alaskan Chechako, adds an extra dimension and challenge to travelling in this country.

Before long, our feet are not only wet but very cold. A layer of ice just below the surface prevents us sinking beyond our ankles and at intervals we get relief by trekking along the frozen edges of the lakes. The perimeters of most have begun to thaw, meaning that the move on to or off the giant saucers of ice often becomes a bit of a scramble.

It's hard to tiptoe carrying a 30kg load; it's hard to do anything except stagger. Downhill skis, a plastic sled, tent, rope, ice axe, crampons (hooks), food for 12 days, clothing for sub-zero temperatures, plus 5kg of camera gear, add up to a real pain between the shoulder-blades.

Today, these lowlands in the shadow of the Alaska Range pose almost as many hazards for this wandering Aussie as they did for the sourdoughs at the turn of the century. Why? Bears! "Grizzly bears and black bears in Denali National Park and Preserve can kill or severely maul you. They are unpredictable and will defend themselves, their young, their food and their territory. When surprised they may react by attacking. All bears are potentially dangerous."

This warning from the local tourist newspaper is enough to suggest that a Denali holiday has more than its share of attendant dangers. "The Bear", as we come to call the collective menace, holds a similar place in Alaskan folklore as do sharks in Australia. They claim little in loss of life or limb, but the very thought of a first-hand encounter, no matter how slight the risk, is enough to scare the shit out of most people.

May 23, Day Three — We had made arrangements for homesteader John Neil to raft us across the Tokositna River from our campsite by Tokosha Mt Lodge. The current flows deep and fast, and we're thankful we hadn't planned to ford it by ourselves. Some locals had thought it possible! Ask four Alaskans the same question about bush travel and it seems you get six different answers. Multiple choice.

> *Time is fast eating into our food supply and causing the first tangible tension between the members of our tiny team.*

Our load seems heavier today and after rejecting the thought of calling it a rest day, we hike to Alder Creek which we plan to follow until it meets the Ruth Glacier. We're working our way into the routine of bush travel under heavy load and gradually our muscles are hardening to the task. Sleeping on the ground no longer seems uncomfortable.

I had prepared for this trip with a running program to assist my aerobic fitness, but no amount of training can prepare the shoulders for humping a heavy pack through the wilderness.

We rest in the afternoon to give our bodies recovering time before confronting the rigors of the glacier.

May 25, Day Five — Misty rain comes as a pre-taste of what will undoubtedly be many wet days before journey's end. We struggle up a scree slope, a carpet of ice many thousands of years old, and move onto the glacier's terminal moraine. This river of ice has become stationary at this point and its boulder-strewn surface is covered with alder brush. We make rapid progress for several kilometres where the glacier has been disturbed by recent ice melt. But the slopes, now a confused jumble of boulders, gravel and uprooted trees, are difficult to negotiate.

The clearings soon give way to alder brush with the dense web of growth making progress difficult. It takes us well over an hour to thrash a path through the next 200 metres. Drizzle, our heavy packs and the resistance of alder limbs as thick as a woman's wrist, point up the foolhardiness of our approach to the mountain. But there is no turning back. After all, we couldn't cross the river again by ourselves. In the distance I can see glacial moraine free of the damn vegetation. Navigating by a tower of rock and ice that serves as a beacon, I crash forward. In reality, it takes 400 metres to cover half that distance but we finally reach open ground.

It's a relief to pick up the pace again as we need to make up for lost time. Here, the glacial landscape resembles a frozen ocean with troughs and swells, and crests capped by boulders. It's necessary to keep my eyes trained on my feet; to slip under such a load could play all sorts of havoc with a knee or ankle. In this wilderness the consequences of a minor accident can be deadly.

Several more hours of moraine walking bring us to bare glacier ice. For the first time, I feel I am really among the mountains as the terrain tells us we're finally above the timberline. For the first time we pitch tents on bare ice, the signal to break out the warm sleeping gear.

Reaching the glacier induces a more relaxed mood. I feel more at home and take delight in photographing a beautiful rainbow. The dark, brewing storm clouds are pierced by golden shafts of light and the distant Talkeetna hills are capped by an icing of alpenglow. It's definitely a special evening.

May 26, Day Six — Another late start. We're out of the sleeping bags at 7am each day, but the packing of rucksacks and breaking camp is such a lengthy process that we are rarely underway before 9.30. Our daily distances have been but a fraction of what we'd anticipated and the slow progress is cause for concern. Going slowly, given our loads, is understandable. But time is fast eating into our food supply and causing the first tangible tension between the members of our tiny team. Ben put together the food supplies for the approach leg of the trip, and I'm finding his rations for breakfast and lunches particularly meagre. Our estimates of the number of days required to reach Kahiltna Base Camp are already way off mark. Running out of food is a distinct possibility.

We start the day's trek in our running shoes but pools of freezing water convince me a switch to mountaineering boots is wise. It also relieves the shoulders of a bit of weight. A little further on, it appears necessary to break out the skis for the first time. We lose another hour fine-tuning the ski bindings to accommodate mountain boots, fitting the climbing skins and packing the sled which has thankfully begun to work its passage. Twenty kilos of gear off my back makes skiing more enjoyable, but towing the sled is no picnic.

Travelling up the middle of the glacier we avoid crevasse fields on either side but have to deal with open streams and pools of icy, aquamarine water.

It's a real crash course in sled hauling and the process is not without incident. We cross a large surface stream and the only feasible route is over a narrow snow bridge. I'm a relative novice on mountaineering skis and this extra element of anxiety prompts me to seek Ben's assistance. Dropping his pack on the far side, he returns to shepherd the sled across the metre-wide bridge. I set off, relying on Ben to guide the snowboat behind me. Suddenly, I am being jerked off balance and from the corner of my eye I can see the sled, laden with 30kg of gear, sliding off one side of the bridge. My survival instincts are sharper than I would have imagined as I launch myself off the other side to counteract the sled's plunge. Having escaped the icy waters three metres below, I'm a bit too relieved to bother giving Ben a blasting, but at least he has learned how slippery a sled can be on an icy slope; it had skated away in front of his eyes.

May 30, Day 10 — The snail's pace of our climb is becoming a real problem so I get us underway early by misleading my companions about the time. However, for the second day in a row, we waste half the day due to poor route finding in the icefall.

On poking my head out of my tent in the morning, I am met by one of the awe-inspiring sights of any mountain range. Towering before me is one of the most gigantic alpine faces I've ever laid eyes on. No peak in Australia can compare with this ice-plastered monolith. So, this was the Great Gorge we had heard so much about. This is where lugging all that camera gear becomes worthwhile and I blue-arse it around the campsite looking for the best angles. High clouds hide most of the sun, but occasionally a shaft of light lances through like a searchlight to light up this awesome sculpture.

The scenery is fine but the food situation is a bit desperate. Breakfast comprises a few crumbs of granola and a mug of hot water with a dusting of coffee for coloring.

Another distraction comes with the experience of skiing up the Great Gorge. It's a double bonus: magnificent scenery and, at last, some real progress. Huge rock walls ascend on either side of this seemingly placid river of ice. The faces are plastered with shroud snow and we witness avalanches funnelling off larger and higher slopes.

With a sound like cannon-fire, the occasional serac would collapse, ricochetting ice off the rocks.

By mid-morning, we reach the level glacier and in the distance I can discern the shape of a tent. A tent means people, and possibly food. We ski on with renewed zeal. As we approach, the tent seems to disappear before our eyes. The occupants are obviously breaking camp and we arrive in time to find two climbers sitting on their packs, and the word OUT sketched in three-metre high letters in the snow. Another calculation: if they want out, maybe they've got some spare food. The pleasantries done with, we pop the big question and without delay, six freeze-dried dinners and a kilo block of cheese appear from a duffle bag. We have our stove out and burning within minutes to celebrate the windfall.

June 3, Day 14 — We set off in a heavy mist which reduces visibility to a few rope lengths.

As we ascend, the cloud lifts a little and soon the slope becomes too steep for towing a sled. I am forced to redistribute the load and the sled once again becomes part of the load on my back. We struggle on through the icefall, weaving back and forth to plot a path of least resistance between gaping chasms in the ice. Just when the way ahead seems to be easing, we are confronted by an especially large crevasse. At the extreme right-hand end, the void is spanned by a small bridge of snow. We make our way over and, for insurance, I give Ben a belay. I set myself down-slope with Anne below me. With the rope over my shoulder and around my waist, I can pay it out as Ben moves, thus avoiding any slack between us.

> *Suddenly, I am being jerked off balance and from the corner of my eye I can see the sled, laden with 30kg of gear, sliding off the bridge.*

Ben is nearly across when he calls out, "Don't worry, it's a large bridge."

My retort of "Yes, but it's a big hole," is cut short by the sound of the bridge collapsing. I drop to the ground, falling down-slope as Ben's weight snaps the rope taut. I catch sight of him, a disjointed vision of skis, limbs and equipment, somersaulting backwards into space as I'm dragged violently towards the edge of the slot. Mercifully, I manage to hold him as my mind races. Which crevasse rescue technique is most appropriate? How badly injured is he? What to do next? And all the time grasping for the discipline telling me not to panic.

Securing the rope was my first priority and I direct Anne to move down-slope and take tension. I ask Ben if he's okay. No response. The seconds drag. At last he calls: "I'm okay," and I breathe again. While I set up some textbook anchors with pickets and an ice axe, Ben is working on his own extrication, neither of us aware of what the other is up to. With his cry of "slack" I move gingerly to the lip of the crevasse to see him standing on a platform some 10 metres down, tying his pack and skis to the rope.

Back at the surface we review the drama and I'm annoyed by Ben's flippant remarks as he attempts to make light of the affair. Maybe he's trying to play it down for his wife's benefit. I sit examining a broken ski pole, snapped when I arrested the fall. It's a small price to pay for such a narrow escape but I'm annoyed at the prospect of facing the remainder of the trip with just one sound pole.

We make camp at the base of the face which tomorrow will lead us up and over the pass.

June 4, Day 15 — The bitter cold of the previous evening makes way for a pleasantly clear day. The first 1000 metres of the climb provide sound footing but this soon gives way to poor snow and we are slowed to a wallowing progress. Sometimes we're up to our waists in it, forcing us to break the snow with our hands to search for a solid footing. Then again, the character of the climbing changes. Ben leads a difficult section of steep ice while I shiver on a small stance I had kicked in the snow. The weather has again closed in and a chill, snow-flecked wind blows across the face. Ben underestimates the amount of ice and belays Anne up a steep bulge from a rather dubious anchor. I join them and we push on to lower-angled snow, once again being able to move together. This pass was proving far more technical than anticipated.

At the top I am exhausted. We are nearly at 3700 metres and the altitude is taking its toll. I collapse in a heap without removing my pack. We have been on the move for four hours and need rest. Digging a platform in the deep, soft snow we pitch the tent pointing out of the slope. This I hope will minimise the danger of sliding snow crushing the tent.

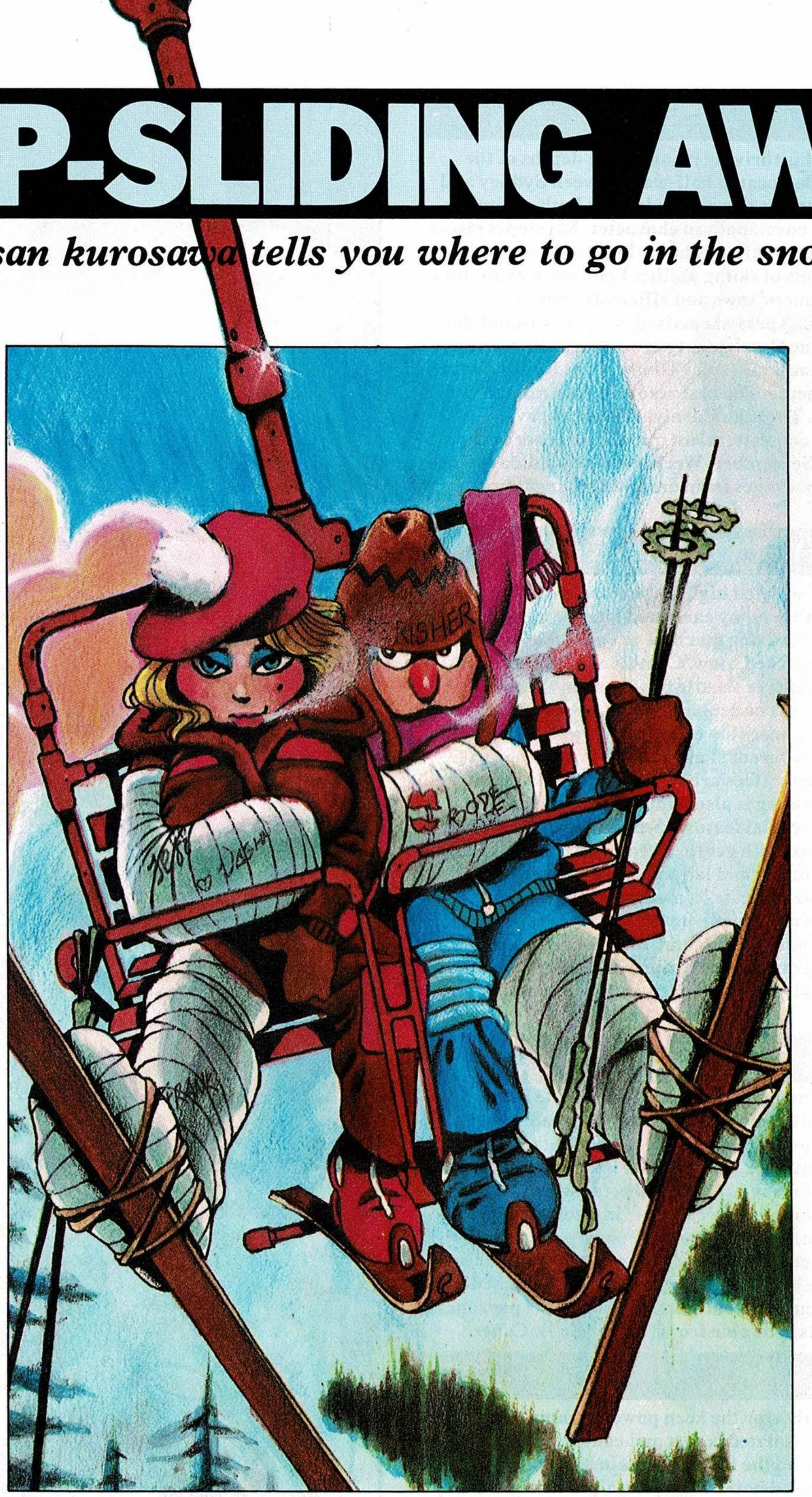
Tonight I feel exhausted and have a headache. I think I have a mild case of AMS (acute mountain sickness), the result of climbing too high, too quickly, compounded by the exertion of carrying such a heavy load.

June 5, Day 16 — We attempt to leave but retreat to the shelter, declaring a "weather" (non-climbing or rest) day. I spend the time fashioning a makeshift binding spring repair for my skis and restore other equipment. The activity is a great distraction because tent fever (not dissimilar to cabin fever) can send the most even-tempered, placid souls around the twist.

(continued on page 92)

SLIP-SLIDING AWAY

susan kurosawa tells you where to go in the snow



IN SUMMER the living's always easy. The beaches are liberally littered with nubile, nut-brown bodies in various stages of calculated undress, the sun is warm, the beer is cold, and a pair of binoculars is the only piece of hardware required to make the most of the scenery.

Come winter and it's a different story. Your binoculars may pick up the stray seagull but the long-limbed birds have flown south for the winter: piste off to the snowfields for avant-, pendant- and apres-ski action.

Winter separates men from boys. Those who do and those who don't. . . ski. It used to be an exclusive pursuit in Australia, appealing only to those of fashion and fortune, the dedicated snowcial set. Not so these days. Skiing is an accessible and affordable pastime enjoyed by some quarter of a million participants in NSW and Victoria each year.

It's a sport that you'll either love or loathe, and even if you don't envisage yourself in the *Downhill Racer* category, you can still strike Robert Redford poses against alpine stage-sets, cuddle by open fires sipping spicy Gluhwein, and threaten those smooth-skinned Continental ski instructors with Real Man arm-wrestling bouts in the bar.

Novices to the slopes are advised to hire their gear, as purchase of all the necessary equipment can be an expensive outlay, particularly if it turns out to be a once-only event. Most city-based ski shops will make hiring arrangements and you can pick up the reserved skis, stocks and boots at your destination. The full battle armor (including waterproof clothing) should cost around $60 for weekend hire plus a hefty, refundable deposit. It's advisable to hire snow chains if travelling by car (around $15 for a weekend) and special medical cover (average $20) if you suspect your debut may be more Marx Brothers than Mahre Brothers.

Fly/ski packages and coach tours to the snowfields abound, or you can make your own way to the scene and pay daily or weekly rates at a hotel or chalet. It's absolutely essential, however, to book well in advance. Package prices are based on seasonal variations and grade of accommodation chosen. Best to spend up big for a first excursion: an investment in superior accommodation with access to the most interesting nightlife and activities will definitely sway you towards a return sortie to the slopes.

The official season kicks off on the Queen's Birthday long weekend in June, peaks from late July to early September and fizzles out by the beginning of October. Take care to avoid the school holiday squeeze.

For bookings and further information on skiing in Victoria, contact Victorian Government Travel Centres in State capitals; for the full run-down on NSW resorts, try the Sydney Snow Centre at Fleets (good hiring service for equipment and ski clothing, too).

So, head for the hills, get the old adrenalin reaching new highs this winter, turn the page and find out where it's all at in our PLAYBOY guide to the pick of Aussie ski resorts.

THREDBO

Shades of St Moritz at this thriving resort in the depths of the Kosciusko National Park. Located half-way between Sydney and Melbourne, Thredbo attracts large crowds from both capitals and embodies a distinct cosmopolitan character. Ski slopes rise to 2000m featuring the longest ski-runs in the land and a total of 70km of trails for all levels of skiing ability. Four main chair-lifts; seven T-bars, four beginners' tows and efficiently-run International Ski School. Apres-ski activities centre around the glittering Thredbo Alpine Hotel; plenty of restaurants, bars and discos; Continental cosiness and spicy Gluhwein at Rudi's Lodge; bevy of serviced apartments. The best resort in Australia to strike poses in ski coordinates. Thredbo Carnival Week (derbys, bonfires, body painting contests, talent quests and other such frivolity) third week of September. Weekend coach holidays from $125; seven-day fly/ski packages from around $400 including budget accommodation.

PERISHER VALLEY/SMIGGIN HOLES

These sister resorts are situated high in the Kosciusko National Park and most seasons they enjoy early and late snow. Perisher also boasts its own snow-making machine to cover the lower slopes with fresh, hard-packed snow. Combined complex of 30 chair-lifts and T-bars and free shuttle bus between the two resorts. Mt Perisher offers challenging runs for Real Men types and gentle slopes for beginners lower down the valley. Stay a week and fall over on a different slope every day. Perisher's ski school is Australia's largest (fees around $80 for five two-hour lessons); cross-country skiing is also popular in this area, and champagne langlaufs a special feature. Smiggin Holes is a favorite for family groups with gentle terrain for novice skiers. Plenty of Alpine-style chalets and lodges; the luxury-class Perisher Valley Hotel incorporates a mountainous collection of shops and eateries for everything from lift tickets to Lowenbrau; parking is plentiful. "Mountains of Fun" tour program operated by Perisher/Smiggin Central Reservations includes range of 21 lodges and hotels from $30 per day; coach and fly/ski packages also available.

GUTHEGA

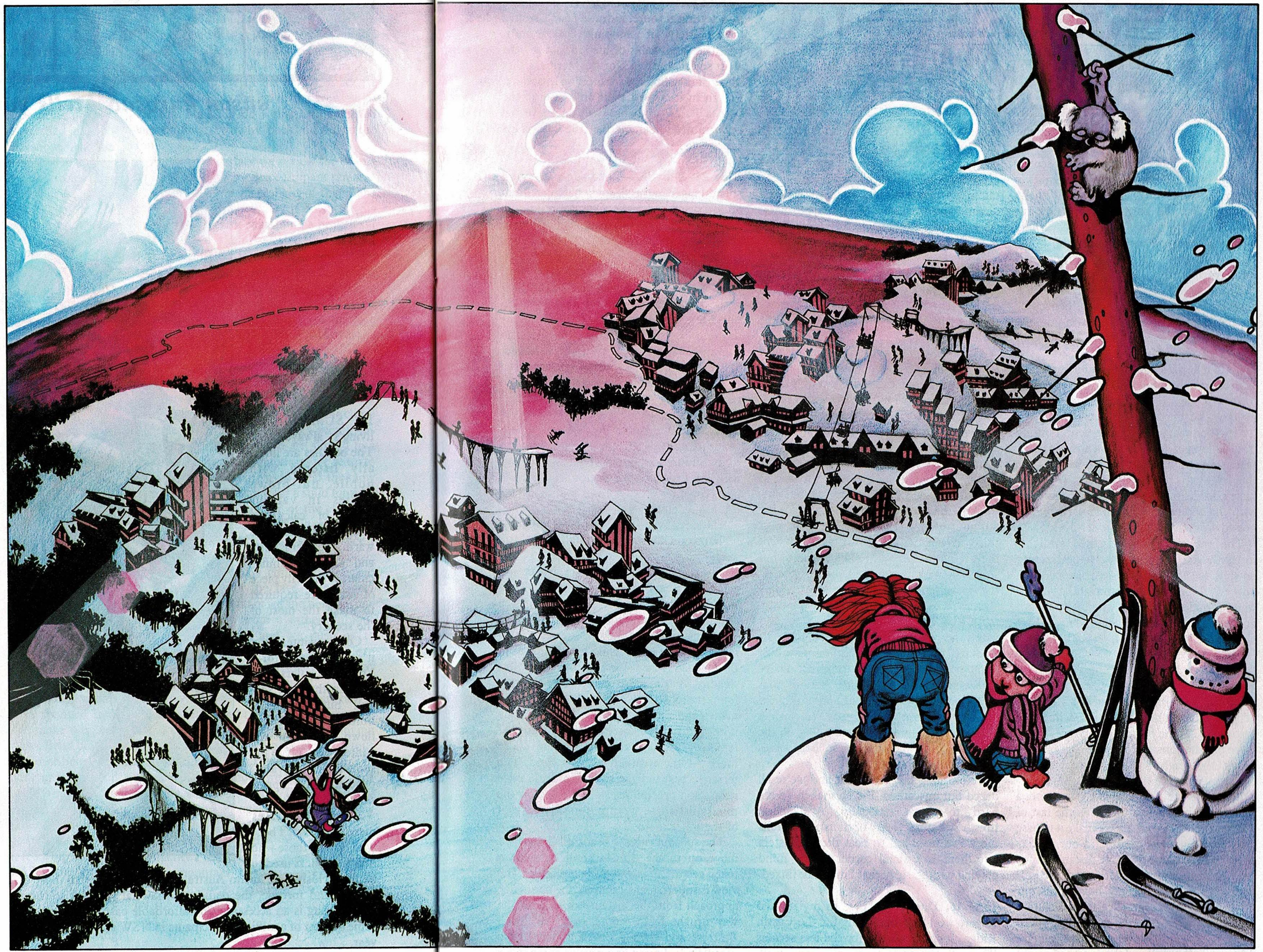
For the serious powder hound, Guthega offers respite from the peak season throngs. Full gamut of slopes at this small resort which was once an outpost for Snowy Mountains Authority workers. Friendly atmosphere, professional lessons available, good accommodation plus sauna, turbo tubs, the works, at The Guthega Hotel ($420 twin room, weekly rate including dinner and breakfast in peak season) and smaller chalets. Experts say the snow at Guthega is sometimes the best around, being lighter and drier than that found at lower resorts. Snow grooming machines; new chair-lift and ski centre recently installed. SnoAir packages and SnoCoach weekends available from Sydney Snow Centre.

CHARLOTTE PASS

A less-crowded alternative for the keen powder hound, Charlotte Pass is Australia's most isolated resort and comprises a few clubs and lodges nestling around the historic Kosciusko Chalet, Australia's highest licensed hotel. Sweeping alpine vistas convey a timeless, exhilarating charm. Unsurpassed views of Mt Kosciusko from the Kangaroo Ridge Chair-lift. Open terrain ideal for cross-country skiing; expert and easy slopes, too. Kosciusko Chalet packages (everything included except transportation and entertainment) from $235 for five days; full program of special events during the season.

FALLS CREEK

One of the most popular of Victoria's seven ski resorts. Access by sealed road from Mt Beauty (snow chains recommended). Integrated mountain village complex of restaurants, bars and lodges. Sixteen ski-lifts; established slopes funnel into sheltered Frying Pan Bowl; intermediate and beginner slopes in Sun Valley. Because of southerly exposure, the slopes hold skiable snow even during low snowfall seasons. Falls Creek attracts many day visitors — plenty of shelter facilities and parking available; entry fee $8 per car. Weekly tariffs from approx $250 per person — choice of some 20 lodges.



MT HOTHAM

Everything from slalom to snowballs. Good terrain for cross-country skiing; range of slopes for beginners, recreation skiers and racers. Many private club lodges; public accommodation is limited but new facilities are constantly being added to keep pace with the resort's popularity. Hotham Heights ski village rates with Perisher as Australia's highest ski resort and enjoys frequent falls of powder snow. Access by road from Harrietville or Omeo; chains a must.

MT BULLER

High on a western spur of the Great Dividing Range, Mt Buller offers a selection of slopes and is a good access point for cross-country skiing. Twenty-four lifts in operation; many sheltered ski spots; consistent slope grooming results in skiable conditions even with only a few centimetres of snow cover. Closest major resort to Melbourne and popular with seasoned skiers. Sample accommodation tariff: Kooroora Chalet, twin room plus dinner and breakfast, from $380 per person for one week.

MT BUFFALO

Site of Australia's first ski-lift, built in the late '30s. Slopes specially cater for beginners and families; challenging run for intermediate skiers at Cresta; well-maintained cross-country ski trails. Access from Melbourne via Hume Highway to Wangaratta, then Ovens Highway to Porepunkah and on to Mt Buffalo road. Six runs served by four lifts. A reasonably-priced family resort.

ALASKAN

(continued from page 88)

Anne startles us by screaming "Fire!" I vainly try to smother it with my hands.

June 7, Day 18 — After declaring the previous day another "weather" day, I woke early this morning to discover conditions had improved. McKinley's summit is visible for the first time. Without moving from the warmth of my sleeping bag, I can point my camera at various aspects of the spectacular landscape; I take full advantage of the conditions to photograph it all.

The morning's calm is interrupted by the rhythmic thud of a rescue helicopter approaching McKinley. The twin-engined Chinook is the only craft capable of plucking an injured climber off the mountain at high altitudes and its presence is a sobering reminder of our predicament.

Downslope, in the direction we are heading, lie the ice cliffs considered to be the most crucial part of the descent. Finding a suitable spot to abseil down the ice cliff takes some time. I volunteer to be first over the edge on the grounds that I'm not married. Flippancy? No, having spent time with the widow of a climbing partner, I'm bound to take the rationale seriously.

The way from here seemed straightforward, just a steep snow slope heading down to the edge of a hanging plateau. Mist now enveloped the mountain and again we were shrouded in a ghostly flat light. It gave no warning of the avalanche danger that almost claimed our lives.

June 8, Day 19 — Our descent to the level glacier below is a struggle with deep snow. Following yesterday's experience I am now nervous on even the most mild incline. We manage to ski the bottom 300 metres of the slope but the constant battle to stay upright against the weight of the pack deprives us of the usual joys of skiing.

Once on the flat, we celebrate with a morsel of cheese for lunch. It's the last of our food and I'm praying we make it to base camp tonight. Base camp and our 30-day supply of food are still some distance down the glacier and the need for medical attention, as I've cut my hand, plus our hunger, pushes us on. We throw caution aside for the time being and ski at speed down the slope. However, the last kilometre to camp is all uphill and the constant weight of the sled is an inescapable reminder of my fatigue.

Kahiltna Base is the springboard for virtually all climbing on McKinley, although almost the entire population of this tent city is waiting to fly off the mountain. Several days of bad weather had prevented planes from landing.

There is no doctor in town but a shapely nurse dresses my wound and orders me to report for treatment twice daily. No problem there. My injury was minor compared to the suffering of two Japanese climbers who had been choppered off the mountain this morning. Both were found unconscious at the foot of a thousand-metre rib and undoubtedly owe their lives to the medical team based at the 4000-metre camp.

June 9, Day 20 — Eat, eat, eat. It's all I can do or think about. Luckily the food is stored in my tent and I can easily satisfy my craving with a quick rummage through the stuff bag.

My uncontrolled gluttony of our renewed food supply does have some justification. The camp scales indicate I'd lost four kg on the approach and I'm keen to regain the lost weight to build my reserves for the next stage of the journey.

I make a rice dish for supper while Anne turns out an apricot pudding for dessert. We are cooking in the alcove of the tent, as we had done on storm days before, but now we have the luxury of two stoves for turning out gourmet meals. With three of us, plus thirty days' food, crammed into my tent there's hardly room to swing a cat, but somehow we move around. Ben is tending the stove and I'm reading when Anne startles us by screaming "Fire!" I glance up to see a pool of petrol alight by my side and I vainly try to smother it with my hands. Looking up I see Ben battling a wall of flame which has engulfed the entire alcove of the tent. The situation is serious so I scramble for the other exit and am joined outside by Anne. But Ben is still inside. While other climbers are stomping on the tent trying to quell the blaze, Ben comes bolting out of the exit.

Before long the fire is out and we're all dazed but unscathed. I'm so shaken up it's hard to think rationally. Avalanches, fires. . .what next? My optimistic side tells me we've managed to beat these disasters but there is a small corner of my mind playing with the idea that I might be jinxed.

June 16, Day 27 — Due to my injured finger, we forgo our plans for the Cassin Ridge. Instead, we opt for the less serious West Buttress and, if all goes well, continuing out to the north. This would mean a full traverse of the range. After nine days waiting for my finger to heal, we were more than ready to be on the move. Leaving base camp was quite a wrench for Ben as Anne flew out to Talkeetna this afternoon leaving us to continue on up the mountain.

In 1982, over 500 people attempted the West Buttress of McKinley. The trail up the glacier is so well traversed and clearly marked that we opt not to rope it up. Being a non-technical route, it draws people from a wide variety of climbing backgrounds, countries and walks of life. In fact it's the most social climb in North America. I pity many of the climbers we meet on this route. For them it will be their only taste of the Alaska Range and they will not have the opportunity to sample the true wilderness experience.

June 24, Day 35 — The sun's up but I spend longer in the sleeping bag than usual after a disturbed night. Diamox, a diuretic drug used to assist the body in adjusting to rapid increases in altitude, had me taking a leak every hour and I got little sleep.

Being without a watch for some time now, means we've grown used to moving with the whim of the weather. This is possible with the almost continuous daylight at the height of the Alaskan summer. These arctic mountains dictate. Schedules are changed and rhythms altered to flow with the elements for they are the real forces of the region and command respect.

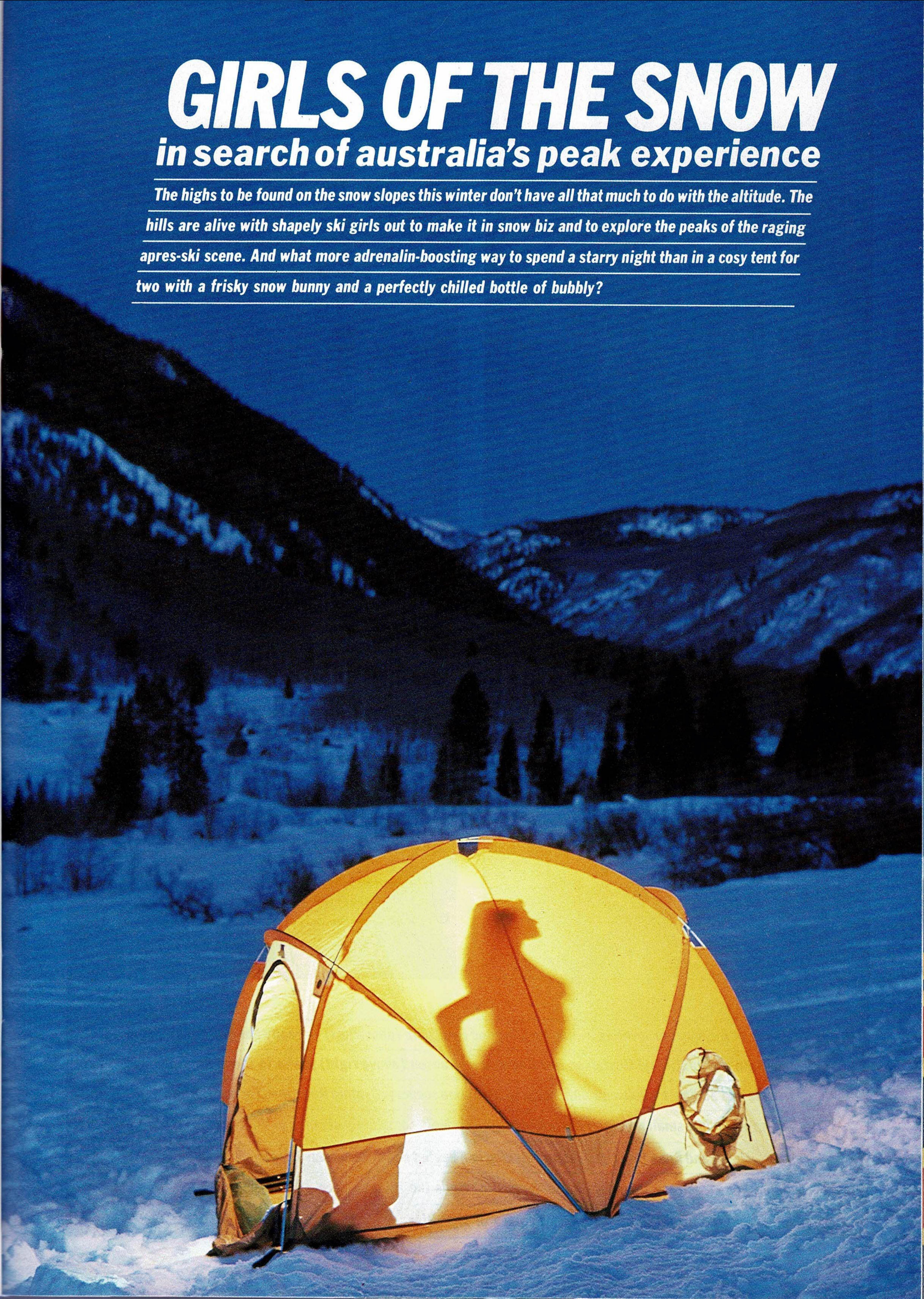
Today the elements are with us. These conditions at this altitude are rare, so we go for it. Summit day at last. To try for the top with so little acclimatisation could have been courting disaster from pulmonary or cerebral edema.

These maladies are caused by going too high too quickly and strike fatally with little warning.

At breakfast we load up on drinks and carbohydrates as our systems need all the fluids and energy we can store. Despite the altitude I feel strong and psyched to face the strength-sapping challenge. From the 5000 metre camp, a long, rising traverse leads to the Denali Pass. We move slowly but steadily. As the hours pass, we pause only for rest stops. I give some thought to the many people we had met who had not made it beyond the 4000 metres mark because of ferocious winds and snow storms. We're lucky — the weather remains clear. The terrain is easy with an absence of knife-edge ridges and precipitous slopes to occupy the mind. Just a case of putting one foot in front of the other. . .

The summit ridge is beautiful! Ben and I move on to the utmost knoll together, a token gesture of our shared experience. The view is superb and I can trace the line of our approach from the distant lowlands all the way up the Ruth Gorge, over the South Buttress and then up to Kahiltna. It's a complete feeling to know we've come so far under our own steam.

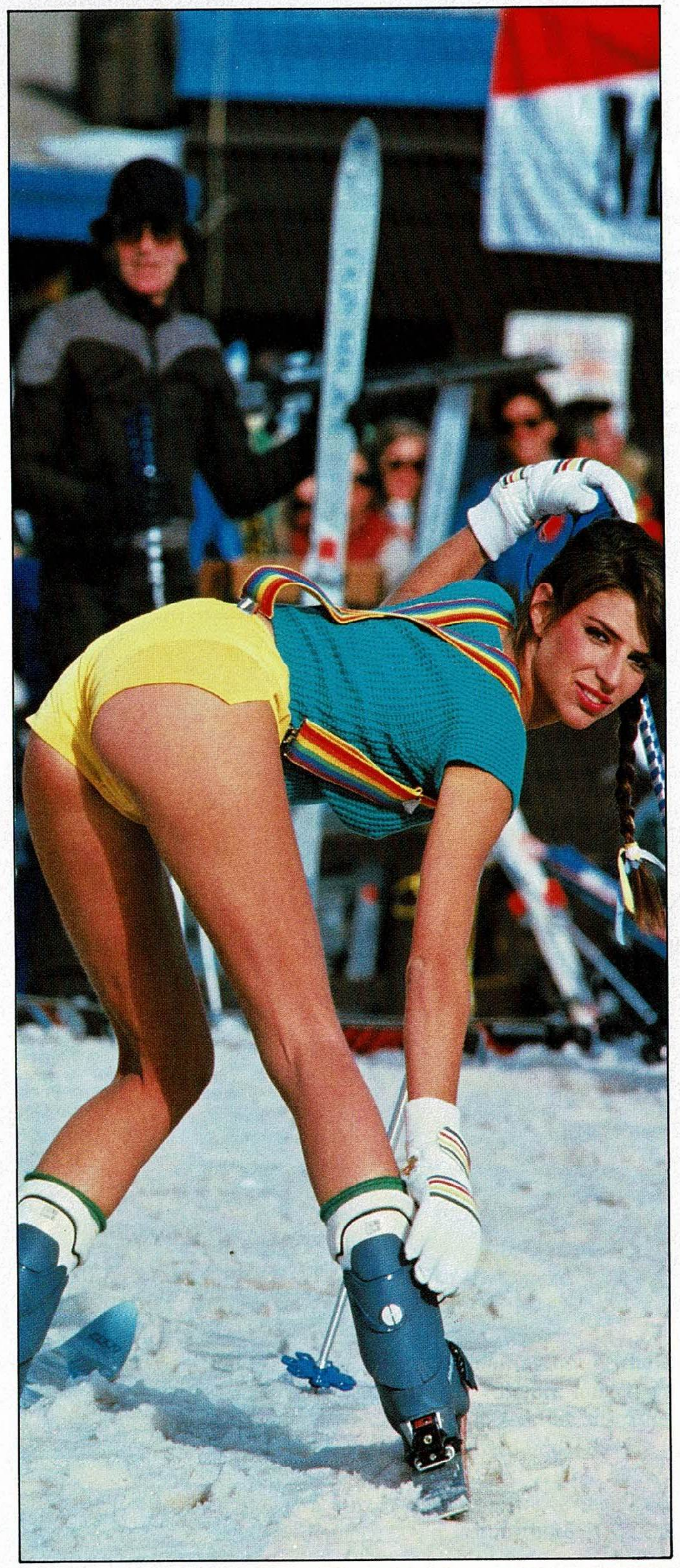
Postscript — The next nine days were spent descending the Peters Glacier to the north side of the range, making for a complete traverse. All together, 44 days were spent in the mountains and wilderness.

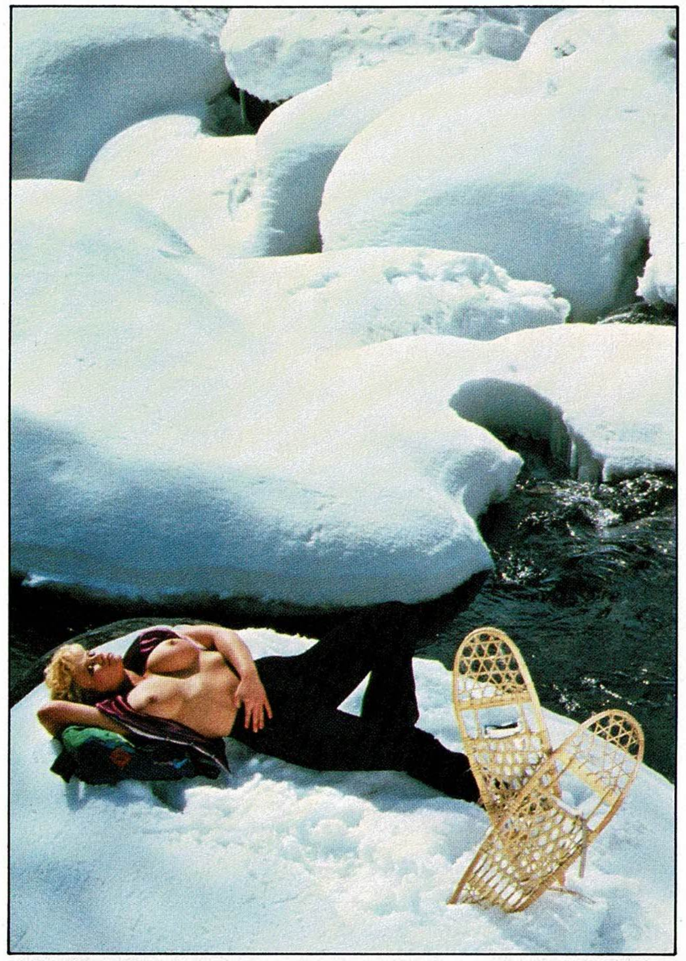


GIRLS OF THE SNOW

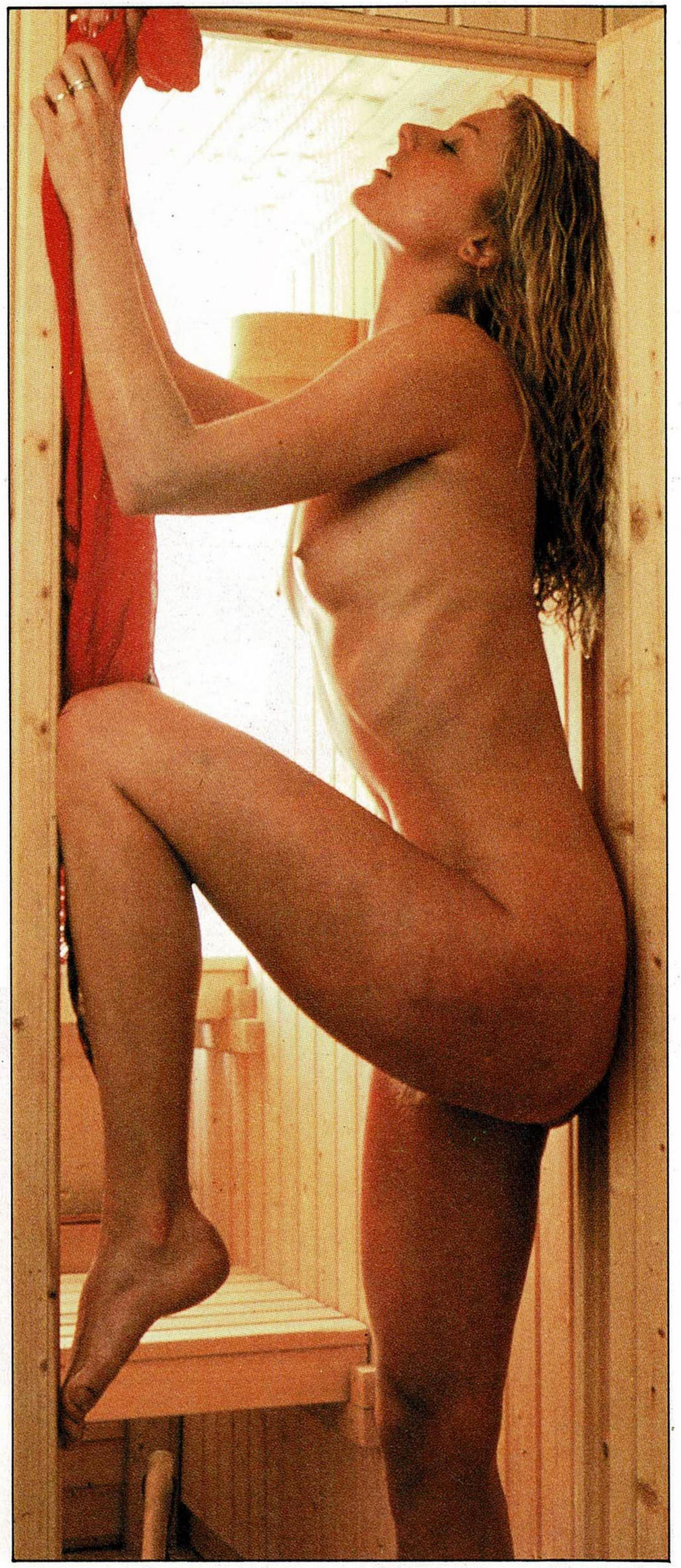
in search of australia's peak experience

The highs to be found on the snow slopes this winter don't have all that much to do with the altitude. The hills are alive with shapely ski girls out to make it in snow biz and to explore the peaks of the raging apres-ski scene. And what more adrenalin-boosting way to spend a starry night than in a cosy tent for two with a frisky snow bunny and a perfectly chilled bottle of bubbly?





Some of the sportier lovelies — like long-legged Eve Lubin (above left) — really get into the swing of downhill racing. Cheryl Gustafson and Catherine Swanson (above right) prefer to spend time making friends and adding a whole new dimension to the alpine scenery. Cynthia Ramstead (opposite page, top left) grew up in a small mountain resort and says she feels completely at home in the snow. The Truck sisters, Helen and Anne (top right) enjoy relaxing in a heated pool after a heavy day on the slopes, while budding young actress, Jennifer Busse (opposite) finds the relaxed pace of ski resorts a welcome respite from the bright lights and frenetic pace of big cities.



Sultry Kelly Marshall (above left) spends several weeks in the snow every winter and claims she never tires of the exhilarating atmosphere and the constant round of parties and disco happenings. Helena Newman (above right) says ski resorts are the places for mountains of fun, while brunette Holly Cook (opposite) obviously doesn't have cold feet about trying new airborne experiences."It's the altitude that makes you do crazy things," she laughs. "It makes the partiers party harder, too. One drink up here in the mountains equals three at sea level!" The ski slopes definitely have our vote as the place to get physical this winter!

ATOMIC
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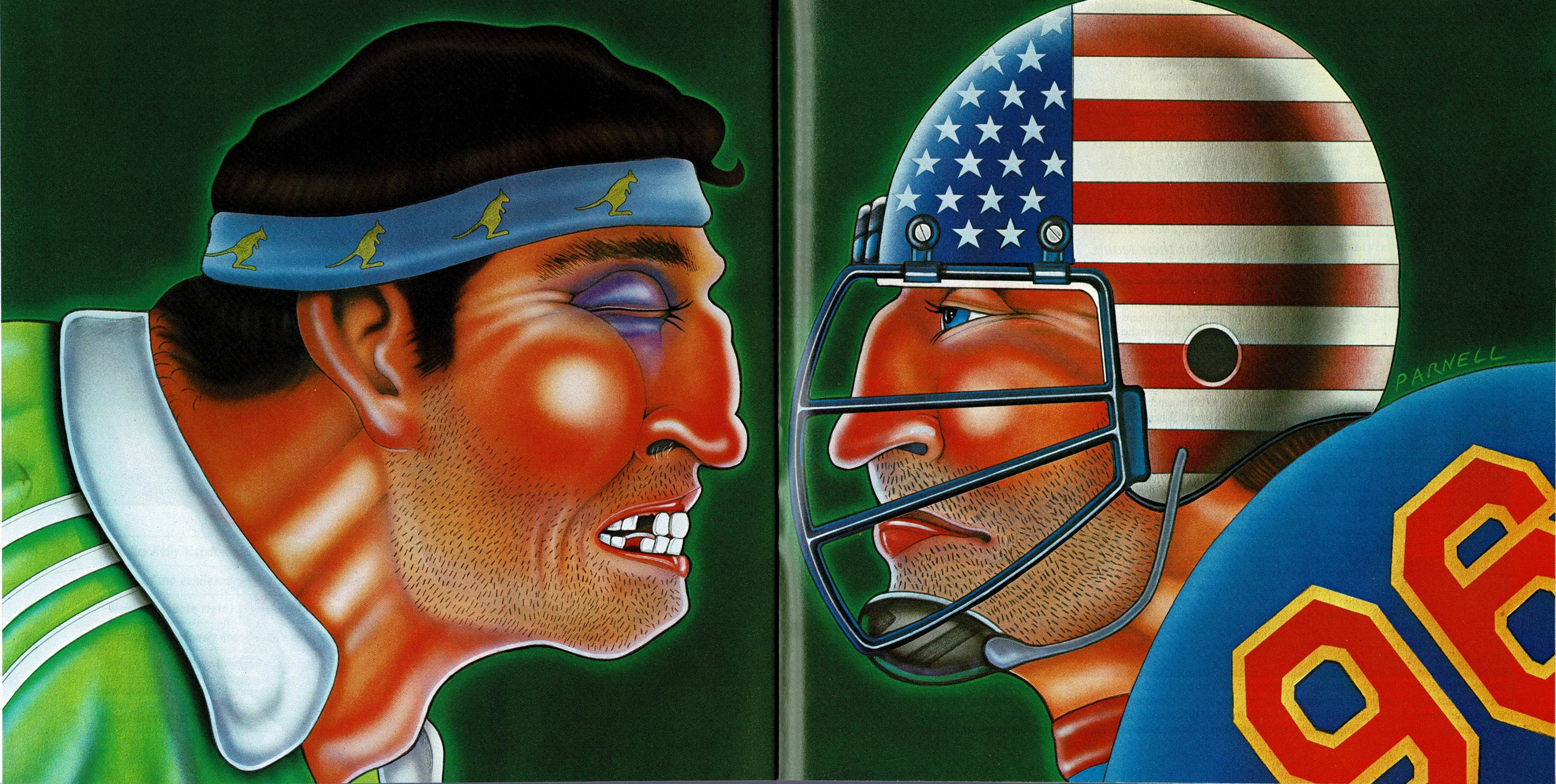
TOUCHDOWN, TRY, SCRIMMAGE, SCRUM

beyond the details, footie by any name would smell as sus

A YEAR SPENT in one place is a deceptive amount of time. All the seasons have been witnessed, roots have begun to take hold — but four seasons actually reveal little, because each is different from year to year; and shallow roots can be washed away with the first storm. This is my excuse, anyway, for having lived in Australia a year and still being unable to talk (much less play) a decent game of rugby or Australian football. If the roots and weather analogy seems a strenuous way of getting around to this admission, remember that football — in Australia and everywhere else — is not a game, a pastime, an excuse to fritter away excess hours. To a true football fan, the event is such an integral part of the autumn season that watching it has become modern man's technological surrogate for the more primitive pleasure of watching Mother Nature beat the crud out of summer. It's sort of a speeded-up version of the eternal cycle, complete with falling things, rejuvenation and meat pies. However, in the course of waxing cosmic, let's not forget that football, like Nature herself, is doggedly practical. Both may shift from season to season and from continent to continent, but the basic properties remain the same. Whether played in the Americas, Europe, Australasia or elsewhere, football has more in common with its various guises than it has differences. Take, for instance, the so-called "American" football or

humor by steve bunk



"gridiron", in comparison to the three games involving pneumatic spheroids which flourish in Australia. They say the two countries have much in common: parallels in history, business and economics, politics to some extent, certainly sociology, the media, language, industrialisation — the whole nine yards, as we gridiron fans are fond of saying. If this is true, then we should be able to deduce much about the characters of these two nations by examining their games — especially football, which in both countries touts itself as the national game, and isn't. What it *is*, is a mirror on to the larger world, showing us where Australians and Yanks agree and how we differ on certain subjects, the big ones — Victory, Defeat and Net Profit After Taxes — because it's all part of the ball game.

In pursuit of such lofty findings, I set out to inspect football as played here. In the final Test, the last analysis, the Football as a Metaphor for Big Issues Sweeps, this is my rundown on Australia vs the US:

THE PAST

Although history offers heaps of dead precedent and precious little hope to live on, it nevertheless remains a starting point for the linear-minded among us. I admit to having harbored a curiosity about the original hows and whos of kicking a defenseless lump of lace and hide in the dirt. Damn my soul and cross my toes if investigation didn't reveal that the first-ever football was, in fact, a variation — and a suspect one, at that — on what later came to be known as the "missionary position". Only much, much later, did the notion of inflating a pigskin and striking it with the instep occur to anyone. Be this as it may, the latter practice is now at least equally as popular as the former.

Having solved the Mystery of History, I was about to move on to my next category when I came across a tidbit about the origins of the Australian Rugby Football League. It was born in 1908 in reaction to an injury sustained the previous year by New South Wales Rugby Union player Alec Burden in a game against Queensland. Not only did Burden suffer a broken shoulder, but he was out of pocket for medical bills and time lost on the job. In those days, cricketer Victor Trumper had a shop on Market Street in Sydney which was a gathering place for sporty types. Trumper helped to rally everyone and Rugby League got underway, using rules established earlier in England's Northern Counties (English rugby having made The Big Split in 1895). Thus, Rugby League actually began in Australia as yet another workers' rights movement, this one designed to be a less violent and more financially rewarding alternative to Rugby Union. In a classic parody of Marxist socialism, the money has gotten better but the workers are taking an even worse beating. Gridiron, on the other hand, was invented by one person, in the true American tradition of, "To hell with you, buddy, this is gonna be BIG." Originally, it was similar to rugby but it's been tinkered with over the years until the current big, fast and dangerous configuration was achieved. Which brings us to the second Large Topic:

BIG IS BEAUT

The basic difference here is that Australian football, having been developed by cricketers for off-season exercise, is still played on a circular field. Gridiron, on the other hand, is a term used in the States only to describe the field, not the game itself. A "gridiron" is actually a series of parallel bars or lines (as in a griddle) and therefore, could be applied to any field marked off in yards or metres. Americans still prefer yards, probably because they're bigger.

Even so, gridiron often is referred to as "a game of inches" and indeed, the umpires are forever running on to the field with chains that measure whether or not the ball has been moved 10 yards. Although this decision often depends solely on where the umpire elects to place the ball after disentangling it from a pile of cursing blubber, no one argues with the umpire. The point is not really where the ball is placed, give or take a few inches; it's to get on with the practice of 22 extremely big and mean men running straight into each other from a short distance apart. This is what secretly is meant by "a game of inches".

Each gridiron game is rife with tight ends and pulling guards, gang tackles, holes up the middle and cheer-leaders rooting for their teams.

In almost all other aspects, gridiron is the Texas of US sport. Whereas Aussie Rules players often are rangy sorts built for the aerial nature of that game, and rugby players are well-armored little tanks from neck to knee, the most distinguishing physical characteristic of gridiron players is a hyperactive pituitary gland. From high school onward, anything over six-feet-two is pure talent, and if it waddles or lopes, that's gravy. In fact, such a high premium is placed on largeness that sport reporters frequently uncover exaggerations in the lineup card, where So-and-So is listed as 6'8", 335 pounds, and a locker-room weigh-in proves him to be a mere 6'6½", 315 pounds. The lying midget.

DIRTY WORDS

Before anyone can play a good game, though, they've got to be able to talk one. But just as Australia and the US speak mutant versions of the same tongue, the words we use to describe football defy understanding among nations. The only thing these languages have in common is their basically pornographic nature.

Rugby fans, with their nasty-sounding rucks and mauls, their loose scrums and hookers, all the gutter words of their lascivious dialect, lay justifiable claim to football's most foul-mouthed language. One expert goes so far as to offer this advice on the objectives of the scrum: "To win good ball on your own put-in." If that's not blatant enough, he further urges rugby players, "To win opposition ball if it can be done *while still giving your side good ball*". For the S/M freaks among you, our expert's third objective is, "To make bad ball for the opposition even though they win it."

Not that gridiron doesn't boast its share of verbal filth. Each game is rife with tight ends and pulling guards, not to mention gang tackles, holes up the middle and, of course, cheer-leaders ecstatically bent on rooting for their teams. It's enough to make even the most tireless linguist pant.

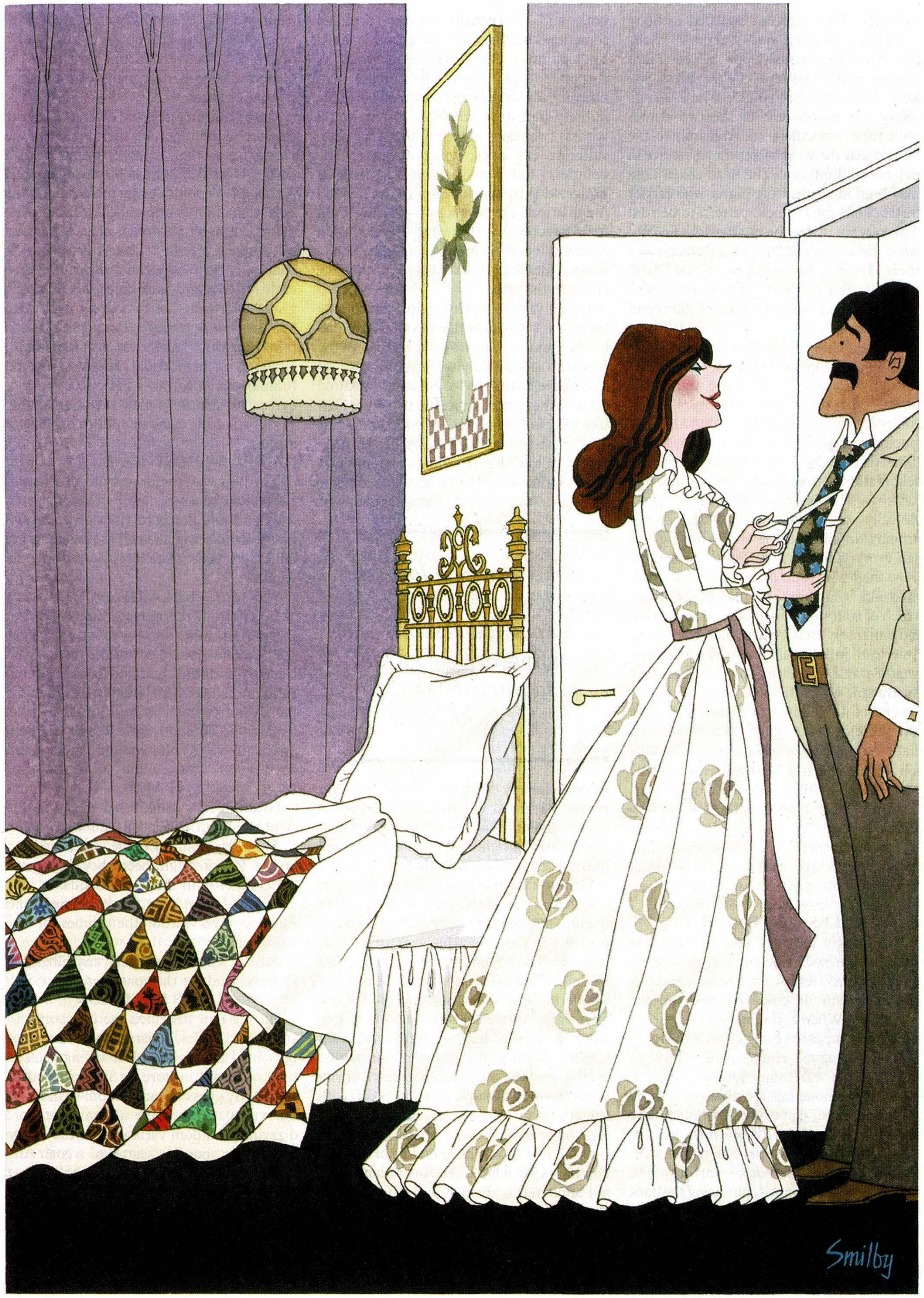
THE STRATEGY

Let's skip the drivel, then, and move on to what football is all about. In every case, the object is to score points and win; the difference is in methods. The fact that rugby is primarily a game of possession became apparent the first time I watched a contest last year. By contrast, gridiron is largely a game of position. For this reason, it's more than fair to conclude that rugby is a green-eyed, petty crim that flourishes in shopkeeper nations, whereas gridiron is an imperialistic bully most at home among its own warmongering kind. Certainly, it's not misleading to interpret in the rise of rugby, the decline of the British Empire, and in the world-wide telecasts of gridiron, the final triumph of the size 17 boot.

Even the aerial attack which predominates in gridiron supports this obvious thesis. (Witness the US precedents of Nagasaki, Korea, Cambodia and Vietnam.) Although Australian Rules and rugby both incorporate a passing game, they usually employ a sissified underhand technique that smacks of delicacy about picking the damn thing up and giving it a real chuck. Hell, spit and shit, it reminds me of the Aussie Parliament niggling about whether or not to buy one puny lil' ole aircraft carrier. What in *hell* you gonna do with one aircraft carrier, boy? Hold a goddamn *dance* on it?

When that first Rugby School student got the bright idea to pick up the ball and run, thus changing soccer into rugby, he undoubtedly was pounced on by a host of irate mates. I mention this because the variation that evolved, the "all-in" or "free-for-all", has revealing names. Australian kids commonly refer to it as, "stacks on the mill". American kids disregard this workaday simile and simply call it, "kill the man with the ball".

Next time you see a gridiron game on TV (which probably will be at about 4am on a weekday in the summer of '84) note the headphones worn by the coaches on the



"Before you go, honey — a souvenir for my patchwork."

sidelines. These are not attached to Sony Walkmans blasting out Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*, they actually put the coach into contact with "spotters" in the press box high above the battlefield. These scouts follow the movements of the two armies with their binoculars and transmit to the head coach the weaknesses they perceive in defence and offence. The head coach then may send in a substitute player who carries instructions for the next pattern to be run. This often irritates the quarterback no end, since he's supposed to be in charge out there. In fact, his nickname is the "field general". But in reality, he's the pawn who most often ends up with the crook knees and broken wings.

The real chess players are the wash-and-wear generals on the sidelines.

Rugby League coaches are more like actual sportsmen than warmongers. They don't often wear suits and they don't have as much direct control over their charges. The game takes on a life of its own, without deliberation between each thrust and parry. Let's face it, all Australian football is basically a bunch of post-adolescents running around kicking and throwing the ball every whichway, collecting bruises to show their wives and mates. The strategy is child-like compared to that of gridiron, which of course points out the introspective and intensely self-critical nature of the American in comparison to the bullshit-what-a-wank jocularity of the besotted Australian. Until the land of Oz comes to the end of its Yellow Brick Road mentality and develops the guilt-ridden neurosis that's supposed to accompany affluence, you people will still be stuck with football that has hardly any Long Term Comprehensive Plan at all and even less rules.

(Footnote: there is, however, a chance that I could be wrong about this. Therefore, I'm quite willing to admit that the opposite may be true instead, or also.)

RULES OF CONDUCT

One thing is pretty certain — Australian Rules is an ironic name, because they barely even have any. As I see it, organised sport's closest cousin to chaos operates on the principle, "When in doubt, kick the shit out of it," accompanied by, "Try not to stop."

Rugby League's emphasis likewise is on "playing the ball" but Rugby Union is forever scrummaging around — up to 50 scrummages per game by one estimate. The outcome of the scrum, therefore, is perhaps the most important aspect of the contest, although I gather that some teams are prone to play "10-man rugby", not using the back division after the ball is won, but instead letting the half-backs kick for ground.

Despite its wearisome emphasis on the scrum, Union can't hold a candle to gridiron for sheer plodding. One theory (mine) holds that the huddle developed as a conference on how to beat the rule book rather than the opponent. The codes of gridiron are puritanical in their thou shalt nots, and the penalty yardage amassed sometimes outdistances the ground gained by legitimate effort. Gridiron, with its corporate or army-like maze of bureaucracy, is the perfect expression of the military-industrial complex. Often, you'll witness two teams in the middle of the field, suffering casualties, going nowhere. The pointless fascination of it all then is mitigated as the clock begins to run out and the quarterbacks respond to pressure from their coaches by throwing "bombs". In between bombs, groups of indentically dressed men huddle like sheep. It's a lot like going to the office.

Union's line-out rule is of particular note because it's probably the most untidy phase of the game. Tidiness is a virtue Rugby League attempted to exploit as an alternative to Union — a plan that backfired because the Union scrum has two more men and therefore is neater — but Union still does its best to remain the sloppier via line-outs. I'm told that this honest intention is being circumvented by the lessened importance of line-outs since the change in the law of kicking directly for touch. Nonetheless, it remains a visual delight matched (in my experience, anyway) only by the sight of Berlin crowds fighting for an early edition of the Flats To Let classifieds.

All Australian football is basically a bunch of post-adolescents running around kicking and throwing the ball every whichway.

Gridiron has nothing to equal the line-outs. (America is the only country where queues sometimes are held up because people can't decide who goes first.) The line-out reminds me of a combination of basketball's in-bounds play and the result of wandering into the wrong end of Oakland after dark. Australian Rules has nothing to equal it, either, but for totally different reasons. With gridiron, the reason is that every time the ball is kicked, thrown or run out of bounds, the umpire trudges off, with something in his posture reminiscent of a forgiving parent, retrieves the errant missile, puts it down smack in the middle of the field and blows his whistle. In Australian Rules, out of bounds is about as welcome as a leash at a fox hunt.

SCORING

Often, if the ball remains in play, points eventually are scored. Union and League make them with tries — which actually are successes rather than attempts — and with conversions, field goals and penalty kicks. Aussie Rules points are scored with goals and, uniquely, with a near-miss from the front, called a behind. After a gridiron touchdown, there is an option of a one-point or two-point conversion, but the game is too businesslike to permit many of the riskier two-point attempts.

Only gridiron offers the defence a chance to score without getting their hands on the ball. This is the "safety", when the ball carrier is tackled behind his own goal line. Although it counts for just two points, the explosion of joy is unparalleled, because the defence doesn't get much chance to show off, whereas offensive players get to do war dances, spike the ball in the dirt and give each other piggy-back rides. Usually, the gridiron defence has to content itself with demure bum-patting after a gang tackle (also quaintly known as a "dog pile"), although an intercepted pass or recovered fumble can lead to a TD scored by a defensive man — which event invariably causes all of his many pounds to jiggle with rapture.

POSITIONS

The best way to unravel this plethora of backs, wings, centres, props, flies, flankers, ends and middles is to envision a chicken lunch on an aeroplane. All the positions are either on your plate or just outside the window.

SALARIES

In gridiron, the money is excellent but the players went on strike last season for more, to move them out of the highly-paid category and into the mind-bogglingly big earners' echelon. In Rugby League, the money is acceptably large. In Aussie Rules, largely acceptable. In Rugby Union, unacceptable if offered and largely not, anyway.

FANS

Gridiron fans drink pilsener and do the right thing out of fear of their wives.

Although Rugby League fans have been known to drink light beer, they then crush the empties with their bare hands.

Rugby Union fans drink Tooheys and Fourex, then throw the tinnies at the scoreboard.

Aussie Rules fans drink anything that ferments and eat the container.

THE FUTURE

Having now dissected the fine points of strategy, rules, jargon, economics, personnel and the past, I'm willing to take a punt on what's in store for all these football forms. My guess is, each not only will thrive but will spawn yet more mutants, yet more dizzyingly random variations on the theme of running about in search of a goal. Any number of ways to propel a football are yet to be exploited and I have a few ideas myself. However, while my patents are still pending, you'll have to dream up your own mutants. It's a healthy practice, a sort of Rorschach for nations, and productive, too. Gawd knows, we hairy-chested, brawling, big drinkers can always use a bit more footie.

DON CHIPP

(continued from page 37)

The only way you can advance in politics is at the expense of a friend. It's as simple as that.

Australian, living in a mixed economy with a sophisticated infrastructure. It would be a disaster if we were to impose a socialist mechanism on that infrastructure. What should be impacted upon it is exactly the opposite, something which would allow private enterprise to function more perfectly. This is not being allowed to happen today because of the influence of the multi-nationals and lack of action by weak-gutted politicians. I believed it when I joined the Liberal Party, and I confirm it now: free or private enterprise is the best system for Australia.

PLAYBOY: When did you decide, as a dedicated free-wheeler, that the party was liberal only in name?

CHIPP: I have difficulty in reading your definition of liberal. Do you mean liberal a la John Stuart Mill, or do you mean "small l liberal" practising compassion and tolerance?

PLAYBOY: I'm talking about a party with compassion for all Australians.

CHIPP: Ah, because there is quite a difference you know. If you push the literal liberalism of Mill too far you can end up with a heartless, totalitarian state — bloody oath you can. I would have thought my disenchantment began about the time Snedden came to power. I served my apprenticeship under Menzies. I was humble back in those days, bowed to my elders and believed they possessed much greater wisdom than I did. In many ways, Menzies exhibited the kind of liberalism I admired. Holt was fundamentally a good man and I admired him enormously. Had he been given the time, he would have been a very good Prime Minister. He would have been a very democratic Prime Minister, a fantastic chairman of committees. Let me digress for a moment. The powers held by default by an Australian Prime Minister are far greater, measured against the 15 or so million people in Australia, than the powers exercised by the President of the USA over 230 million Americans. A fundamental decision over which Cabinet might have anguished for days can be overturned by the whim of the PM.

PLAYBOY: Looking back on your decision to quit the Liberal Party, was there ever a time when you considered yourself a traitor to your own principles and background by asking the Liberals to endorse your political ambitions?

CHIPP: No, for the reasons I have given. I believed in Australia and I believed the way to build a bigger cake was to build on the existing infrastructure through the private sector. That, essentially, is the motivation of the Democrats — to build a bigger cake by giving freer rein to private enterprise. Not freer rein, necessarily from the Government, but from the activities of those bloodsuckers: the multi-nationals, the banks, the monopolists and the oligopolists who are destroying the medium to small business people. I believe Australia can be a great nation only by allowing initiative at the small to medium business level to flourish. That was what enabled America to become a great economic nation. As it is, we are becoming the most heavily defended quarry in the world.

PLAYBOY: In hindsight, then, you could never have sat more comfortably in the ALP ranks?

CHIPP: Not in a million years, because of Labor's economic policies. I'd sit very comfortably with Labor in a lot of their humanitarian policies, but I couldn't hack having to kowtow to a policy established by a Federal executive — a policy which demands blind allegiance or expulsion if you buck it or cross the floor to vote. I'd rather go out and dig a good, honest hole because that is an anathema to everything I believe. Let me give you an example. In May 1977, after I'd resigned from the Liberal Party, I moved as an independent that there be a moratorium on all uranium mining. It almost lapsed for want of a seconder, but Jim Cairns mumbled something and the Speaker accepted that as seconding my motion. He was almost expelled from the ALP for that mumble because, at that point, he was going against his party policy. We had a vote and every member of both the Liberal and Labor parties voted against me.

Four months later, every member of the Labor Party voted for an almost identical motion. We're not talking about the price of butter or some penny-ante thing here — we are talking about the future of the human race. Yet every member of the Labor Party was prepared to change his or her vote 180 degrees only because some outside group had decreed that would be the new policy.

PLAYBOY: Idealists have said that a party in which the Chipps, the Peacocks, the Hawkes and the Steele-Halls join forces would have proven irresistible to the electorate. Which politicians you would like to have seen marching under the Democrat's banner?

CHIPP: I would include all you have mentioned. I have an unbounded admiration for Bob Hawke. I also think Andrew Peacock would be an excellent Prime Minister. I would also include such people as Fred Chaney, Margaret Guilfoyle, Bill Hayden, Lionel Bowen, John Button and people like Neville Bonner, Kathy Martin and Alan Missen from the backbench. No member of the National Party would get within a bull's roar of qualifying for the team. But I would include so-called right-wingers such as Ross McLean and Peter Shack. But I'm indulging in the luxury of dealing in pesonalities. All those I have named just happen to be bloody good people.

PLAYBOY: Do you think they would be flattered by you associating your political name with theirs?

CHIPP: Secretly they would, because they are all good friends of mine and I'd like to think I am a friend of theirs. It is interesting to observe that very few deep friendships are formed in politics. You could count on the fingers of one hand the number of politicians who go to one another's home for dinner.

PLAYBOY: Presumably because politics as it is played in Australia boils down to a numbers game?

CHIPP: I think so. The only way you can advance in politics is at the expense of a friend. It's as simple as that. Interestingly though, friendships within the Liberal Party tend to survive despite apparent ideological differences. Although members of the Labor Party tend to factionalise and make their ideological differences personal, there is no problem with Liberal left and right-wingers associating on a private level. Jim Killen and I, for example, have been close friends for 22 years and there are few people further right of centre in the Liberal Party than Jim.

PLAYBOY: Could the Democrats be comfortable partners in any coalition?

CHIPP: Under no circumstances, and my whole political credibility rests on the Democrats remaining independent. When I formed the party in 1977, I gave an absolute, personal undertaking that, under no circumstances, would we join a coalition. As soon as you join a coalition, you join the numbers game, submerge your principles and lose your integrity.

PLAYBOY: Menzies achieved the formation of the Liberal Party on a broad base in 1944. I know circumstances are much different today, but is there any room for Chipp or anyone else to rally the Democrats into the vital party machine capable of sweeping the country?

CHIPP: I believe so. We succeeded in forming a political party when every single commentator said it was impossible because we had no political or ideological base and because we had no vested interest group behind us — both of which Menzies had. When we did form the party, they said there was no hope of the Democrats winning a seat in Parliament. We did that. When we said we would get the balance of power, they said there was no hope. We did that. They said we would never win seats in the lower houses of State Parliaments. We have done that.

All this time we have been constricted

(continued on page 107)

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROWAN FOTHERINGHAM

20 QUESTIONS: DOUG MULRAY

a blast of hot air from radio's rudest superstar

Doug Mulray is, by his own admission, a very rude person. Supported by partner in rudeness Ken Sterling, he has dragged Sydney FM radio station 2MMM into the ratings battle by virtue of his totally tasteless breakfast program, in which he plays loud music and takes the piss out of public figures. Sydney being what it is, this turns out to be the formula for instant success and public adoration. Not content, our megalomaniac hero launches a personal public relations campaign centred on mass production and distribution of T-shirts and buttons bearing the message: I AM A DOUG ADDICT.

As Sydney reels in anticipation, Superdoug's next move is to release an album of so-called comedy, which is so lamentable (the high point is Bob Hawke's voice turning into a trail bike) that it rockets up the Top 40 and goes gold in weeks. Finally accepting that there is no accounting for public taste, PLAYBOY'S ***Phil Jarratt*** *tracks Mulray down and demands an exclusive interview. Mulray, unassumingly clad in a T-shirt which declares: I'M DOUG, thinks it over for two-and-a-half seconds before agreeing. Now read on. . .*

1.

PLAYBOY: How can you possibly find anything to be funny about at six am?

MULRAY: I put it all down to the Roche Pharmaceutical company. . . and greed. A Berocca a day keeps the DTs away. But listen, I'd really rather you didn't mention the fact that I'm a user. I've mentioned it 64,000 times on the air and they've never sent me so much as a free tablet, which I think really sucks.

2.

PLAYBOY: This raises an interesting question, thank God. How serious is payola in Australian radio?

MULRAY: That's an interesting question? [*laughs*] Do you think this is safe? Look, I don't actually do payola. What I do is sort of a reverse payola. It's a situation where I buy things and expect them to be of a certain quality. If they're not, I slag them on air, which is perfectly legitimate.

3.

PLAYBOY: Well, maybe, but I know for a fact that we give you a magazine every month. . .

MULRAY: No, no. . . you send unsolicited copies of your magazine to me. I would never ask for one. People do sling you things, of course. Especially around Christmas. Faberge sent me an adjustable belt and some perfume. Public relations companies understand the importance of bribery. One particular chap in this town will send in a beautiful young lady laden with goods and a pamphlet for the 6000 things he happens to be promoting that week.

4.

PLAYBOY: Are you a natural-born funny man or do you work at it?

MULRAY: Being funny is not something I set out to achieve. I did day-time radio early in my career, talk radio. [*falls into old lady voice*] Hello, Mr Mulray, I left my tampons on the train. I'm terribly sorry to hear that, madam. Take a Valium and call me back tomorrow. Menopausing women was my specialty until I came back to Sydney from Melbourne. I applied for a job writing and producing, which is what I like doing, at the ABC on their rock station 2JJ [*now 2JJJFM*]. For reasons I won't go into here, I didn't get the job. But someone there must have liked me because they called me back two weeks later and asked me to do the breakfast show. I owe the ABC a lot because I was given the freedom there to work up this edge-comedy act which transferred so well to commercial radio, or to this kind of commercial radio anyway.

5.

PLAYBOY: How did you come to team up with Ken Sterling?

MULRAY: When I went to Double Jay, Ken was working as a writer there. He'd worked for some big names here and abroad. People like Dave Allen, David Frost, the old *Mavis Bramston Show.* We got over that suspicion all comedy writers have of each other and started comparing notes. We discovered that there was a marriage of voices and talents which was very rare. There aren't many duos in comedy.

6.

PLAYBOY: No, only Cheech and Chong, Laurel and Hardy, Abbot and Costello, Morecambe and Wise, Wayne and Shuster. . .

MULRAY: No, no, no. I'm not talking about a funny man and straight man. I'm talking about two writers working together. Our relationship really worked, so we carried it from the ABC to the Willesee program — which we now refer to as television's Granville — and on to 2MMM.

7.

PLAYBOY: About television's Granville, putting comedy into a current affairs show was a game move. Why didn't it work?

MULRAY: How much tape have you got in this machine? You weren't doing anything else today, were you? Aah, it was funny in parts but it was inconsistent. There were four or five different styles of comedy going down simultaneously, so that people never had a chance to lock into the feel of the show. The mix of comedy and straight current affairs was quite bizarre. I've got all our bits on tape and I can show them to people who criticised the program and they'll laugh their arses off. So the show didn't work, but it was still wonderful for us.

Even at its lowest ebb, it was reaching a million and a half people.

8.

PLAYBOY: Your television debut sparked off a national controversy and some rather bizarre newspaper headlines. Tell us about it.

MULRAY: Well, the tampon joke was a bit unfortunate, particularly as we put it in the mouth of Margaret Throsby, if you know what I mean.

She said, in her inimitable style: "In Sydney today, doctors assured women that there is absolutely no health risk from tampons, provided you don't smoke more than a packet a day." This was in the middle of the toxic shock scare. I thought this was all rather inoffensive, but we live in a conservative community and if you use the word "tampon" on television, people become irate.

9.

PLAYBOY: We trust that period has finished now.

MULRAY: Groan. To tell you the truth we had to pull a few strings to get that joke on. Oh, enough, enough.

10.

PLAYBOY: What inspired your recording debut, *What A Rude Album?*

MULRAY: Other people's greed. We had four offers to record an album, but most of them were from small operators. I thought if we were going to do it we had to launch strongly. Eventually Warner Brothers picked it up. Then the radio record fight blew up and it seemed like Warners were going to be held up as an example. There wasn't much point releasing an album through a company the whole radio industry was down on, so it washed away. Then 2MMM stepped in, bought the tape and did a lease deal with EMI. It was all very complex to me, being a complete virgin when it comes to the record business. But now, of course, the album is a huge success and I'm led to believe — and I'm very excited about this — that we're being played on 2DU Dubbo.

11.

PLAYBOY: Has the album met much resistance from rival Sydney stations?

MULRAY: It's a bit sad, really. Some radio stations have really shown their paranoia. The album debuted at number three on 2UE's chart, behind Midnight Oil and *Love Over Gold.* The single [I'm A Punk] went in at number 26. 2WS had it on their singles chart, even 2SM had it on the chart, after a bit of hesitation. None of them plays it but it's on their Top 40s. Except for 2UW, which has yet to accept that it exists.

12.

PLAYBOY: Modesty, we suppose, would preclude *you* from playing it too often?

MULRAY: It's a format record. I don't give it a particularly hard run, but when I play it, by Christ I talk about it. [*laughs*] It's interesting, actually. You can imagine how big-headed it would sound if you tried to humbly plug your own record? Well, I elected in the end to go right over the top, to describe it as the greatest record in the history of the world.

13.

PLAYBOY: Will this album make you a millionaire?

MULRAY: Well, I don't know if it's ethical to disclose these things, but no. It's one of those ugly things where the government takes 40 percent of the retail value and then taxes me out of what I make on it as well. It sucks, doesn't it? If it goes gold, which it looks like doing, I'll get $4000 as a performer and possibly another $4000 as writer. So you can see why bands like Cold Chisel and Midnight Oil aren't exactly laughing all the way to the bank. $4000 for a gold record!

14.

PLAYBOY: You could buy an ounce of coke for that.

MULRAY: [*laughs*] I didn't know you could buy soft drinks by the ounce. Look, when it got on to the charts, it had already exceeded my expectations, so I'm very happy. We didn't know what to expect because there haven't been very many Australian comedy albums to compare with. Aunty Jack's *Wollongong The Brave*. . . but that was long ago and I don't know how it sold.

15.

PLAYBOY: How do you determine which celebrities you're going to pick on?

MULRAY: Well, everybody picks on Rex Mossop but I think we do him best. Richie Benaud doesn't cop as much, [*slips into Benaud voice*] possibly because there's a lot of public sympathy for his blue lips. What do you think, Tony? Richie's the best guy of the people we hit. He's ecstatic about it. I send him the tapes and Richie takes them to England with him and plays them to dinner guests. I sent Richie a copy of the *Rude Album* last Christmas, and given that I was allowed three promotional copies, that was a significant gesture.

16.

PLAYBOY: Ever get any adverse reactions?

MULRAY: Oh, we did a couple of gay numbers once and a fellow wrote to us and complained, saying he was a homosexual barrister. This was unfortunate, because his whole life revolved around homosexuality and the law, so he was 50 percent in shock and 50 percent able to strike back. Our reaction to this delicate situation was to do a whole series of gay barrister jokes. Rad. Les. Fems are also fairly easily offended. And jokes about death and disease don't seem to be all that popular, either. You'll always find someone whose husband was just hit by a truck if you do a death joke.

17.

PLAYBOY: There's a long list of radio personalities who have failed on television. Would you try the box again?

MULRAY: I'm pretty happy in this medium. Radio is booming and it's very satisfying, but in the future I'd consider a combination of the two. The reason so many radio people fail on television, I think, is because people build up an idea of a person based on a voice, and they often lose the plot when they're confronted with the reality. I had the advantage of being on television before I really took off on radio and a lot of people know what I look like. I've got a high recognition factor for a radio personality. I often get tapped on the shoulder in restaurants. . .

18.

PLAYBOY: When you're trying to leave without paying the bill?

MULRAY: Usually when they want me to put my trousers back on, or stop dancing on the table.

19.

PLAYBOY: Is there such a thing as an Australian comic tradition?

MULRAY: No, but I think there is one thing that permeates most Australian comedy — that larrikin element. All good Australian comedy slags off at the reactionary establishment. Religion, politics, mode of dress, anything that's truly entrenched cops a serve, which I think is a good thing.

20.

PLAYBOY: Which Australian comedians have influenced you?

MULRAY: I suppose the Norman Gunston character to some extent. I worry about saying that because Gary McDonald is a bit sensitive about my Bob Gladfinger character. I remember receiving some good press for Gladfinger once, and shortly after I got a parcel sent from Norman Gunston and addressed to Bob Gladfinger. I opened the envelope and wood shavings spilled out. I pulled the letter out and it had wood shavings stuck to it with glue. The heading was "from my desk". The letter said something to this effect: "If you're going to rip off my act at least you could take the blame for *Gunston's Australia.*" But all comedy is derivative. Python was born of the Goons and so on. I make no apologies.

DON CHIPP

(continued from page 103)

With some humility I can say that I have achieved the impossible and formed a viable third political force.

from sweeping the country by a lack of money and this will continue to be a difficult area because I insisted that we write into our original Constitution a requirement that every significant donation to the party must be capable of being publicly disclosed. The minimum figure for such disclosure was $500. It is now $2000. When I write to businessmen and others asking for donations, I must, in all fairness, point this out. People come to me with offers of massive donations — we do have the balance of power in the bloody country, after all — and I am bound to point out that if they give me $100,000 they have to accept that their names might be disclosed. I am not going to make a press statement saying that so and so company gave us $100,000, but if I am asked if such and such company donated $100,000 to the Democrats, then I am bound by our Constitution to say yes. Which means, of course, that we receive no donations of over $2000. Thus, when we go into an election, the only way I can reach 7,000,000 voters is through the quarter of an hour's free television time the ABC is required by law to give us. That free television time apart, the only way we can get to the people is through my ingenuity in thinking up things that are newsworthy. All the while, come an election, I am combating the $3,000,000 the Liberals will spend in contrast to our $50,000 budget.

PLAYBOY: Because the Democrats do hold the balance of power, the multi-nationals will obviously be trying to woo your favor. Considering your uncomplimentary view of them, have the multi-nationals offered the Democrats money?

CHIPP: Oh yes.

PLAYBOY: And the provisions of the Democrats' public disclosure apart, would you have a conscience about taking their money?

CHIPP: I would have no problem with my conscience about taking their money. I certainly would have trouble with my conscience if I took the money and didn't disclose it. But I'd have no trouble taking half a million from the uranium mining companies tomorrow. And as I took it, I'd say: "I am still going to belt the shit out of you, and your money is going to make it easier for me to do that."

PLAYBOY: You get joy out of knocking the knockers, but do you really believe that your party as it is now constituted, and with its current membership, has the strength or charisma to win government within six years without a massive inflow of cash?

CHIPP: As the party stands now, I'd have to say that is doubtful. But if you are asking me if the Australian Democrats with Peacock, Hawke and Steele-Hall could sweep the country. . .

PLAYBOY: No. I am asking if the Democrats, with current membership and resources can win an election in their own right?

CHIPP: Not at the moment.

PLAYBOY: I'm getting two messages — firstly, will a messiah come to the Democrats from one of the major parties to lead Australia out of the wilderness?

CHIPP: That presupposes I admit my own inadequacies. Maybe I do. With some humility I can say that I have achieved the impossible and formed a viable third political force. I see the vision splendid being achieved for Australia if someone can get Australians off their arses. Now I haven't been able to do that. I've got some off their bums, because the Democrats belong mainly to people who have never previously belonged to a political party. There is apathy out there. Every intelligent person out there recognises the things I am saying. They recognise there is a bad deal ahead for their kids, they realise the dangers in uranium mining, in no conservation measures, the lack of long-term, indicative planning and the way in which the multinationals are stifling private enterprise. But despite this, only four percent of Australians belong to political parties. Ninety-six Australians out of every 100 don't give a stuff. If you can get someone to harness that human energy and rip away that apathy, then you have a chance of getting a true people's party.

One of the things with which people rationalise their political inactivity is a feeling of helplessness and hopelessness that distances them from the decision-making processes. I suggest this may reflect a deliberate action on the part of the establishment as far as the Liberals are concerned and the trade union movement as far as Labor is concerned. They don't encourage the people to become involved. Fraser was courageous enough to say his ambition was to get politics off the front page. If you can achieve that, you can manipulate all manner of things quietly. The last thing political leaders want is people involvement in policy making. The Democrats, however, want people involvement. But, unfortunately, people won't become involved unless they are directly affected. Perhaps my biggest disappointment is the knowledge that people don't give a stuff about unemployment, for example, unless they or their kids are out of work.

PLAYBOY: The other message I'm getting is that should the Democrats come to power, they will try to set in motion the machinery to abolish the State governments.

CHIPP: We couldn't do that, but we would certainly encourage the people to do it by referendum to amend the Constitution. I would like to see *more* decisions made locally, not less, but at a regional rather than a State level. I would like to see all education, social welfare and health decisions taken locally rather than by some Canberra hierarchy. What the bloody hell do public servants in Canberra or even Brisbane know about the peculiar education or health needs of Cairns?

PLAYBOY: How do you think the electorate views the Democrats?

CHIPP: To put the Democrats in the proper perspective in terms of popular appeal, it is worth pointing out that we poll more votes than the National Party. It gets far fewer votes than mine, yet the National Party wields incredible power because of the system of voting. If we had a system of proportional representation, a party which polled 10 percent of the popular vote would get 10 percent of the seats, and that would be absolutely fair.

We would then start to come into our own. That would change the whole ball game. Maybe the Labor Government will buy that. If Labor does, then I think you will be writing a completely different political history of Australia over the next 10 years.

PLAYBOY: It would seem politic, then, for the Democrats to direct their preferences to Labor.

CHIPP: We will never direct our preferences.

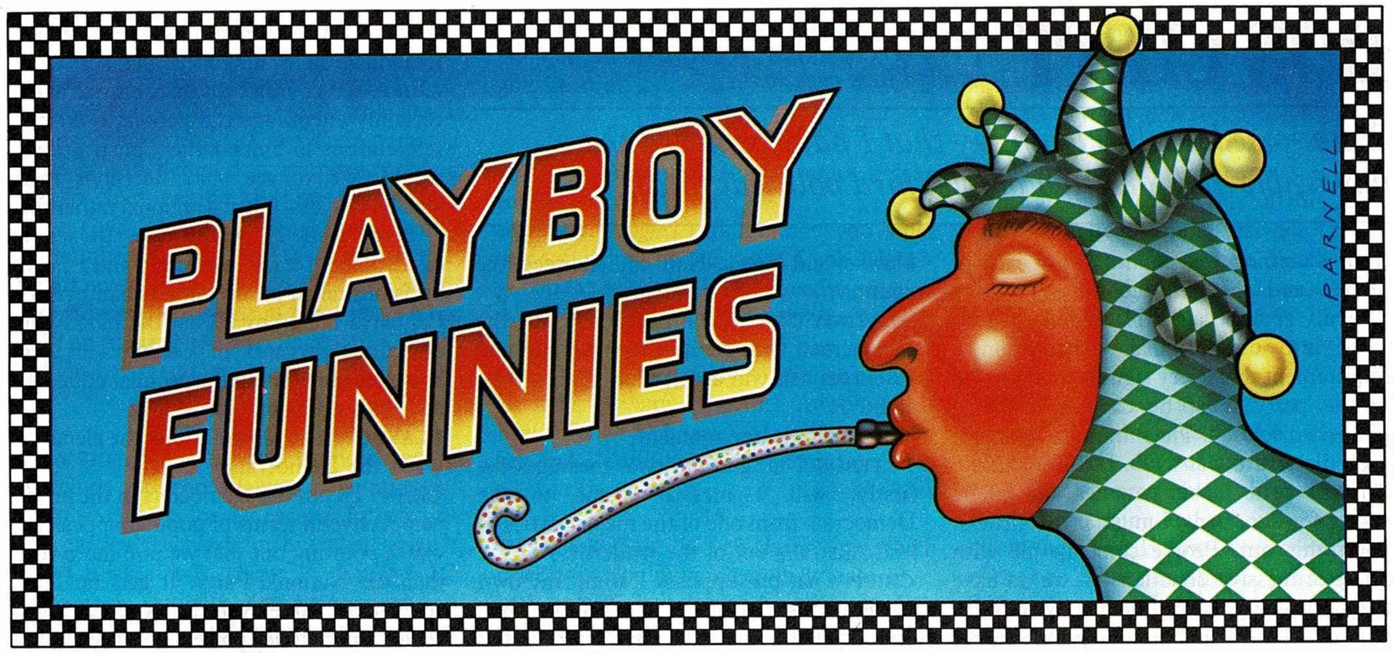
PLAYBOY: You won the balance of power in the last two Senate elections basically on a platform of let's keep the bastards honest. Can you identify the key issues and explain your policies?

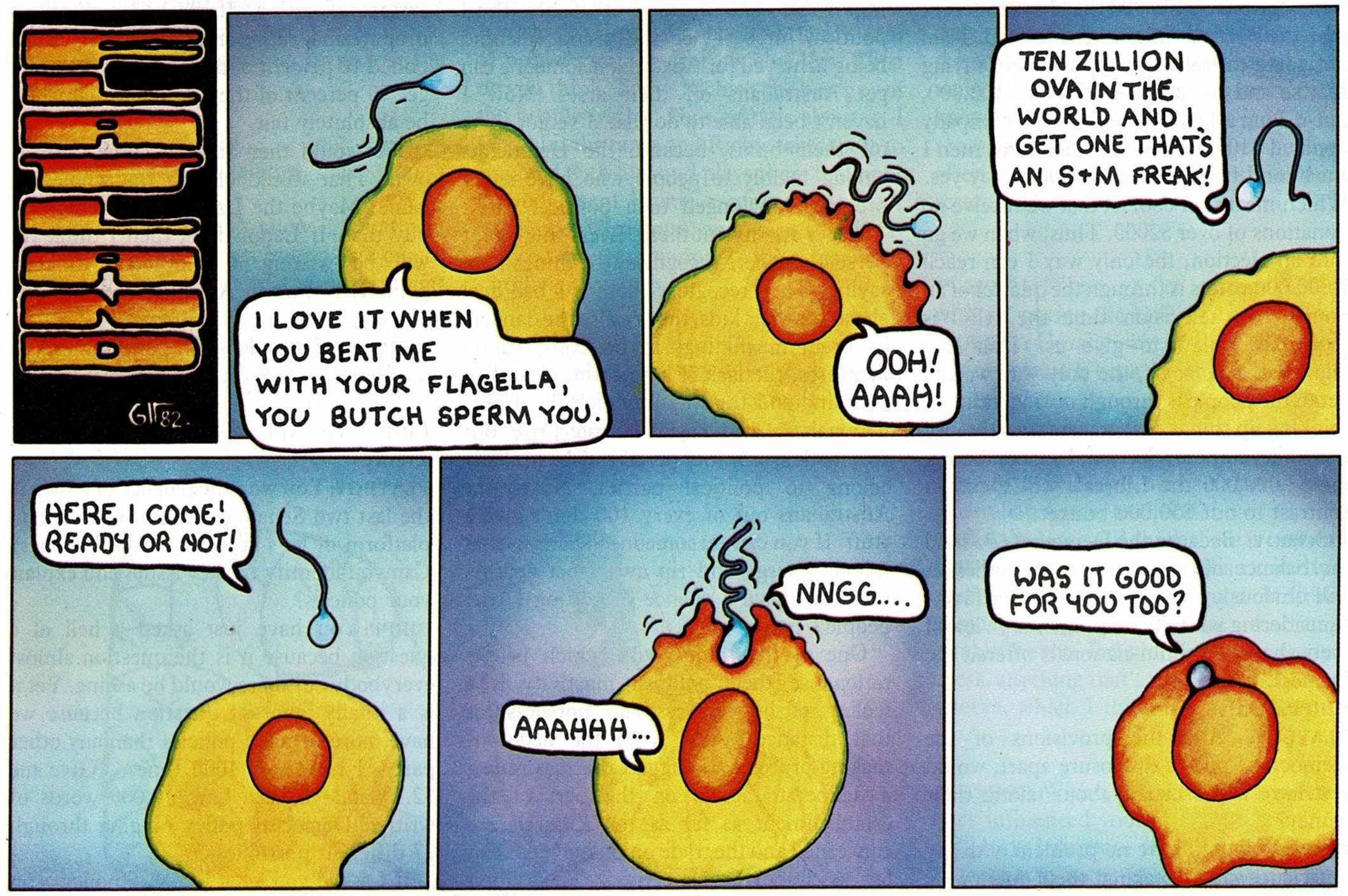
CHIPP: You have just asked a hell of a question because it is the question almost everybody out there would be asking. Yet it is a totally ignorant question because we have more detailed policies than any other party. I have said 1000 times: "Give me $2.50 and you can have 10,000 words of written Democrat policy ranging through 27 different portfolios."

If I asked you what the ALP policy is on industrial relations or health, you wouldn't have a clue. If I asked you to outline the Liberal policy, you wouldn't know. If I asked you for National Party policy, you would give the game away. The voter out there doesn't know what the bloody policies are. Of course special groups know the policies as they affect their sectional interests. What we have to do is get the message across that our policies are sound, but you can't do that because even people who profess to be interested won't buy them and read them.

If the people are asking whether we would be a credible government, I have to pitch our campaign to that proposition. If

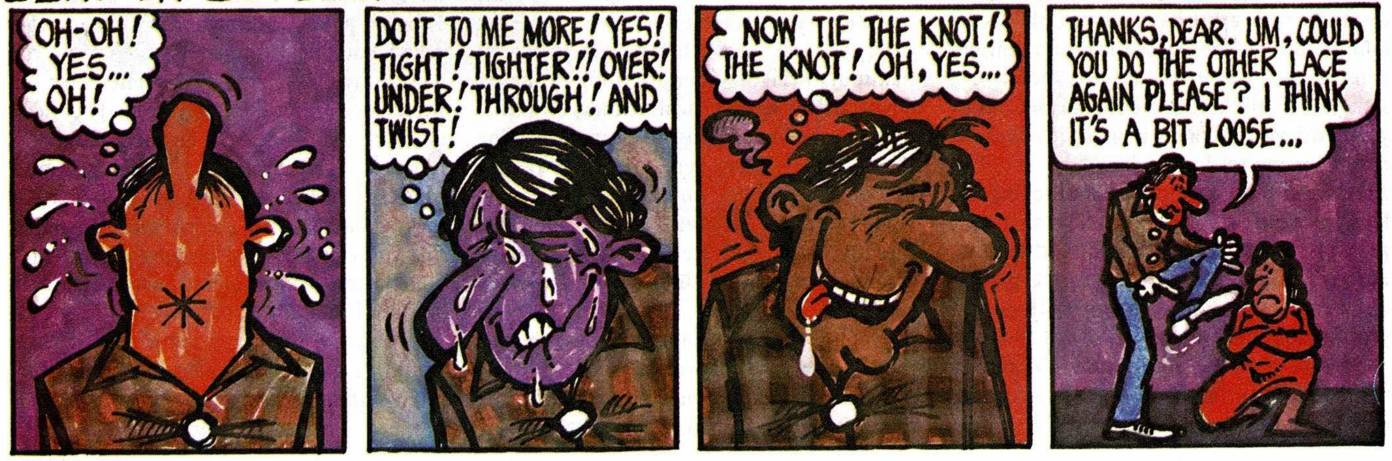
(continued on page 136)


PLAYBOY
FUNNIES
PARNELL


GIT82.
I LOVE IT WHEN YOU BEAT ME WITH YOUR FLAGELLA, YOU BUTCH SPERM YOU.
OOH! AAAH!
TEN ZILLION OVA IN THE WORLD AND I GET ONE THAT'S AN S+M FREAK!
HERE I COME! READY OR NOT!
NNGG....
AAAHHH...
WAS IT GOOD FOR YOU TOO?

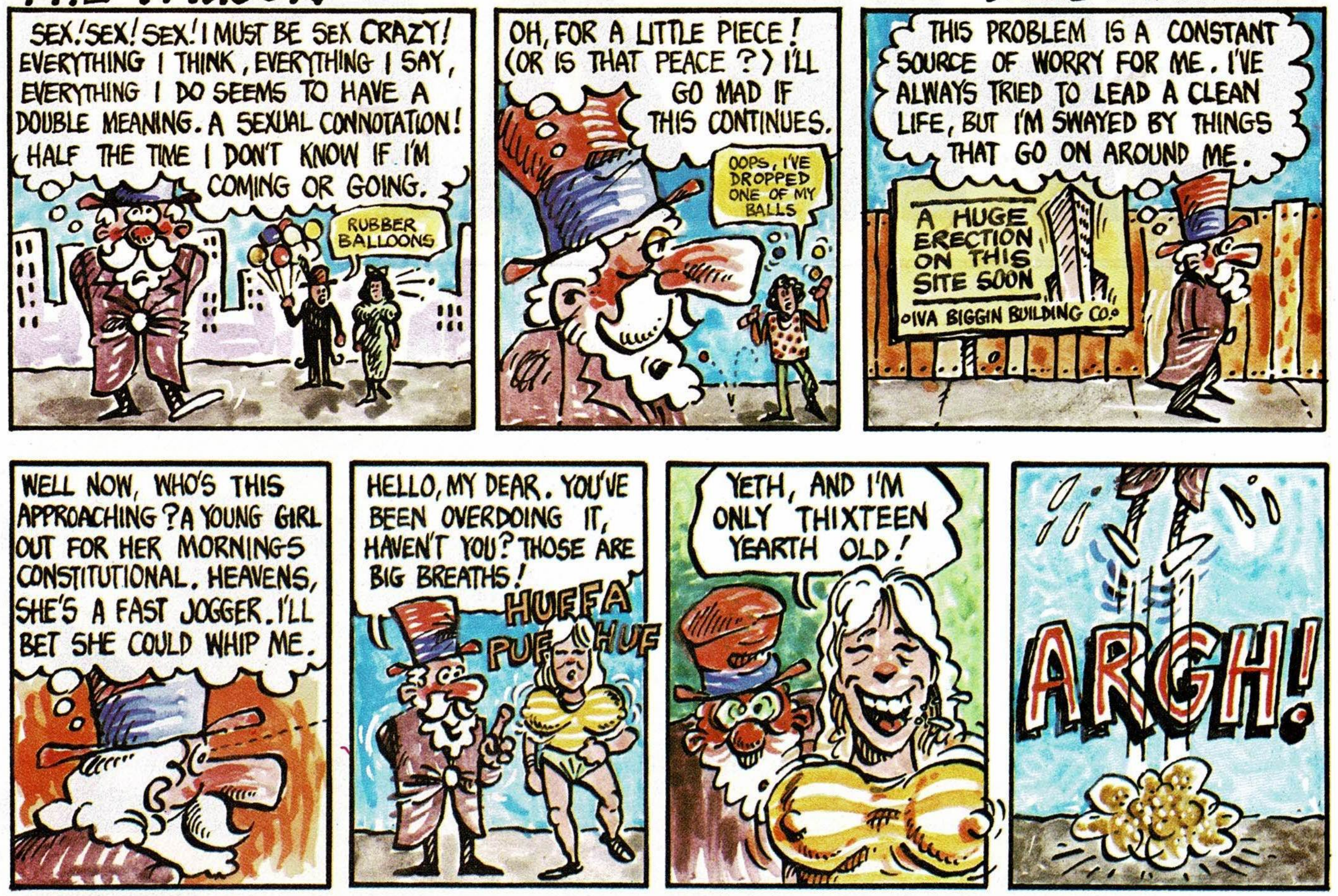
BERT IN BONDAGE

Tony Crooks & Ian Eddy.


OH-OH! YES... OH!
DO IT TO ME MORE! YES! TIGHT! TIGHTER!! OVER! UNDER! THROUGH! AND TWIST!
NOW TIE THE KNOT! THE KNOT! OH, YES...
THANKS, DEAR. UM, COULD YOU DO THE OTHER LACE AGAIN PLEASE? I THINK IT'S A BIT LOOSE...

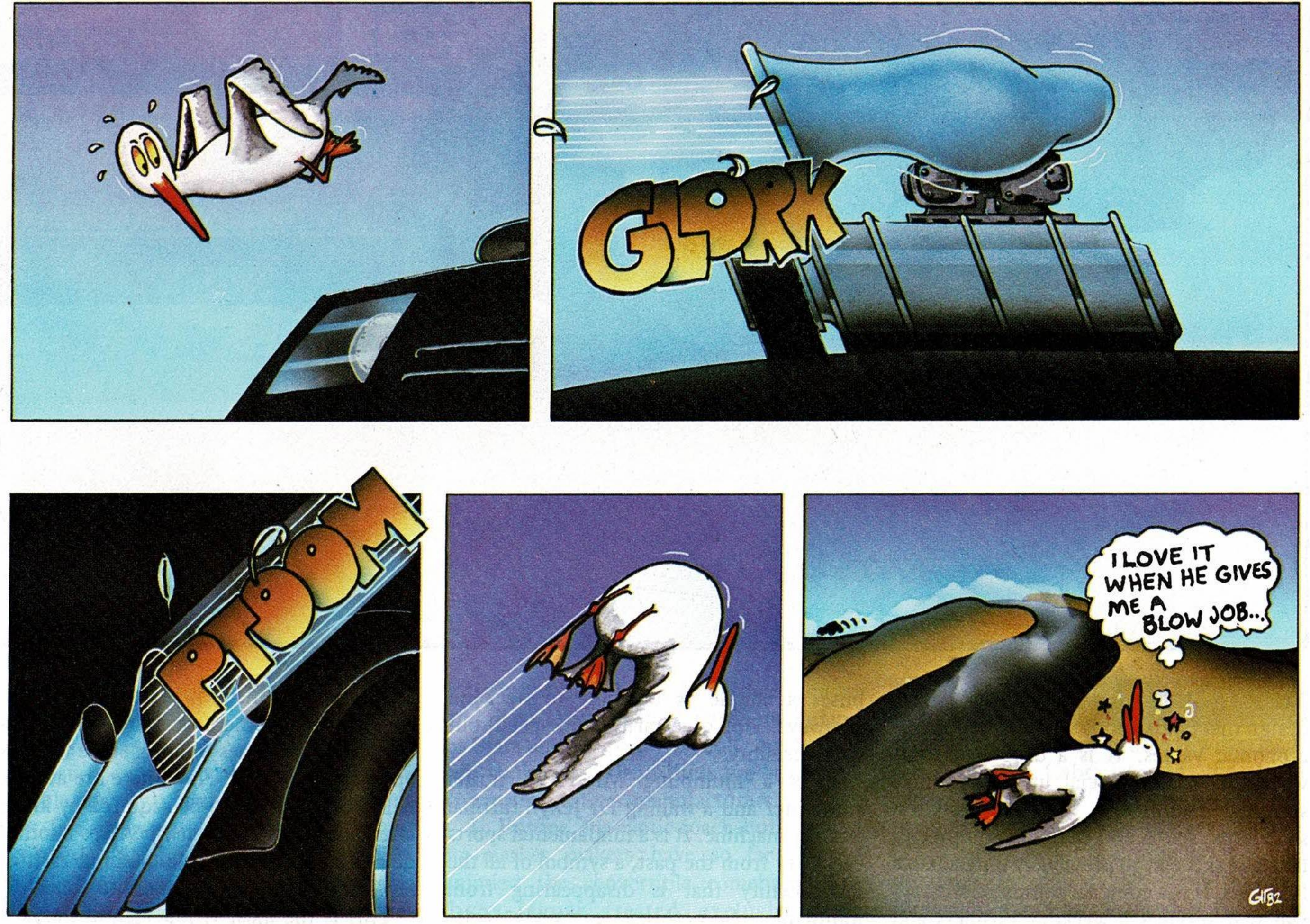
The Major

DARYL & IAN EDDY


SEX! SEX! SEX! I MUST BE SEX CRAZY! EVERYTHING I THINK, EVERYTHING I SAY, EVERYTHING I DO SEEMS TO HAVE A DOUBLE MEANING. A SEXUAL CONNOTATION! HALF THE TIME I DON'T KNOW IF I'M COMING OR GOING.
RUBBER BALLOONS
OH, FOR A LITTLE PIECE! (OR IS THAT PEACE?) I'LL GO MAD IF THIS CONTINUES.
OOPS, I'VE DROPPED ONE OF MY BALLS
THIS PROBLEM IS A CONSTANT SOURCE OF WORRY FOR ME. I'VE ALWAYS TRIED TO LEAD A CLEAN LIFE, BUT I'M SWAYED BY THINGS THAT GO ON AROUND ME.
A HUGE ERECTION ON THIS SITE SOON
IVA BIGGIN BUILDING CO.
WELL NOW, WHO'S THIS APPROACHING? A YOUNG GIRL OUT FOR HER MORNING-S CONSTITUTIONAL. HEAVENS, SHE'S A FAST JOGGER. I'LL BET SHE COULD WHIP ME.
HELLO, MY DEAR. YOU'VE BEEN OVERDOING IT, HAVEN'T YOU? THOSE ARE BIG BREATHS!
HUFFA PUFF HUF
YETH, AND I'M ONLY THIXTEEN YEARTH OLD!
ARGH!

MILES PROWER

by Grant Gittus


GLORK
PTOOM
I LOVE IT WHEN HE GIVES ME A BLOW JOB...
GIT82

CHEAP THRILLS

an equation for making the bucks match bravura

motoring by
rob luck

ABOVE: TOYOTA GOES TOPLESS, AUSTRALIAN-STYLE

THE MACHINE for the 1980s is a vehicle design that holds hands with the new socio-economic values. It is a drop-top, four-wheel drive commercial ute that humps sporting equipment (bikes, para-kites, sailboards, scuba and camping equipment, langlauf skis etc) to previously unreachable locations. It is a compact commercial carry-van that services a weekday business and buses a couple or a family to weekend getaways. Not necessarily with speed, but with certainty.

It is a mumbling Mr Hyde traffic commuter and a wailing Dr Jekyll turbine jetaway machine. It is a fundamental sports car, a cry from the past, a symbol of all the individuality that is disappearing from motoring. Something certainly self-indulgent or selfish, but rarely expensive.

At last check, there were around a dozen affordable machines offering some form of open-top motoring. Now there are at least half-a-dozen more to be acquired by kit or after-market conversions, perhaps another dozen kit cars, and a flourishing rash of replicars. And there are more to come.

This is the most visible sign of the new demand for some re-injection of imagination into motoring. Already the pointers are out in the US and Europe. Ford has just re-introduced the Mustang convertible (factory original) to compete with at least five after-market versions.

Chrysler (Le Baron convertible) and GM (Buick Riviera drop-top) are on the same course. European distributors have re-introduced cars like the Alfa Romeo Spider and Fiat 124 Spider (now Turbo) to the land of Stars and Stripes. VW Golf convertibles sell in thousands and there are at least 50 convertible kit car manufacturers.

In Europe, the exotic coach-builders and up-market makers have so far master-minded the convertible comeback. The Lynx-Jaguar (tested exclusively by PLAYBOY), Bitter convertible (Switzerland) and Porsche Cabriolet are the latest contenders to amplify the traditional open top markets of firms like Ferrari (GTS).

But 1980 saw a 180-degree swing in this trend with almost 30 new compact convertibles and targas aired at European

Motor Expositions, based chiefly on the Chev Cavalier (Camira-equivalent), Ford Escort, Golf, Fiat Ritmo and Leyland Metro. Production-aimed versions will hit showroom floors late this year and early in 1984.

Something more than an *Encyclopaedia of Motoring* would be required to review the New Style Automobile of the 1980s. So here is a cross-section of the mega-range of makes and models available, an unashamedly abbreviated review of the challenging, novel, imaginative and outrageous motoring ideas of the moment. It's the kick-off point for the new game of Automobile Lateral Think. Build your own modern transport from here. . .

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FRESH-AIR FORMULA

Small cab, four-wheel drive commercial utilities are spewing on to the local market from the endless Japanese pipeline, boosted by import tariffs that are cheaper than those levied on cars, and high-volume economy-of-scale production that puts them in local shops at around eight grand. Vehicle head counts put this type of vehicle at as high as 40 percent of the booming off-road market. Therefore it's a smart move for a West Coast American firm to produce a schmick conversion kit to turn such droll offerings into hey-presto, two-seater sports convertibles.

California Convertibles of Sydney's Collaroy offers a lop-top kit for all the current range of small-cab ragers including Datsun, Toyota, Isuzu, Mitsubishi and Mazda.

For just $950 DIY (supply your own can-opener) or $1200 fitted, these kits, available from the manufacturer or car dealers, are designed for even mechanical morons to fit (takes around eight hours).

When erected (a job that takes one person five minutes), the soft-top follows the hard-top lines. Some people even keep and convert the original sheet metal for optional use. Dropped behind the front seats, it's straight off Hollywood Boulevard, particularly our test car which came with go-faster stripes, Recaro super seats, twin-cam engine conversion, trick wheels and bits and a Rallyspeed roll-over bar.

No reason why it will run foul of rego authorities in any State (there are few rules against commercials and most of these little trucks have tram-tracks underneath the body). And reputable insurance companies are thoughtfully fingering their chins since the cost of the convertible kit is around half the fat fee to replace rolled-on roofs.

David Owen at California Convertibles (02) 981 4653, can tell you more. Car and conversion for less than $10,000, all up. A conversion for dual-cabs is apparently on the way.

VOPO BUG

This is a Volkswagen with a Porsche face-lift. Around 30 people last year used it to show their contempt for the inadequacies of the original Wolfsburg Bugmobile. And for a sense of motoring propriety. That is about as original as you can hope to be these motoring days. What this vehicle does that others don't is: (a) outrage people (b) entertain them (c) stimulate the right side of their brain. It is inconceivable that such a vehicle could not cause at least some radical reaction in just about everyone. For some people this is enough, but for others it is not. In addition to splicing on the Kopykat 935 Porsche racing guards and spoilers and airdams, thousands of dollars are spent in the engine-room and on the four corners. As a result it is unwise to laugh at the driver of one of these extravagances before embarking on a traffic light grand prix or duel to the death on a twisting road. Most of the goodies will run up to the legal city limit in around six seconds from standstill, and turn 190km/h on the top end. Best to smirk behind your hand.

A full-blown Bug *(sic)* will cost from $10,000 to $13,000 if you go the rat with paint finish, Recaro interior, wheels, stereo and so on. For those who simply lust after the whale tails and sloping noses, the parts start at $275.

This is a Volkswagen with a Porsche face-lift. About 30 people last year used it to show their contempt for the original.

From GS Motor Bodies Pty Ltd, 75 Planthurst Road, Carlton, 2218, (02) 546 4135. This company also makes the Humbug (off-road racing body) and the excellent little Canstell Clubman two-door fibreglass sports car in either kits or complete cars.

NUDE SILLYCAR

Canopy Industries has installed a giant-size Canomat out at its Marrickville, Sydney, workshop to transform Toyota Celica Coupes into Challenger Sunchaser convertibles.

This topless idea has been the rage on the California coast for some years, but the local version, it is claimed, is totally Australian designed and built, individually fitted, fully warranted (12/20,000) and DMT-approved in most States.

The best feature is a little button on the centre console that puts the ragtop up and down in 30 secs or so.

And the price? From $17,500 inclusive for a basic equipment road-registered Sillycar or around $6300 on top of the one you just bought. Current models only.

It drives nicely, and won't blow your blonde's hairstyle out into a streamer. It's stiff because a steel frame chassis has been screwed underneath to support the monocoque body, and it's "hand-crafted and custom fitted". A version for the Scorpion is imminent. Same price and same details. Available from Challenge Sunchaser Convertibles (Aust) Pty Ltd, 16 Chalder Street, Marrickville, 2204.

TURBO TINTOPS

Frasernomics has forced half the motoring market to think small. But turbochargers can give lightweights a middleweight punch. In the advanced world of auto-lib, you can give almost anything a decent blow-job — blow away motoring mundaneness and blow off the opposition.

There's a whole raft of specialist turbo firms, and most of the reputable ones have Transport Department-approved designs for the automotive twerps. Colts, Pulsars, Corollas/Coronas, Lasers and Mazdas can all get kitted. Soon there are likely to be packages for the doll-sized minis like the Daihatsu, Suzuki and Subaru.

Mini-turbos are mini-sized to match their power plants. They are small, sophisticated, with wastegate technology applied to eliminate throttle lag. Most pull like runaway brumbies, have phenomenal top-end torque for safer overtaking and hill climbing, and don't guzzle juice if you don't step down hard all the time on the right pedal.

To take a typical example, a unit produced by Rymec Turbochargers boosts the engine output of a Laser by around 60 percent (115 kw and almost 200Nm of torque) so the thing screams down the standing 400m in 16.9 secs and eats up zero to the legal limit (100) in 9.5 seconds. Available for $2085 fitted, with new exhaust, fuel lines, bits and pieces, DMT approval and a 12/20,000 warranty.

The perfect machine for overcoming that small car inferiority complex without wrecking the budget. Nail one together for as little as $8000 car and conversion. From Rymec Turbochargers Pty Ltd, Cadogan Street, Marrickville, 2204, kit or conversion, including DIY.

Similar concepts from Garrett Turbosystems agents in five States, Turbo Torque in Neutral Bay, SK Turbos at Kirrawee (both NSW) and a whole bunch of go-for-it Ford dealers.

BOLWELL IKARA

It looks like a pregnant lobster, it goes like an angry gnat, and it means "throwing stick" in the speak of this country's original inhabitants.

The Ikara is a 1980s salute to something which the faceless bureaucrats of the '70s tried to stamp out — the individual enthusiast's sports car. It is the state-of-the-local-art in these things, offering the most up-to-date level of refinements of a purely sporting nature. Like the vast majority of these hybrid bolt-ups, it comes in a kit and has a fibreglass suit. Unlike the others, it is mid-engined, powered by Golf running gear and has four-wheel independent suspension, four-wheel discs and rack steering to go with race-tuned chassis/wide stance track, and integrated rollover hoop.

It comes in kits from around $5000 to $10,000, and getting one into trick trim on to the road costs around $14,000. So it is an automotive indulgence, but for chasing into S-bends, it is just about the best; a quantum leap up the handling scale from the latter-day Clubman Super Sevens (which started the square-rigger thing in this guise), and the Canstell Clubman (by GS).

It is also markedly more expensive than all of these. It is about the nearest you can get to real race-car handling in a road machine, volumes away from the soft sporties that inhabit this end of the price range. And a fitting follow-up to the Nagari, perhaps Australia's most exciting sporty. From Bolwell Fibreglass (Aust) Pty Ltd (makers of some of the world's finest cruiser catamarans and industrial products), corner Wells and Boundary Roads, Mordialloc, 3195, (03) 580 7084.

SECOND-HAND, NOT SECOND BEST

Some of yesteryear's finest automotive examples are slipping right now into the affordable sector of the second-hand market. Many make more sense than buying something new and mundane for perhaps even more money.

But enthusiasm needs to be tempered with caution when shopping for ex-exotics: beware the dreaded second-hand car salesman.

There is no substitute for experience. If you haven't amassed it yet, go and get it — shop every lot and used car ad and get a profile of value for money. Then stick a spare grand or two in the bank for emergencies *before* you front with your wad.

Our guideline prices for the most popular makes and models (in varying condition) were found by checking the used car lots of leading Sydney sports car dealers. Those spotted at John Thompson Sports Cars at Burwood were exemplary — perhaps a little upmarket on some prices, but better-presented cars. You could of course, do perhaps a grand or two better if you set aside six weeks and called door-to-door.

Make/Model	**Price Range**
AH Sprite Mk ('70-'75)	$4500-6000
MG Midget ('74-'75)	$8000-9000
MGB Mk 1	$4500-8000
MGB Mk 2 ('67-'70)	$6000-8500
MGB US ('75-'76)	$12,500-18,000
MGB GT Mk 2	$6500-9000
MGB GT L ('71-'72)	$12,000+
MG TC — TF	$10,000-25,000
Triumph Stag ('71-'72)	$8000
Triumph Stag ('77-'78)	$14,000
Purvis Eureka	$7500-9000
Morgan plus 4 ('74-'76)	$14,000-18,000
Alfa Spider ('73-'75)	$10,000-15,000
Lotus Elan	$9000-14,000
Lotus Super Seven (twin-cam)	$15,000

While E-types ($18,000-35,000) and Merc 280SL Sports ($23,000-40,000) have moved up into the range of Dreamland, some of these equally exotic machines are within the range of the average wallet. Others include the discontinued TR7 ($8000-12,000).

A brand new Lotus Clubman-style JSA Sports (produced in Melbourne with Escort running gear) costs $14,000 complete on road.

There is another way. Shop for a wreck and aim at one of the restorers. MG rebuilders include MG Rebuilds, Nolan Automobiles and John Eager (J.E. Automotive) in Sydney and Sporting Cars Pty Ltd (Melbourne). Hassle hard for a cheap deal, shop for bits, and negotiate your rebuild package carefully.

There are safer, more conventional ways to go. Into the ranks for production sporties (off-the-shelf Fiat X1/9 or Mitsubishi Starion), Alfasud and Sprint, or Jeep Renegade. It used to be that the Mini Moke (since deceased) was the cheapest "air-conditioned" or "poor man's sporty" at around $5500. Now it's probably a Suzuki Sierra four-wheel-drive at not much more. But above that is a proliferation of fun-running machines that can give a dull motoring chore a bit of a charge.

Remember, Australia is only arriving now at the vanishing point where the US, Europe and Japan markets started around five years ago.

And this is just the beginning. . .

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SEX SURVEY

(continued from page 44)

Half of our respondents are willing to forgive their partners for having had sex outside marriage.

compared with almost half of the divorced and remarried men. (The same pattern holds for women.)

- First-timers are less likely to have engaged in group sex. They are also slightly less likely to use sex devices.

How do we explain those differences? Perhaps people who are dating and people who are married for the first time hang on to idealised pictures of their partner or idealised pictures of what a relationship should be. Men may have inhibited notions of what a wife can be asked to do — perhaps it's why the French have mistresses. Women can carry their own inhibiting notions as well. People who have had a relationship dissolve are less likely to fall prey to the same illusions. They are more apt to consider what went wrong the first time and how it could be better. We should note that the cohabitants are also more active than the remarrieds or first-time-arounders on most measures.

Finally, when we asked our respondents to rank the elements most important to their personal happiness, love and family life were still at the top of everyone's list. Women continue to rank love higher than men, even though we have ample proof that they have learned about all the pleasures of recreational sex. Friendship came up strong as a requirement for personal happiness with singles, divorced and cohabitants of both sexes. Why? Because friends replace family for those without legal ties, and fluid relationships help the legally unattached not to over-invest in any one relationship. So, while healthy sexuality thrives, the traditional values — love, family life and friendship — are reaffirmed by our respondents.

EXTRAMARITAL SEX

Coping with infidelity is the unfinished business of the sexual revolution. While most people are willing to accept the idea that there is no difference between single sex and marital sex, that there is no blame attached to what you do before you are married, they balk at granting the same status to extramarital sex. Many observers have grudgingly gone along with the first part of the sexual revolution but have predicted a world in which every marriage ends because of an affair.

Actually, the figures suggest something else. Kinsey predicted that half of the married men and a quarter of the married women he studied would eventually fool around. Our figures suggest that by the age of 50, almost 70 percent of the men and 65 percent of the women have had an affair. Overall, our figures are in keeping with the Hunt report. Almost 45 percent of the currently married men who answered our questionnaire have had an affair; 34 percent of the married women have.

However, like Hunt, we found that in young marriages, wives are fooling around more than their husbands. Some people will try to work things out within a marriage; others won't. About two-thirds of the divorced men and women who answered our questionnaire have had an extramarital affair. Seventy-three percent of the remarried men and 64 percent of the remarried females have had an affair. Unfortunately, the responses do not reveal when those affairs occurred. We suspect that the higher percentage for divorced and remarrieds reflects an attempt to salvage a first marriage through outside experience or to end the marriage by burning one's bridges.

How serious is an affair? More than half of the men and three-quarters of the women who answered our questionnaire say that an affair indicates a problem in the marriage. On the other hand, almost half of our respondents are willing to forgive their partners for having had sex outside marriage. Interestingly, men were more forgiving than women. Only 20 percent of the divorced and remarried think an affair broke up their marriages. For many people who discover that their partners are having an affair, extramarital sex is not just a statistic, it is a devastating emotional experience. But our readers seem to be telling us that some extramarital episodes are more serious than others. Sex can be casual just as it can be momentous, and its effect on a marriage depends on conditions beyond the sex itself. We do not present our figures casually. We do not endorse nor condemn extramarital sex, we merely try to understand the behavior.

Why do people fool around? We asked our readers to enumerate from a list the sexual reasons for engaging in extramarital sex. Our male readers say that an affair offers (1) sexual variety, (2) reassurance of their desirability, (3) change of routine, (4) better sex and (5) sex without commitment. Female readers say that an affair offers (1) reassurance of their desirability, (2) better sex, (3) change of routine, (4) sexual variety and (5) sex without commitment. The lists are strikingly similar. Both men and women seek reassurance of their desirability.

When we asked readers to list the non-sexual reasons for having an affair, we discovered the same pattern. Both men and women cited, in descending order, (1) excitement, (2) reassurance of desirability (in a nonsexual context), (3) friendship and (4) spontaneity. What do those findings mean? For one thing, they indicate the death of the double standard. For years, it was assumed that men could engage in an affair in pursuit of cheap thrills — that boys would be boys, and there was a difference between extramarital sex and true love. If a woman strayed, it was a more serious offence, since we assumed that women had sex only in the context of a meaningful relationship. Our findings suggest that there is no single reason for fooling around and that the men and women who indulge in extramarital sex may do so for the same reasons.

The common wisdom holds that a man will seek outside marriage what he isn't getting at home. If his wife doesn't perform oral sex, he'll seek it elsewhere — either in an affair or with a prostitute. But given the freer behavior of married partners, we suspected that the old reasons no longer held.

The figures indicate that men who receive oral sex occasionally are more likely to stray than men who say they receive it almost every time they have sex. However, men who say they *never* receive oral sex are the least likely to stray. If you aren't getting any, you don't know what you're missing; and if you are getting it all the time, you don't look elsewhere. The figures for intercourse are similar.

When we examine the promiscuity index — the number of sexual partners a person has had — we come up with a significant finding. Sixty-nine percent of the men who have had more than 10 partners have fooled around within a permanent relationship. Fifty-four percent of the women who have had more than 10 lovers have also had affairs.

We don't know if those lovers have been premarital or extramarital. It seems, however, that those who develop a taste for variety retain it after marriage.

Women are less likely to cheat if they say that they are sexually satisfied; for men, it doesn't matter. No matter what they think of their sex lives, men fool around. So the spouses who blame themselves for their partner's affairs are wrong.

Time is the enemy of fidelity. Boredom is the catalyst for most affairs. When we compared relationships that had lasted more than four years with those of shorter duration, we discovered a dramatic shift in behavior. People who have been together for more than four years are less likely to describe themselves as faithful. And their behavior matches their self-assessment.

There is a significant drop in fidelity after only four years. When we examine figures for sexual activity, we discover the roots of that restlessness. At the beginning of this article, we pointed out that sexual satisfaction was directly related to the frequency of intercourse. When we compare those who have been married longer than four years with those who have been together for four years or less, we discover a dramatic drop in sexual activity.

Is fidelity affected by length of relationship?

Males who say they are faithful

	Years together	
	4 or fewer	More than 4
Single	44%	39%
Married	71%	64%
Divorced	35%	28%
Remarried	73%	61%
Cohabitant	70%	46%

Females who say they are faithful

	Years together	
	4 or fewer	More than 4
Single	55%	49%
Married	77%	70%
Divorced	46%	49%
Remarried	81%	70%
Cohabitant	76%	66%

(We cannot say that the short-term marrieds will suddenly cease their activity. We are studying not the same people before and after but two separate groups of people.)

Is frequency of intercourse affected by length of relationship? Part One

Respondents who have intercourse 4 or more times per week

Male

	Years together	
	4 or fewer	More than 4
Single	30%	20%
Married	32%	16%
Divorced	39%	25%
Remarried	37%	23%
Cohabitant	53%	28%

Female

	Years together	
	4 or fewer	More than 4
Single	38%	14%
Married	34%	23%
Divorced	40%	21%
Remarried	40%	23%
Cohabitant	51%	14%

Look at those figures. Only half as many married and cohabiting males make love four or more times a week after four years as before. Men lose interest in greater numbers than women, except for one category. Note the dramatic decline in activity reported by female cohabitants: from 51 percent to only 14 percent. Our guess is that after four years, the cohabitants begin to re-examine their relationship. Either it is building toward marriage or it's a lost cause.

There is a similar dramatic decline in figures for frequency of intercourse per night.

Thirty-seven percent of the men who have been married for four years or less do it twice a night or more. After four years, only 22 percent of the married men are that active. The same pattern holds for women and for all other groups.

The frequency of intercourse may decline dramatically; the figures for oral sex remain relatively steady. When we examine the figures for people who say they perform oral sex every time they make love, or almost every time, we find only slight differences between old relationships and young ones. Oral sex is expected as much in a mature relationship as in a young one.

Outside sex, however, people who have been together for more than four years are less likely to report that they communicate satisfactorily with their partner. Contrary to the stereotype, men are more likely than women to say that they're dissatisfied with the level of communication. When asked to list their requirements for personal happiness, married men place friendship at the bottom of their list. (Their spouses rate it higher.) It seems that men are more dependent on their mates for intimacy. If the mates don't deliver, they have no one else to turn to.

Is frequency of intercourse affected by length of relationship? Part Two

Males/once a night

	Years together	
	4 or fewer	More than 4
Single	28%	46%
Married	64%	78%
Divorced	34%	54%
Remarried	63%	73%
Cohabitant	54%	60%

Males/more than once a night

	Years together	
	4 or fewer	More than 4
Single	72%	54%
Married	37%	22%
Divorced	66%	46%
Remarried	37%	27%
Cohabitant	46%	41%

Females/once a night

	Years together	
	4 or fewer	More than 4
Single	37%	42%
Married	65%	79%
Divorced	33%	44%
Remarried	65%	72%
Cohabitant	58%	73%

Females/more than once a night

	Years together	
	4 or fewer	More than 4
Single	63%	58%
Married	35%	21%
Divorced	67%	56%
Remarried	35%	28%
Cohabitant	42%	27%

At the same time, we should point out the importance of friendship in the list of reasons for extramarital affairs: friendship often turns into sexual relationship.

By any set of measurements, the cohabitants in our survey are in the best sexual shape of all. During the first four years of their relationships, cohabitants get more of everything — from frequency of intercourse to spontaneity and variety in their sexual activities. Cohabitants are more sexually satisfied than marrieds are during the same first four years. We think there are a few logical reasons why the cohabitants score so high: (1) they are still performing for each other, (2) they are in a voluntary relationship, (3) they constantly reaffirm their commitment to each other by not walking out, even though they have the freedom to do so, and (4) both partners have the reasonable expectation that their relationship will grow into something more traditional (33 percent of the men and 39 percent of the women rank family life as the first or second most important element of their personal happiness). After cohabitants pass the four-year mark in their relationships, sexual satisfaction drops off drastically.

●

Given this picture of declining sexual activity for married couples, we wondered what our readers would do if they had it all to do again. The majority of our married and remarried readers would do the same things, including having children. Divorced men and women and cohabitants are slightly less enthusiastic about marriage: many say that they want to cohabit or marry without kids. Perhaps the most significant of those figures shows that more than half of the singles want marriage.

When we look at the figures for people who have children, we discover that their sex lives are not affected by those children. Having offspring does not diminish the frequency of intercourse or oral sex. But actual behavior is different from the perceived reality.

Are you satisfied with your present sex life?

Percent satisfied

	Male	Female
Single	52%	71%
Married	67%	79%
Divorced	57%	68%
Remarried	73%	78%
Cohabitant	81%	87%

In the first report on *The Playboy Readers' Sex Survey*, we suggested that women are the primary beneficiaries of the sexual revolution. This article supports that conclusion. Women, regardless of their lifestyle, are more satisfied than their partners in every category. They don't have to have a permanent relationship to be happy. The unattached man, once again, turns up at the bottom of the totem pole — supporting the finding by many sociologists that men without partners are more vulnerable to social and psychological stress than men in steady relationships. All things considered, however, everyone is doing quite well, thank you.

By James R. Petersen in collaboration with Arthur Kretchmer, Barbara Nellis, Janet Lever and Rosanna Hertz.

VACATION

(continued from page 67)

Everything was moving. Fell on to the bed. Boots pulled off. Blonde girl whispering. Concerned.

from Singapore smiling benevolently at everyone and hippies from Italy caught in a time warp circa Woodstock, 1969.

Another bottle arrived. “May we sit here?”

From behind, two girls. Twenties. One fair, one dark. Indian cotton shirts. Jeans.

“Sure.” He gestured towards the only vacant seats in the place. He smiled. He liked American accents.

The first, the one with dark hair, black eyes, hint of Chinese, said, “You look lost.”

He laughed glumly. She and her friend laughed too.

After a couple of beers they’d learned his story. He’d found out that they were both teachers, both from New England and both having the best time of their lives. It was refreshing to talk and laugh with two girls. Strangers. Tantalising in a way. He’d been totally immersed in Louise for so long it was a change to spit sparks at random.

He’d worried so much at Louise’s past — the boyfriend she’d travelled in this country with before, her string of lovers that he desperately wished he could obliterate but whom he felt compelled to find out about — that he’d never considered the possibility of his own fidelity being tested.

The Chinese-looking girl ordered more beer. As it began its circuitous route from kitchen to table, she asked his plans for the night.

“I’ll need to catch a train in an hour — meet up with Louise at Hikkaduwa.”

She shook her head sympathetically. “There are no more trains tonight. The line is damaged, I think. You could get a minibus, though.”

He found himself staring at her white, even teeth, the pink moistness of her tongue. He looked away and caught the blonde girl blushing.

“You don’t need to rush off so soon, then. Minibuses are pretty regular all evening. Come and have a smoke with Jane and me if you like. I’m Rose.”

They didn’t know his name. He was charmed.

Jane licked the foam nipple from the fresh bottle. “Well?”

“Sure. I’ll get the bill.”

He did, tipped 10 cents, like the last of the tycoons, and the three stepped into a whirlpool of dust and din and noise. The heat seized them at once.

The taxi was a 1962 Holden. The three of them sat in the back seat and Rose pulled out a joint which she lit with difficulty. The car had no shock absorbers and each pothole along the Galle Road sent its passengers flying into the roof and crashing back into the ancient upholstery. The girls began giggling and pointing. To the sea. To the myriad faces in cars and trishaws. The street crowds and crazy drivers. Stumped beggars and drip-dry tourists.

At a sidestreet, they turned. Pulled up outside a white-washed guest-house. He was beginning to become confused. Images. Movements. Noises. Large wrought iron gates faced them. Someone had his pack. Chinese. He floated inside. The bedroom was spinning. Everything was moving. Fell on to the bed. Boots pulled off. Everything was spinning. Blonde girl whispering. Concerned. Smiled. Her smile began to revolve. His eyes darted. Seeking something still. Everything was turning. Everything. Except the ceiling fan.

Thank God!

“Really nice dope.”

And they didn’t even know his name.

●

It was clean, at least. But no mosquito net. The toilet was European but flushed only two out of three times. She’d sluiced herself down under the feeble trickle of the cold shower. Feeling much better, she sat on the hard bed scribbling a postcard to David.

David. How strange. The name connected a whole series of events and things. A laugh, an angry word, a forgiving one. Yet all of them were past. Her feelings were far away from him now. Even in this country which they’d once shared, even here her love was locked into the present — and the future.

There was a gentle tap on the door. She jumped up like a startled rabbit and wound on her sarong. “Who is it?” She tried to make her voice sound firm and commanding.

“Hallo! Would care for dinner? Hallo! If you would like for dinner I can arrange.”

She opened the door. “Yes, all right. It’s seven now. I’ll eat in half an hour. Fish. You have it?”

“Yes, we have.” He stood by the doorway, examining the sandy, red-painted concrete beneath his feet.

“Thank you. Seven-thirty then.”

“Excuse,” he mumbled, then stepped into her room and pushed the door closed behind him. “Also I can arrange hashish. If you like. No problem. From Nepal.”

She thought quickly. A smoke would be nice. When she met him tomorrow they’d come straight here and smoke themselves into gentle pornography, forget about the accident. Shit! She had no money.

Anthony Bandara followed her deliberations with shrewd eyes.

“No. I cannot. Today I missed the bank. Tomorrow perhaps.”

“No problem. I can arrange for now. Tomorrow you can pay, yes? I go. Later I see friend. OK?”

“OK.” Why not? She wasn’t trying to rip anyone off. If he and his friend would trust her *she* wasn’t going to dissuade them.

Dinner was good. Fried seer fish fillets. A bit of salad and Sri Lankan chips fried in coconut oil. Then curd and syrup with a bottle of local Lion Lager to wash it all down. It was 9.30 by the time she lit an after-dinner cigarette. There was no one else in the restaurant. Only one other guest in the place. So many hotels and guest-houses had sprung up to cash in on the tourist trade that in poor seasons many did badly. Anthony’s brother, or cousin, presented her with a bill.

He and Anthony were running the place tonight.

“Tomorrow I shall pay. Please put it on the bill. OK? Good. Thank you.”

He grinned and went back to the kitchen.

She heard a hoarse, “Hallo!” Anthony was just outside the window and beckoning her to join him. She drained her beer.

She heard the crash of dark breakers, a few shouts from fishermen in their oil-lit outriggers on the inky ocean. Laughter from the seaside verandah bars of the big hotels. They arrived at a small thatched building, metres from the water’s edge. A smell of cooking and hashish blended beautifully with the sound of an ancient cassette playing *Exile on Mainstreet.* Candles on tables. A few faces. She sat down. Anthony had gone.

A young Sri Lankan emerged from the smoky backroom. He put a glass beside her and dropped a lump wrapped in brown paper next to it. “Tomorrow pay, yes? Two hundred rupees. Because you know my friend.”

She worked it out. Less than ten Australian dollars. No point in bargaining. God — she even had a credit rating! “OK.”

She sipped the lassee slowly. Banana. She finished it and walked out on to the beach.

“Hallo? OK for you? Not good for me to be seen with him. Understand? You got cigarette papers? I have got.”

They sat on the hull of a dugout. Behind them village lights blinked and twinkled through the shifting coconut palm fronds. He lit the joint and passed it to her.

Gradually her nervousness disappeared. As he talked, she began to like him. Instead of a hustling local she thought of him as a human being denied the freedoms she enjoyed as a right. His problems tumbled and leapt in her head. It was so sad.

“And you can’t take the examinations again?”

He wished he’d never mentioned it. Ashamed.

“No,” he whispered, and took a long toke of sweet smoke.

In the silence, his thoughts swam in angry torrents. Yes, you fool, I can take examinations again. I can pass. Without trouble. Easy. Then college. A good job. I shall be important to my family. All of them waiting. Depending. Locked in his brain, the waves beat in a phosphorescent clamor on the sand. Night birds flapped. Fruit bats squealed in the distance. Locked in this paradise. Forever poor. Tears filled his eyes. His shoulders shook. So sad.

He felt an arm around him. He put a hand on her waist.

“It’s all right,” she murmured.

As she comforted him, he began to feel good. Strong. A man. A proud living creature. He embraced her firmly. Warmth flooded him. He touched her cheek; her breasts.

She froze.

“Don’t, please.”

It stung his mind. A flash of hate. The bitch! To lead him on, to pretend, to tease! Patronising white bitch! All her money. All her luck. Why should *he* have no future, not a tiny piece of her fortune? Why? Enough to pay for a pass. That’s all, just enough for the bribe!

She struggled to sit up now but it was good hash. Movements so slow, unco-ordinated. She saw a look of madness in his eyes. Felt a hand thrust between her legs and his weight on her. She screamed.

A cacophony of horns blared from the road as two buses narrowly missed each other.

Louise didn’t hear them.

●

He couldn’t remember which of the pair he’d made love to last. He didn’t care. Another joint materialised. A leg. Tongues. Fingers pinched him and played him. He sucked smoke and sweat. Licked salt and sweetness. And then he felt elated. Soaring. Flying.

He was flying — effortlessly cruising through tiny white fluffs of cloud. Stretching around him, the bluest atmosphere he could remember. Below, the ocean — clear as pale blue glass. He swooped closer, enjoying the breeze fluttering his clothes. He could see through the water, see the bright yellows and blues of parrot-fish, intricate rainbow coral, silver and gold shoals of mackerel and angel fish gliding this way and that. And he dived in a long, sweeping arc through the shining surface in an explosion of sparkling white bubbles. Entranced, his eyes were wide in wonder and joy. He had never felt so marvellous. He knew he could do anything. He had the power.

Suddenly, he felt a shadow moving, gigantic, behind him. He didn’t want to look. It was closing on him. He wanted to see but his brain screamed, “No!” His lungs were bursting. He saw above him the barely rippled surface — bright with blinding light and air. He kicked and swept his arms furiously. Then he felt the savage barbs close so slowly in his legs that he could feel them biting centimetre by bloody centimetre. He screamed and, as the saltwater flooded his lungs, began to heave and choke.

He sat up abruptly, staring straight ahead. Found the bedside light and flicked it on. He was alone. The bed was a wreck. He was damp with sweat. He reached for a cigarette. Where the fuck was he? His hands trembled. He felt for his moneybelt. It was gone.

“Fucking bitches!” he bellowed at a startled gecko.

●

He sat in the bare grey room watching the banded sunlight stream through the high, barred window. The heavy wooden door was left slightly ajar — he could see the large rigid constable on guard outside.

There was a flurry of movement and the door swung open. Two officers bristling with moustaches, Sam Brownes and lanyards sped in. The first sat behind the scrubbed wooden table and laid a file upon it. The other stood by his superior’s shoulder and stared with motionless intensity at an invisible speck on the white-washed wall.

“Sorry for delay. We have new information. Now we can begin. These are the facts.”

He absent-mindedly caressed his handsome black moustache with the back of his hand. Then, stressing each point by tapping the opened file, he began.

“This morning you report the loss of travellers’ cheques. Accuse two others you do not know.”

“Yes. Of course. I need a statement from you to get a refund. I don’t know why it’s taken four hours to make out a bloody report!”

“Sir, two hours ago we had a report from our men at Hikkaduwa.”

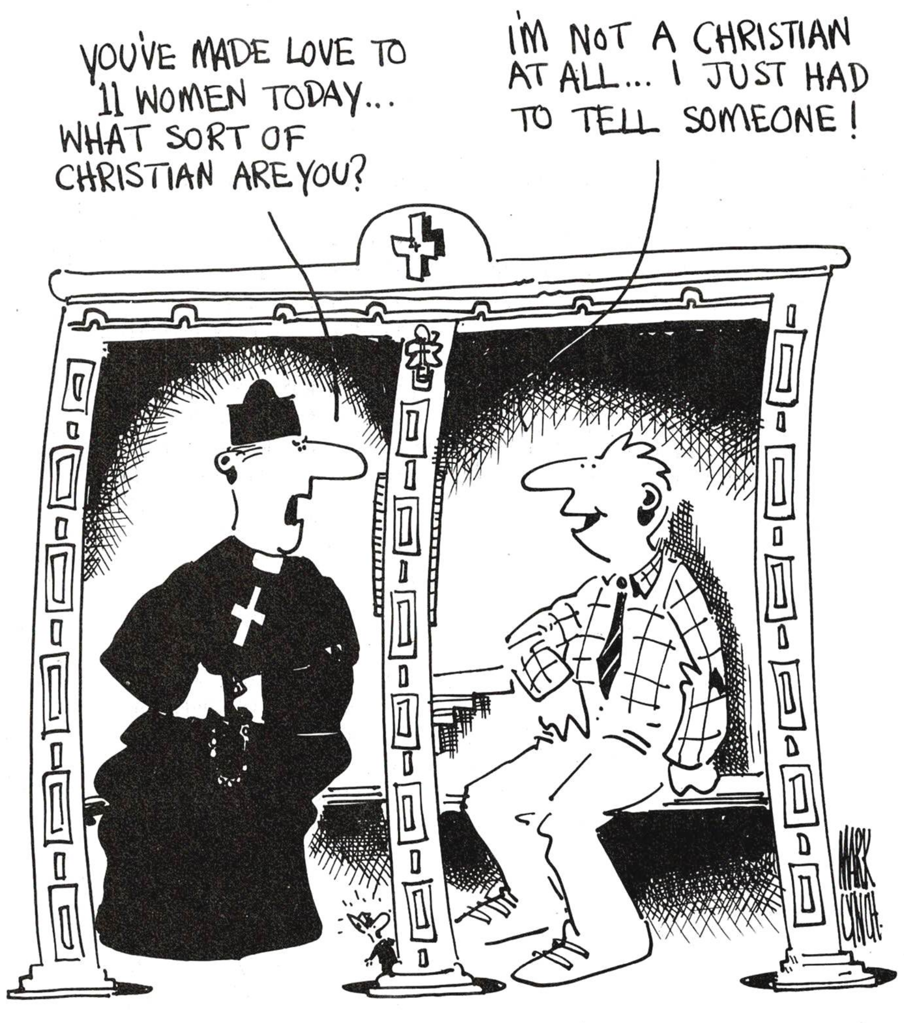
“What’s it got to do with me?”

“Last night one European girl was strangled on the beach.” He pulled two passports from the file and placed them on the desk. “This is yours? Yes. The hotel staff say both of you checked in yesterday. In morning both were missing. I begin to feel you have killed her.”

He began to sob. His insides burned. His breaths were hot gulps of acid, his body trembled spastically. In a trance, his mouth refused to obey. Then he forced, “No, you bastards, not me, *not me!*”

“You cannot remember the hotel, who were these girls, drugs in your pocket. It is too simple. You fall out with her. You are taking the drug. You kill her.”

But the shock and loss left him defenceless. He couldn’t stop crying.


YOU'VE MADE LOVE TO 11 WOMEN TODAY... WHAT SORT OF CHRISTIAN ARE YOU?
I'M NOT A CHRISTIAN AT ALL... I JUST HAD TO TELL SOMEONE!
MARK LYNCH

THE HARDER THEY FALL

(continued from page 59)

This was the period of Johnny Wadd's greatest success, with literally hundreds of films across the country.

John dead-faced in the middle of a lie," Atamian told me. "It was a personal lie that he had told me, and John just sat there and did not say a fucking thing." Atamian also mentioned Holmes' younger brother, David, who owns a Los Angeles antique store. He claims not to be as well-hung as John, and told Atamian, "John's main problem was the size of his cock." When I called David, he made it clear that he wasn't talking about his big brother to anybody in the press. In the months that followed, I attempted to lend more substance to the man I knew as John Holmes. I dug up the old, two-part *Screw* Holmes interview, still definitive enough to support a rash of "biographies" in the men's mag press, but spurious enough to make them all wrong. It became clear that Holmes was an inveterate liar. His claims of a New York birth, of a rich aunt who raised him in Europe, of first getting laid by his nanny — it was all total contrivance, I would learn. There were a few fascinating facts among the dreck: Holmes' cock measured 12 3/4 inches when totally erect, not the 14 inches of the publicists. This of course, was simply a rectification of an untruth, and only showed how slippery — I shudder at the image — the footing around Holmes was.

When I knew him during the period of the interview, there were no paranoiac tics, no rolling up in an embryonic ball, no coke habit to dwarf all other elements of Holmes' life. He was able to attend to the superficial niceties of existence, to the extent that I thought of him as a friend. This was the period of Johnny Wadd's greatest success, with literally hundreds of Holmes films lighting up the jizz-splattered screens of peep shows and theatres across the country.

But looking back at the interview today, I am reminded of a man who was shown a Rorschach blot by his shrink and asked what he saw. "I see the penumbra of a silhouette of a shadow of a simulacrum of a puppet." Holmes keeps fading beneath a mass of mendacity and dissemblance.

Take for example, the question of Holmes' early years:

GOLDSTEIN: At what age did you become aware that you were "abnormally" large?

JOHN: When I was eight. When I lived in Florida with my aunt, she was always running to Europe to get married or get divorced. . .I had a Swiss nursemaid named Frieda. And whenever my aunt was out of town, Frieda would give me head. She taught me to give head. It was just great. I loved it. We had this huge house all to ourselves. We had a gardener, and a cook and a butler, all together, and then we had a maid who cleaned the place. . .

I now know the whole "aunt" story to be totally fabricated. Being charitable, I can imagine the famous Johnny Wadd contriving the ruse to shield his family from the awful truth. But it is odd how conveniently the ruse aligned with John's self-aggrandisement, his need for a more romantic, less American-mundane, personal history. Yet at times, the "adjustments" of reality in the interview were such that they embraced typical American male fantasies:

GOLDSTEIN: Did you have any sexual experiences involving your peer group? The girls you went to school with?

JOHN: Oh yeah. I fucked a lot in high school. I think I got everybody but three girls in my class, and then the class before, quite a few of 'em; and then the senior class ahead of me, I got most of them.

I have spoken with a woman from Holmes' high school, the head of the alumni association, an ex-cheerleader, Miss Popularity. She graduated the same year Holmes would have. She didn't remember him, she said when I called her, but she was going to a meeting later in the day to organise the 20th class reunion. She would ask the people there. When I got back to her, she reported that Holmes was in none of the yearbooks. One girl had vaguely remembered Holmes "walking to school all the time". This was in a graduating class that numbered under 100 people.

It was then I decided to check things out myself — at a place I usually make it a point to fly over, preferably asleep while cruising at high altitude.

Ohio is, for me, an utterly foreign and almost surreal sector of America. Listening to news reports at Columbus on New Year's Day, I heard that the year before there had been four murders the first day of the new year in that city alone. The locals were evidently tuned in to their radios to see if the record would be broken. The murder vigil sounded like something out of the South Bronx. The countryside around Columbus was improverished, blank, vaguely menacing.

It was into this almost border state environment that John Holmes was born, as John Curtis Estes, on August 8, 1944. Two years later, the birth certificate was "corrected" to list the child's name as John Curtis Holmes. The original listed a Carl L. Estes, railroad laborer, as father. The correction listed no father at all, although the man John took his surname from was evidently a carpenter named Edward Holmes. Holmes seemed to have been born and raised in rural, depressed Pickaway County without anyone particularly remarking upon his existence.

The only man I could find who remembered the Holmes clan told of the large family "across the tracks". "We used to call those type of folks something that rhymed with 'might clash'," the historian said. The only remarkable thing about Holmes' Ohio upbringing was to come later, from his lawyers. They had obtained John's Sunday school attendance record. It showed perfect attendance for 12 years. I got goose-bumps when I heard this, as a quote from the *Screw* interview surfaced in my consciousness: "It's totally insane," Holmes had said, speaking about repressive morality. "The perfect child that always goes to church, and goes out and cuts 50 people's throats."

The Ohio experience merely deepened my depression and added to the list of shadow figures I was tracking. John Curtis Estes, born a bastard in rural Ohio poverty. John Curtis Holmes, perfect Bible student. Johnny Holmes, all around good guy, sensitive, a sculptor, Greenpeace supporter, in love with women, who just happened to be the proud owner of one of the largest schlongs in the world. Johnny Wadd, porn star/private dick/tough.

And there was the rumor that circulated later, in the mid-'70s, which proved what a chameleon the Holmes persona was. The rumor was to the effect that John Holmes was actually Ken Osmond, the actor who played Eddie Haskell on the old *Leave It To Beaver* television series. Osmond does resemble Holmes to some degree, and people were obviously indulging in an irresistible poetic justice in believing that Eddie Haskell had ended up a porn star. Osmond even sued the distributors of Holmes' films in an attempt to halt the rumor, and the whole bizarre situation concludes with a twisted irony: Osmond is now a Los Angeles cop.

My desultory investigations were interrupted when, on November 30, 1981, Holmes was arrested in a Florida hotel on a fugitive warrant from California. He was taken in on a charge unrelated to the Laurel Canyon murders, but on December 9, as soon as he was extradited to Los Angeles, he was charged with the deaths. Three days later, I flew to the coast to see him.

What I found was a terrified man, looking out at me from behind the thick prison plexiglass with strangely bulging eyes. It seemed astounding to me that this was the man I had idolised in those flickering screenings all those years. He wore a nondescript uniform and complained wearily, when we spoke on the phone intercom, of things like the lousy prison food and the lack of bail. I resisted an impulse to ask him if the famous Holmes cock was being used in jail. Even at this meeting, as long as Holmes managed to hold together the mangled shreds of his personality, we were comfortable with one another.

I was moved and slightly astonished when John asked me how my son was, *by name,* after what was nearly a seven-year gap in our relationship. Again, the appearance of a Holmes I could not possibly imagine committing murder: a man who remembers the name of your child, casually mentioned, years later. It put our meeting on a basis of friendship, rather than journalism.

I don't have the investigative reporter's aggressive personality, so I worked the conversation gingerly around the question of the murders. It was a mistake.

I had thought that the best way to find out what went on that July night was to talk to contacts in the Los Angeles porn world. It's a tightly knit community, but I found that it had turned its back on its favorite son with surprising alacrity. The murders, coming after a year or two of behavior erraticised by coke, made Holmes a pariah in his own back yard.

I finally connected up with someone who had only good to say about John Holmes. Bill Margold is a talent scout/actor/producer in X-rated movies and loops, a self-styled "Renaissance man of porn". His agency has its offices in the crumbling Cineart Building on Sunset Boulevard, across from the Chinese Theatre, and from there Margold had placed Holmes in a number of films. He told a story of giving him $1500 up front for a one-day shoot in a swimming pool. When the temperature of the pool proved to be too cold for the Wadd's liking, Holmes backed out of the shoot. "He actually gave me back the $1500," Margold recalled. "All of it and at once. After that, no one can tell me that Holmes isn't a straight guy." With a final touch of irony, Margold noted that the Cineart Building, with its fading Chandleresque glamor, is owned by Eddie Nash.

I had no idea where to fit Nash into the mosaic. Police identified him as a "suspect" in the case and Diles, his bodyguard, was arrested for the murders, only to be released for lack of evidence. Still, authorities hammered away at the Nash-Holmes connection.

"I have personally heard Nash's name since the mid-1970s," Bob Schirn, the head of the Los Angeles district attorney's organised crime and narcotic division, told the LA *Herald Examiner.* "I know of law enforcement interest in him at that time."

But Nash's actual appearances in court had been few, and he'd been lucky. A pandering charge was thrown out of court in 1969 and of four men charged in a complicated arson and mail-fraud scheme in 1982, only Nash was acquitted. "We would have liked to have convicted all of them," said the prosecutor in that case, "but the jury didn't agree that Nash financed it."

Even his age is a mystery. At one trial, Nash's psychologist claimed that Nash had given him three different birthdates, making him either 60, 52 or 54 years old. All that is known for sure is that Nash opened a sandwich stand called Beef's Chuck in 1960 on Hollywood Boulevard and somehow built it into a million-dollar empire of nightclubs, strip joints and restaurants. "He's pure power," says prosecutor Ron Coen. "He's an intelligent man, just by the fact that he makes successes out of all these businesses."

Nash was involved in a high-wire balancing act; he had been charged but never convicted, investigated but never unmasked. The stakes he played for were always high, and Holmes was just one of the players. One scenario put forth by police on the Nash-Holmes connection had Nash fronting coke to the Laurel Canyon group — of which Holmes was a member — and taking stolen property in return as collateral. But there was another connection that police were pursuing, one that was much more ominous.

Two nights before the Laurel Canyon massacre, Nash's house on Dona Lola Place in nearby Studio City was burglarised and Nash robbed. Later in court testimony, David Lind would admit that he, Deverell, Launius and an "associate" named Tracy McCourt had pulled off the break-in with tactical and logistical help from John Holmes. Holmes mapped out the floor-plan at Dona Lola Place, rehearsed the burglary, insisted it was a good mark. Nash was something of a porno groupie — who else do you bring to parties to impress people like John Belushi? — and a close, intense relationship had grown up between Nash and Holmes. Holmes went to Nash's house the evening of the burglary and unlocked a sliding glass door. Then he went to the Wonderland Avenue house and awaited the results.

It all worked like a dream. Deverell, Launius and Lind entered through the door Holmes had left open, flashing fake badges to confuse Diles (it didn't take much). McCourt drove the getaway car, while inside Launius seemed to delight in terrorising the inhabitants. The burn had differing results. It netted a cache of drugs, $20,000 in currency, some jewellery. Holmes got 12½ percent of that. It also led police to suspect that the later murders were the result of vengeance and that Holmes, with his obvious connections, had either led the murderers into the house or had participated himself.

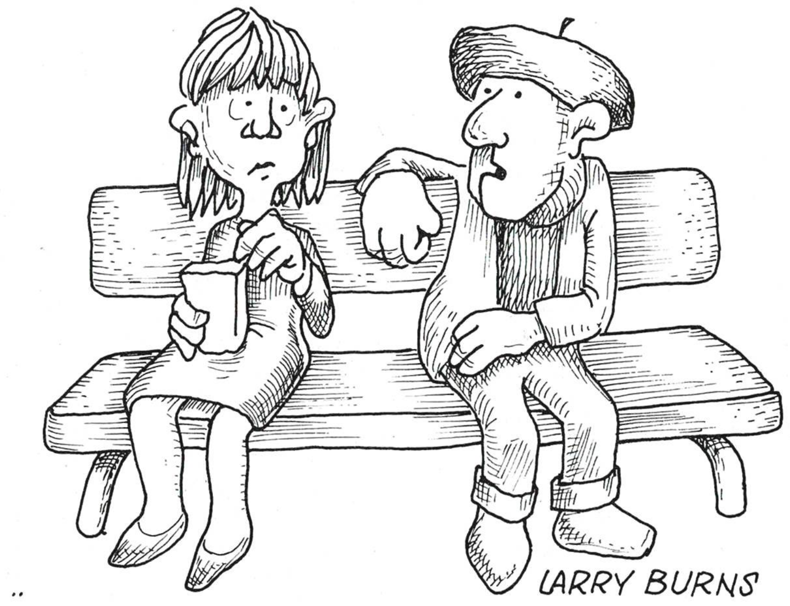
●

The level of violence in the deaths appalled me and gave me a peculiar sense of dislocation. I could not connect John Holmes to it, it was too macabre, too distant from the soft spoken schlong owner I had idolised. I decided to attend the trial in one more effort to get a handle on Laurel Canyon, John Holmes and my own feelings of relative sanity.

I did it knowing full well it would be a circus. To get my bearing, I mentally listed three trials that would help me get through this one. My own Federal trial, in Kansas City in 1976, was for obscenity and tied into the sensationalism of the Holmes case. The press, I found then, couldn't pass by a chance to turn up their shit-stained little noses at porn, even while using it to lend their stories a trumped-up appeal. The Holmes trial also coincided with the start of the Hinkley trial, tagged by the press as another saga of love and madness. The Patty Hearst case, replete with elements of coercion and forced wrongdoing, completed the trilogy of precedent-setting trials that prepared me for this one.

Throughout the preliminary hearings, Holmes sat with his attorneys, looking alternately haggard and flip, uncomfortable in a Sears Roebuck leisure suit. While the reporters from the *Los Angeles Times, Herald Examiner* and *Daily News* attentively took notes, I felt curiously dazed by the proceedings, as if the courtroom atmosphere had lobotomised me. All I could think about was cocks.

Penis size, when it comes right down to it, is basically a concept of the rational mind. It is quantitative, safely within the orderly realm of reason. In a society thought-



"I'm a plainclothes policeman and I must ask you to accompany me to the movies."

obsessed and feeling-poor, it seemed perfectly all right to measure a man's sex in inches. The finite mind of the male reasoner was comfortable with this because he could grasp it, anally control it. Seen from the intuitive, emotional, female side, though, the whole concept seemed ludicrous. That side wanted soul, passion, exuberance, all those messy qualitative things that pushed sex into the realm of mystery.

Holmes therefore could be considered a victim of a society that could not see body as body, but instead as 12 3/4-inches-when-fully-erect. The Gloria Steinems of the world had finally got what they wanted, a male sex object. Holmes had always denied any gay leanings. "I'm not dead, but I'm not gay either," he told me once. I, however, had in my possession an amazing videotape documenting Holmes making it with a young blonde kid. "I never touched him," Holmes said. You just fucked him, I replied silently. Tiffany Clark, a young porn star who had worked with John, had said she knew for certain he turned both male and female tricks. I tried to imagine the weariness with which Holmes looked at the world. For anyone with a foot-long cock, everyone else was a size queen.

Seeing Holmes in the courtroom, bulbous and tic-ridden, in that pathetic mail-order doubleknit, made me realise if I had that schvantz, I wouldn't be Al Goldstein. I'd get used to standing in the shadow of a huge cock, and pretty soon I'd *be* a shadow. Just like John Holmes.

The months on the lam for Holmes could have potentially been the best of his life. That was the theory, anyway. "I grew a great big ugly beard and hung out," Holmes said. Holmes, freed from the onus of his cock, was unburdened of his public identity. He could have penetrated the real anonymity of America, the anonymity of characters in Kerouac and Twain. And Holmes did lose himself for a while in the wastes of Montana, visiting his sister, changing the plates of his car (oddly enough, legally) and painting it a different color. When the cops were tipped to his presence in Miami, they found him working as a handyman at a local hotel.

Of course, this romantic vision of a glans on the run failed to take into account the ultimate terror of Holmes' position. He had left Los Angeles, he said, because he had been shot at. It's difficult to fix the source of the shots. McCourt — as revenge for the finger? Lind — in the name of Barbara Lee? Eddie Nash? Holmes wasn't inclined to name names.

"There are good guys, bad guys and the in-between, and they are all out for me, one way or another," his wife had quoted him as saying, in an interview she gave to the *LA Times*. That wife was another revelation to me. She seemed to have dropped from the sky into the *Times,* and was even then filing for divorce. I was astonished to find out they had been married for 17 years, although no one in the X-rated biz had known about it. I recall Holmes railing against marriage in the *Screw* interview: "Marriage is wrong. And it always gets messy with marriage. You can't break it off. One out of a thousand marriages breaks off beautifully." I wonder how the former Sharon Gebenini felt about those words, married to Holmes when he said them for all of eight years. According to her *Times* interview, Sharon was getting out because Holmes had run up $30,000 in "household debts" by charging goods to credit cards and then selling them for cash. She also spoke of his fear for Eddie Nash, saying Holmes had called him, "evil incarnate".

The trial itself left Holmes caught between a cock and a hard place. If he testified, he feared he would be killed as a stool pigeon, a canary, a rat — the menagerie of the informer. If he didn't testify, he would be tried for murder — and murder committed during a robbery and mass murder are both capital crimes in California. He would testify and die, or lie and fry. The prosecution, I was relieved to hear, was not asking for the death penalty, but only because they didn't think they could get it. Juries don't like greedy, raptorial prosecutors.

> *If he testified, he feared he would be killed as a stool pigeon, a canary, a rat — the menagerie of the informer. If he didn't, he would be tried for murder.*

The preliminary hearing did not go in Holmes' favor. David Lind and Tracy McCourt, the surviving Dona Lola burglars, testified, as did Frank Tomlinson. Tomlinson was to be the most controversial witness of all. A robbery-homicide detective, he claimed to have taken a sketchy "confession" from Holmes the previous December, although he failed to either tape it or corroborate it by having another cop in the room. He told the court he had feared spooking Holmes and assumed, mistakenly, that he'd be able to get a formal confession later on. Nevertheless, his account was damaging — he said Holmes admitted that he took the murderers to the Wonderland Avenue house, but strongly denied that he had done any of the killing himself. By his own account, Holmes had been the finger, and he had done it, he told Tomlinson, because Eddie Nash wanted revenge and had threatened him and his family. Like a jigsaw puzzle, the pieces of Tomlinson's testimony fit snugly with what Lind and McCourt said about the burglary. Susan Launius — frail, motor-impaired, but still pretty — took the stand, sticking by her "three shadowy figures" story. Through all of this, the Shadow Man himself sat silent, exchanging hate stares with Lind but refusing to testify. When it was over, Judge Nancy Brown decided that there was enough evidence to justify the charges against Holmes.

Brown appointed the firm of Hansen and Egers to defend Holmes before Superior Court Judge Betty Jo Sheldon. Earl Hansen and Mitchell Egers were both USC law graduates and ex-LA prosecutors. They made an effective team: Hansen, the articulate, dapper, grey-haired senior partner, the eloquent debater and consummate strategist; Mitchell Egers, the Jewish intellectual in glasses, the law mechanic. Hansen had made his name in capital punishment defence with the case of William Bonin, the so-called Freeway Killer, accused of murdering 21 people.

The prosecutor was Ronald Coen, a stocky, square-shouldered man who wore the sleeves of his shirts too long and reminded me of a white version of gridiron star-turned-actor Jim Brown. Coen's strategy in the case seemed straightforward enough. Scare the fuck out of John Holmes and force him to finger the real killers. Until he does, keep the pressure up, to the point of trying to prove Holmes actually killed someone.

Hansen and Egers had their hands tied from the beginning. Holmes' fear of the murderers was such that he was talking even less now than he had when he was questioned by police in July. Hansen gave a few smokescreen interviews to the press, saying that he was "encouraging" Holmes to take the stand on his own behalf. Hansen believed Holmes would be destroyed if he testified, but he also knew if the prosecution thought they were going to get a chance at Holmes on the stand, they might neglect other aspects of their case. "John said from the outset he did not wish to testify," Hansen would say later. Holmes' timidity (or good sense) notwithstanding, the defence put out cautious feelers about immunity in exchange for testimony, only to have the move explode in their faces when the defendant issued a public statement from jail vetoing the idea. I have not agreed to testify against anyone, Holmes stated.

It was difficult to tell just who was on trial during the opening arguments in the case. Egers said "fingers of guilt" pointed to Ed Nash; Hansen was quoted as saying Nash was a "spectre" in the proceedings; even the prosecution claimed the murders were Nash's revenge. "It's not a question of who-done-it," wailed Egers. "It's a question of why aren't the perpetrators here."

The lone witness that first Thursday of the trial was David Lind, the Sacramento "bounty hunter" (though he denied the tag) who by chance left the Wonderland Avenue house hours before the murder, supposedly just to "wander around". Asked on the stand for his occupation, Lind said simply

(continued on page 128)

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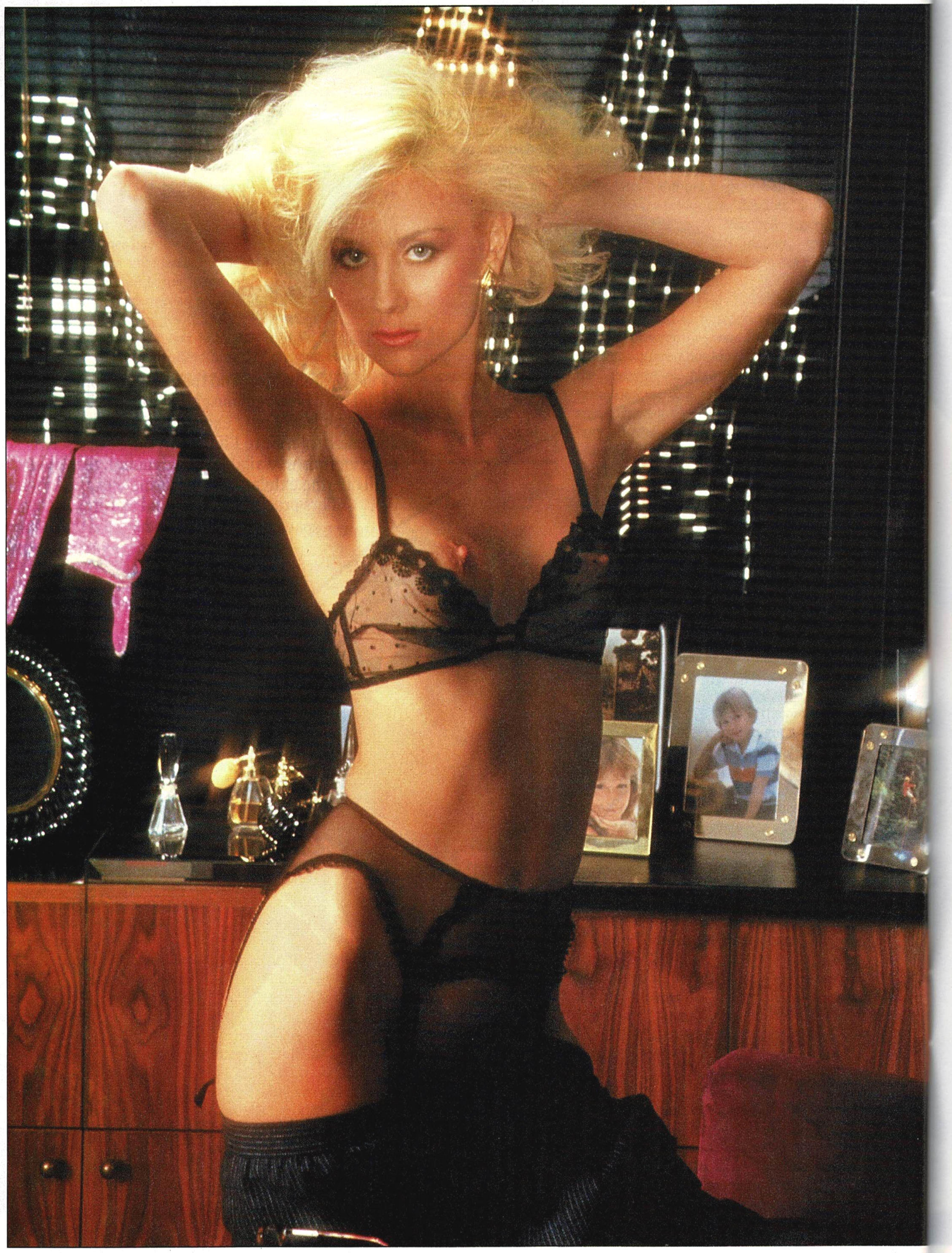
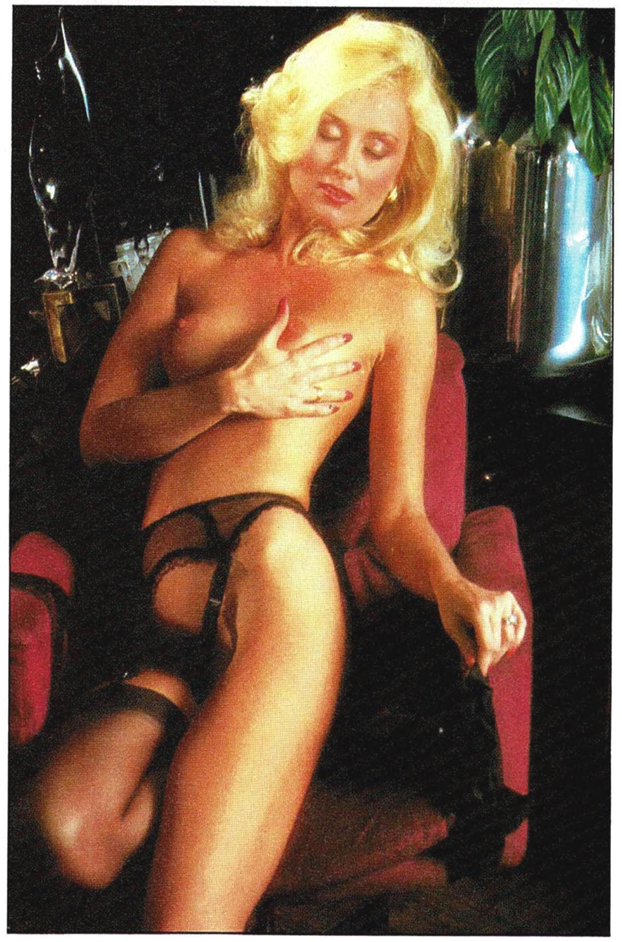


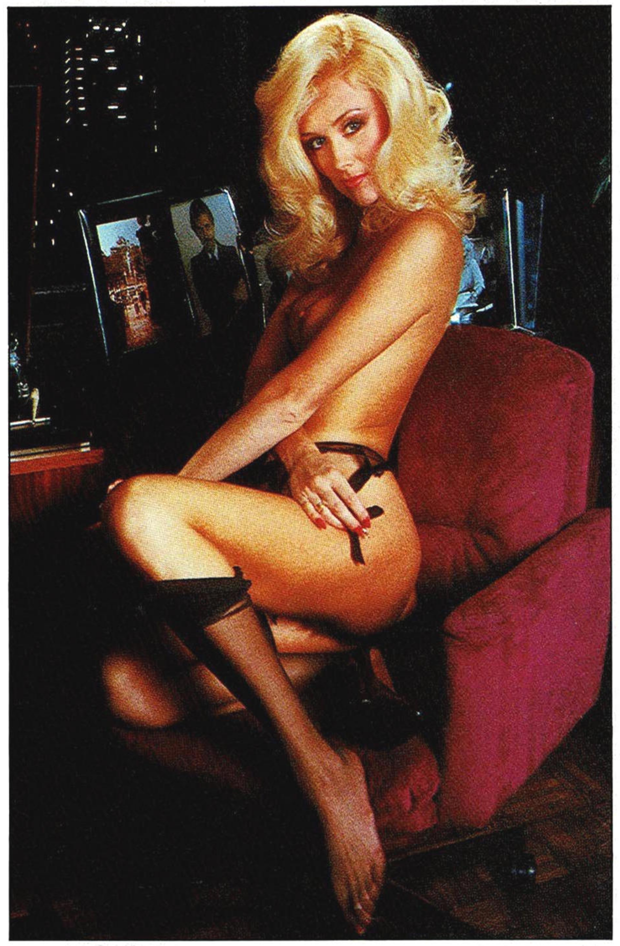
MARINA MEANS BUSINESS

when this sultry young stockbroker talks, people listen — and look

The solid mahogany desk bears one stockbroker's accessories — financial statements and annual reports, a blinking computer monitor, a calendar turned to the correct date and two pink roses in a delicate vase. The triangular name plate reads: MARINA VEROLA. Her suit is navy blue. Her demure white blouse ties in a knot at the base of her neck. "I wear business suits at work. I don't like jeans."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG





What Marina does *like is money. She likes making it, spending a little of it and, most of all, managing huge sums of it for the large stockbroking firm where she works. She's ambitious and professional but also very feminine. "Women have come a long way in the business world," she says, "but we're still in the tunnel looking for the light at the other end." But one thing's for sure, when Miss Verola talks figures, people listen to, and look at, the most attractive money manager we've ever laid eyes on!*

THE HARDER THEY FALL

(continued from page 120)

All my life I had prayed for a bigger dick. Holmes had those few more inches and it gave him nothing.

and fiercely: "I rob." In concise terms, Lind told the court of the burglary at Nash's home that set up the murders. Nash's huge blubbery bodyguard, Greg Diles, had whimpered to the floor after Launius' gun accidentally discharged and left Diles with a powder burn on his thigh. You got the idea Diles was one of those people who'd kill for Nash even if Nash were dead. The primal image of the burglary, though, was Eddie Nash on his knees, praying for his life.

The first of a string of rulings against Holmes and his lawyers came when the trial resumed the following Monday. Yes, the judges said, a 30-minute videotape of the murder scene made just hours after the bludgeoned bodies were discovered was admissible as evidence. Yes, the still pictures made at the same time could also be shown. Judge Sheldon overruled Egers' plea that the tape and the photos would inflame the jury. It was the first time in the history of American jurisprudence that a videotape of a murder scene would be allowed as evidence at a criminal trial.

The next day there was yet another adverse ruling against Holmes: robbery homicide detective Tom Lange was allowed to testify about Holmes being tailed to Eddie Nash's home.

And then, the next day, the ruling that pulled the floor out from under the rug the defence thought it was standing on. Sheldon ruled that Hansen and Egers could not defend Holmes with the argument he was coerced into co-operating with the murderers. Detective Frank Tomlinson once again testified about the private, untaped conversation he had with Holmes, when Holmes had told Tomlinson Nash had gotten hold of Holmes' address book, copied the names of his relatives and told him they would be killed if Holmes informed on Nash to the police. Taking the defence by surprise, Sheldon ruled coercion would not be allowed as a basis for the defence.

The ruling set off a feverish legal battle that sent Hansen and Egers to the state Court of Appeal and delayed the trial for a week. Again, the ruling went against Holmes. Wearily, the defence readied its closing arguments. "There were so many adverse rulings in the case," Hansen recalled, that he decided to rest his case without calling a single witness. He would take his chances with the jury and with some last minute legal manoeuvring. He had gotten a commitment from the judge to limit closing arguments to one day. Coen did a short summation, expecting Hansen to do the same. Instead, Hansen argued eloquently for half a day, leaving little time for Coen's rebuttal. Such legal soft-shoe, Hansen knew, often meant the difference between defeat and victory.

He was not optimistic, however, when the trial went to jury. John was taking a tremendous gamble, Hansen believed. What was held in the balance was the quality of justice versus the quality of mob vengeance. Deep down Hansen believed Holmes innocent, but he knew that this was not what John had based his plea on. Holmes sought to take his chances on court justice because he felt the murderers' vengeance to be a certain thing. It was, in a way, a very cynical decision. Given the rules of law, you might just squirm through.

I saw it differently. I felt sure the jury would convict. The weight of the evidence, coupled with the refusal of the judge to admit duress as a defence, made the jury's decision, in my mind, moot. What fascinated me were the peripheral questions in the case. Had the jury been influenced by Holmes' work in porn? I found it odd that, although none of the jurors had, in the selection process, evinced any prior knowledge of Holmes, Johnny Wadd or any of the Holmes' personas, several had known my name. This according to a clerk who said the jury was impressed that I was in the courtroom.

Holmes himself was another question. All my life I had prayed for a bigger dick — just a few more inches and I would have everything: money, women, success. John Holmes *had* those few more inches and it gave him nothing.

The jury remained out for four days. With each succeeding day, Holmes' chances improved.

The ballots in the juryroom were coming out 9-3 and 8-4 in favor of acquittal. Finally, one of the jurors, a hospital worker named Kathy Wood, noticed and read aloud an instruction from Judge Sheldon: "No person may be convicted unless there is some proof of each element of the crime independent of any confession or admission made by him outside of this trial." That clinched it. The next vote was unanimous. On June 26, 1982, the jury acquitted John Holmes of the Laurel Canyon murders.

The prosecution was outraged. Coen and Lange believed the jury had misread the instructions, that it had been misled about the weight of John's confession to Tomlinson. Holmes' gamble had paid off. He had beaten the system.

Well, not quite. Despite his acquittal, Holmes was kept in jail, first on a stolen property conviction, then on contempt of court charges for refusing to answer the Grand Jury's question about the Wonderland Avenue massacre. Of course, Holmes had other problems to ponder in jail. Word on the street had him finished in porn. Those he hadn't alienated with his drug-induced craziness now shied away because of his association with the murders.

Even I wondered if audiences would want their fantasies acted out by a man involved, even tangentially, with such a gruesome crime.

"John really loves the [porn] business," Hansen told me after an hour-and-a-half session we had with Holmes. Hansen was kind enough to list me as a witness in the Laurel Canyon case, giving me access to Holmes no other journalist had. At first, I didn't understand the reason for this, especially after I told Hansen the story would not necessarily project a favorable picture of Holmes. But his reason became clear: Holmes, in the months he spent in jail, missed the world of porn, the world he had travelled in. Hansen couldn't help him, but I could at least gossip and give him a sense of his world. I was touched by the relationship beween the two men: Hansen would give John cigarette money from his own pocket, and Holmes quite openly considered Hansen a hero.

But even Hansen couldn't protect Holmes from jail. As the months stretched out after the acquittal and John found himself still behind bars, he became more and more frustrated. "He's going to stay there until he tells us what he knows about the Laurel Canyon murders," vowed Ron Coen. Holmes spoke of Coen's "vendetta", his "hatred" for Holmes. "It's political," John said. "Coen knows I didn't do it." Under California law, a person may be jailed for contempt for coercive but not punitive reasons — to force him to testify, in other words, but not punish him for failing to do so. Holmes and his lawyers considered the line crossed early on in the imprisonment, and Holmes went on a hunger strike to call attention to his plight.

Whether or not Holmes lost 15 pounds on the strike — as he says he did — or gained seven — as Coen claims — his future in X-rated films is questionable. He speaks of making a comeback, one "monster" film that would make his name and his fortune. He still considers the smut biz his personal bailiwick. I mentioned an interview I had with Seka recently, in which she claimed, "John was the best lay I ever had." Holmes was more than pleased, he was ecstatic. On my part, since I can't compete with Holmes' enormous cock, I pride myself on my cunnilingus technique — and Seka's persistent praise for Holmes' tongue, *even over his cock,* shook me. "It's true," Holmes told me gleefully, totally forgetting in his excitement that he was still in jail, "I eat pussy like a bull dyke." He was elated at still being a hero in his own world, especially when it involved sexual expertise and not the accident of biology that swung between his legs.

All of which may not help Holmes in the real world of X-raters. "They've turned their back on him, the whole business," maintained smut talent scout Reb Sawitz. "It's sad, and they're a bunch of hypocrites, too scared to work with him." And if Holmes' life in porn is in doubt, his future, period, isn't much better. He was offered the world by the prosecution in return for his testimony: protection, a new identity (but now could he hide that cock?), relocation. He turned it down, and when the government finally runs out of excuses to keep him in jail, he'll have to fend for himself.

The system has apparently caught up with Nash, too. Police made a drug raid on his home nine days after the Wonderland Avenue massacre, and followed up with two others in the months that followed. Those raids resulted in a conviction, and Nash was sentenced to a prison stretch. Nash and Holmes might be behind bars, but Ron Coen claims that the case of the Laurel Canyon murders is still active. "Don't be surprised if we come up with an indictment or two," he said.

The most astounding fact about Holmes, and to me the most significant, came in his interview with probation officers in a case unrelated to Laurel Canyon. He had been caught with a hot word processer, and after the Laurel Canyon trial, he was convicted on stolen property charges. Incredibly, he told probation officers he was the lead actor in *Deep Throat*. Astonishing: here was the man who has what I have always wanted, had what I thought would make my life a continuous climax, and he winds up exhibiting a secret wish to be Harry Reems, an anachronistic once-was porn actor! *Deep Throat* was, of course, the most spectacularly successful porn flick of all time, the film the straight public thinks of when it thinks of porn, and Holmes evidently, pathetically, was trying to key into that.

I remember one of the times I saw him when he was still in jail. He was quietly exultant, but seemed oddly jumpy to me when I remembered his pre-trial languor. We spoke of my victory in the Kansas City obscenity case.

"That's what makes us alike," Holmes said softly. "We're both winners. Sometimes the good guys win." His eyes were glittering, unfocused. Christ, I thought, how was he getting it in jail? Holmes spotted the watch which I had on, a garish, gold-and-gem encrusted monstrosity mounted around a Mickey Mouse dial face.

"You give gold a bad name, Goldstein. I wouldn't be caught dead on the streets with you."

I asked about a large diamond Holmes used to wear as a ring, a sort of trademark, visible in many of his films. It was his signature, and a phrase tossed about on Holmes was that he wore "a diamond as big as his dick".

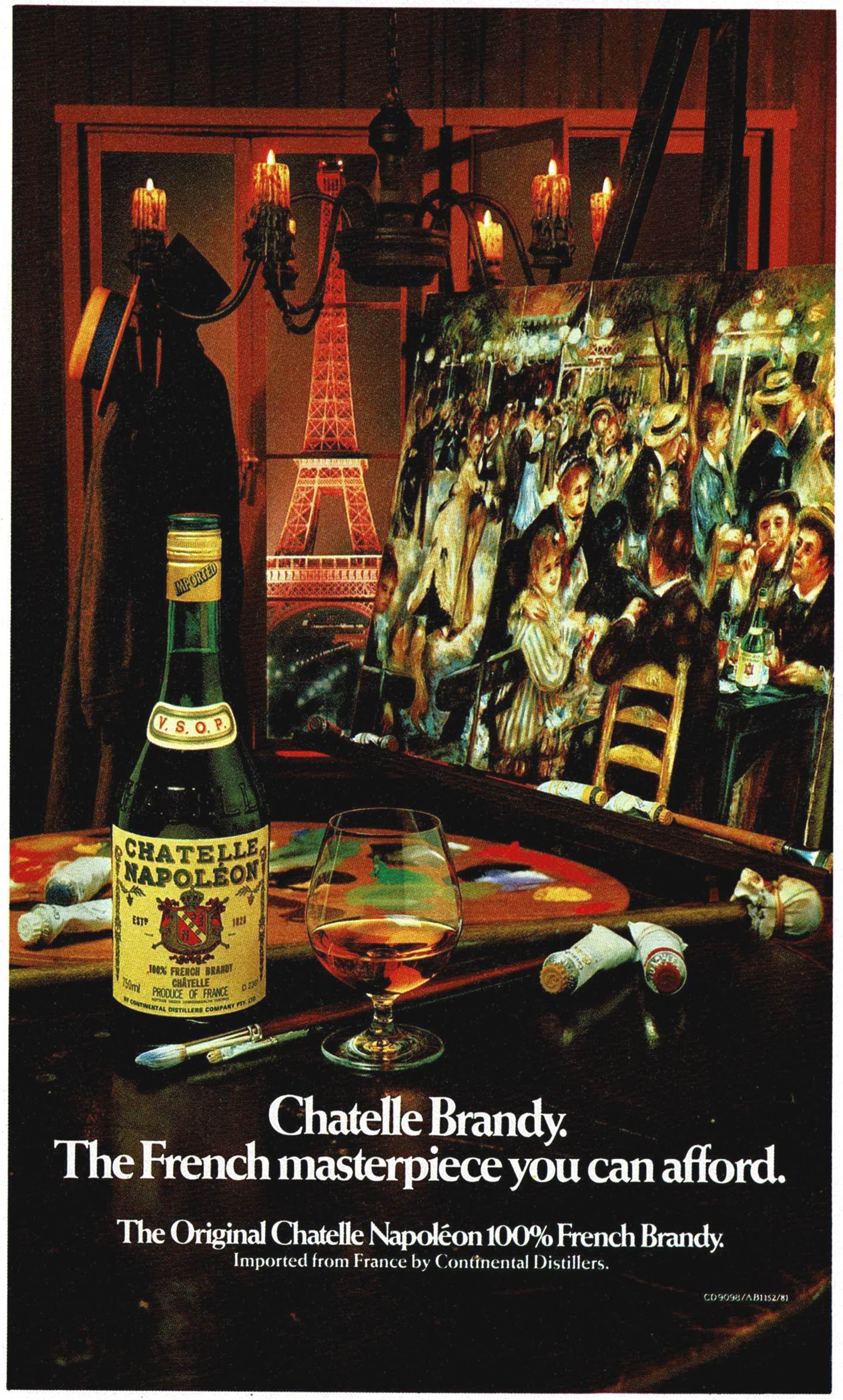
"Gone," Holmes said. "With the rest of it. Up my nose in a couple of toots." Drugs had stolen the man's only identifiable characteristic outside his pants.

"So it was all coke, John? This whole thing?"

Holmes looked away, and I knew if he said yes, it would be a lie. John's whole life, from Ohio to Hollywood, had been more or less twisted, and coke was more of a facilitator than a cause. He was one of Susan Launius' "shadow figures". Laurel Canyon was cut of the same fabric as the rest of Holmes' existence. A quote from Bruce Jay Friedman, the playwright, floated into my mind: "Don't let that little frankfurter run your life." You've got to hold up something more than a shadow to all this light. John Holmes couldn't manage much more than that, the overpowering shadow of a foot-long cock, hiding an empty, suggestible, characterless persona. He had brought this shadow around, worse yet, had brought it in front of the klieg lights. He was disappearing from me, dissolving in some sort of solvent of untruth. Would I exchange places? My shrink had persisted. No way. *I'll take my failures.*

"Was it coke, John?" I repeated, acting the shrink myself.

Through the mask of prison plexiglass, the unfocused eyes narrowed painfully, but John Holmes was silent.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DAZE AT THE RACES

for mania, a picnic race is hard to beat

Someone wore tweeds to Bong Bong last year, and it was the weirdest sight on the hill. *Nobody* wears tweeds to Bong Bong anymore. Frilly pink tutus

words and photos by steve bunk

are acceptable if you're male (in fact, I spotted a half-dozen hairy dolls in tandem, tutus demurely raised as their owners killed a big oak with recycled Tooheys); T-shirts may be okay, depending on the slogan; tattoos are a nice touch; women in motor cycle gear and, of course, all things searingly polyester are safe, but *tweeds*... tweeds at the Bong Bong picnic races are the ultimate eccentricity.

Closely followed, of course, by an actual picnic. This doesn't mean that food isn't brought along, and more or less consumed, but it's bad form to assemble it on paper plates on a chequered cloth. Better to eat it from the box or tin it came in. For the dandy who insists on ground cover, a shirt will do (*her* shirt is preferable), but best of all is just to float the chicken chunks in the wine. After your repast, a consecration: scatter the bones to the four winds, give all cans one crunch, tear up bags and other greasy receptacles, put the lot in a pile and lie down on it.

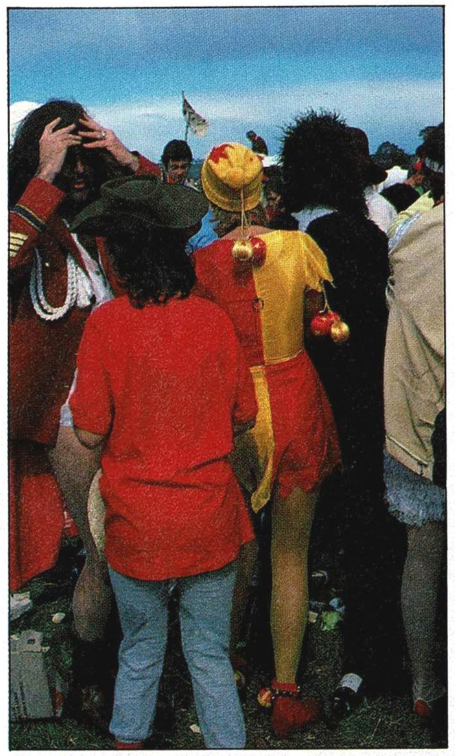
By then, it should be about time for the fourth race. Look for a bookie's umbrella, note the thief's name and station yourself within sight of him, just in case Each Way actually does come in on the nose. But let's face it, the races are secondary. These nags are in even worse shape than at a country meet (except for the occasional ringer who shows up at a picnic race and invariably is loaded with weight enough to break a mule), the jocks are tubby semi-pros and the bettors generally conduct their business as an afterthought. You can "hire" a jock for the day and check now and then to see if his colors led the field, but of primary concern is to drink as much booze as fast as possible.

The difficulty (or ease) of finding somewhere to oust the used brew is proportionate to how much of it you've drunk. For example, back beyond the cars, among halls of buses in lavatorial green and yellow, can be found numerous large, inviting tyres. Late in the day, these *pissoirs* may be preferable to the portable "convenience" — which by now has become a catwalk adrift on a foul stain, a leaky tent pegged on the stench of low tide, a really stinko place — but *very* late in the day, just about anywhere will do.

Finding a place to picnic is equally difficult (or easy). At Bong Bong, the kingpin of picnic races, which draws anywhere from 15,000 to 30,000 enthusiasts annually (depending on which townsfolk you talk to), a place to picnic is usually against the hub of a four-wheeler. Here, people mince past in their comic-book finery, cameras goggle from every cranny, and the herd instinct celebrates one of its most unabashed moments.

By the seventh race, everyone has gravitated to the hill at the centre of the track, the only vantage point from which you can see most of the race. Since the track runs in a circle around the bottom of the hill, from track-level you can watch the beginning or the end of the race, but not both. However, if it's a long race, you get to see the field go by once, then lope past you again sometime later. I suppose if you watched the start of a race, then ran over the crest of the hill, you might catch a glimpse of the horses in the back stretch, but the satisfaction gained would be far outweighed by the hazards of reaching the hilltop.

Shaped like a giant green head, the hill is lousy with bodies. Those not sprawled are parading, their tentacles and plumage bedraggled now in a swirl of booze, piss and bones. As the last race ends, the loudspeaker's unintelligible monotone ceases, a few bookies start packing up below, and four-wheelers begin to inch about on the grassy park place. These are drivers who arrived the night before, or very early in the morning. Their vigil has been rewarded with a parking spot close to the track; now they queue complacently, behind streams of generally less-shiny vehicles which arrived later and therefore can get out earlier. At the edges of the fields surrounding the track, other late-arrivals are departing as they came: delicately, between strands of barbed wire. Back on the hill, the hard-core picnickers still rage. But before nightfall, this place will be no more than a quiet bump of grass-cum-refuse dump — the carcass of a damned good time.



This is the sort of good time to have maybe once a year. Although you wouldn't want to deal with so much desperate hilarity on a regular basis, it's great as an occasional reminder that a bunch of strangers still can get together in these troubled days and have nothing but fun, booze, the odd fistfight and a joyous tidal wave of bodily elimination.

Does all this make picnic races sound like weak excuses for entirely too much alcoholic consumption and the display, nay, celebration, of shocking etiquette? Friggin' right. But, forsooth, they're not all like Bong Bong. For the staid and mannerly among you (insert belching and farting noises here), let it be said that most picnic races are almost genteel in comparison to the odd grotesquerie such as the Bong Bong or Birdsville races. Which, of course, is why Bong Bong and Birdsville have become the media events, the annual "flame stories" of the genre. Together, these two meets have ridden the crest of the media's obsession with spectacle to dizzying heights of blatant bad taste. Of course, it all smells of a self-fulfilling prophecy — people become particularly ridiculous at these events simply because it's expected — but that doesn't make it any the less awesome.

Meanwhile, the cultural underpinning of much more tidy days in the sun continues apace. To prove it, here are a few soon-to-come races where you can get as gracefully drunk as an adult *without* having to dress like a kid:

GETTING THERE

New South Wales — May: 13th at Castlereagh, 12km south of Richmond and accessible from Sydney via the Great Western Highway; 16th at Wean, near Tamworth; 27th at Dubbo and at Moree. June: 3rd at Talmoi, near Tamworth; 15th at Narrabri.

Victoria — May: 21st at Pakenham, 57km south-east of Melbourne on the Princes Highway; 26th at Yea, 37km south-east of Seymour on the Goulburn Valley Highway; June: 13th at Yarra Glen, for the Queen's Birthday long weekend.

Queensland — Since the State has no Picnic Racing Association, a list of such events has not been compiled. However, the big race of the Queensland season happens the first Friday and Saturday in September (the 2nd and 3rd this year) at Birdsville. This hamlet being 191km south of Mt Isa in the middle of nowhere, it's advisable to fly rather than drive. For details of other State meets, contact the Downs, North Queensland and Central Queensland Racing Associations.

South Australia — All clubs in this State also are independent and no official betting is allowed at picnic races, which are held from May through the end of the year. Registered meetings are held on Saturdays and public holidays, and picnic races on Sundays. Mark "Coober Pedy" on your calendar for the Labor Day long weekend (October 8-10 this year) because that three-day meet is one of the gems of the State's picnic race schedule, complete with a formal ball on Saturday night. This is another spot best reached by air, Coober Pedy being 620km north-west of Port Augusta. A list of other State meets is not available, but specific questions may be addressed to the South Australia Jockey Club.

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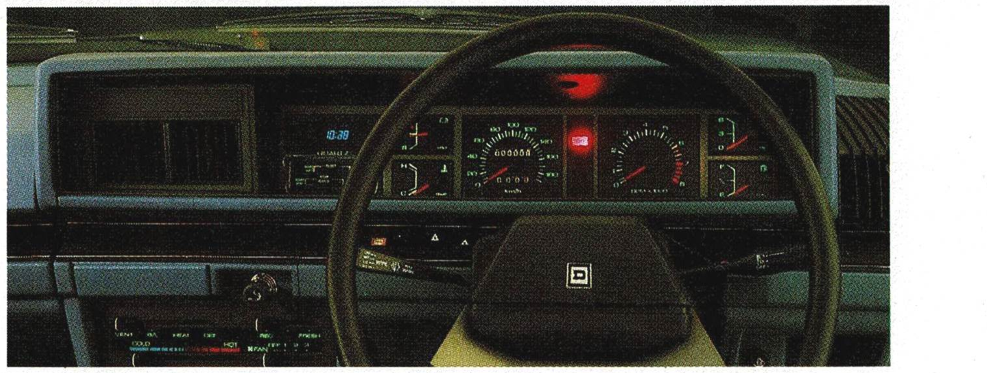

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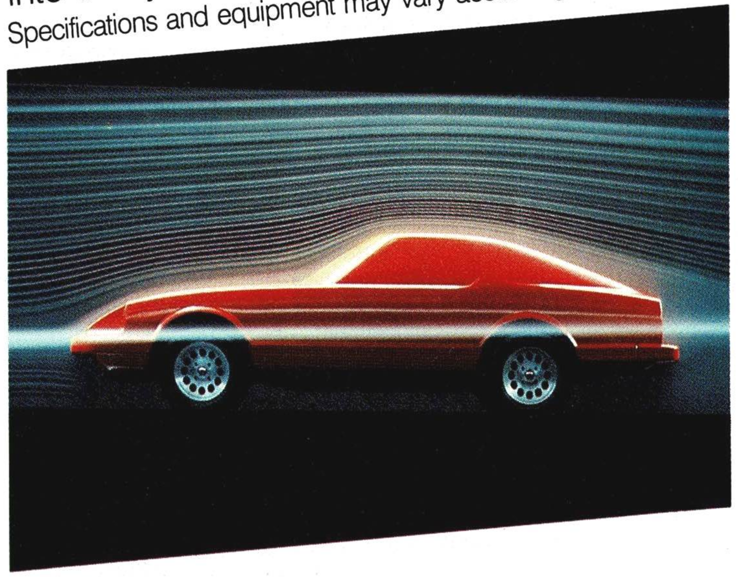

NISSAN/DATSUN ONE AND THE SAME

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DON CHIPP

(continued from page 107)

He (Fraser) was devoid of humor. He was suspicious of everyone. . . I felt very sorry for him.

they don't see us as a credible government, I have to take specific issues and identify them as problems facing the country and tell them what the Democrats can do to alleviate the problems.

PLAYBOY: Was the Democrats' failure to post significant gains at the last elections a great concern to Don Chipp?

CHIPP: That is of no consequence to me. I've still got enough fire in my gut to get angry about what is not being done for the country. But if the people tell me through the ballot box to go away, to leave them in peace, then so be it. We live in a democracy and that is the people's right. If they do, I'll feel they are being bloody foolish, selfish and short-sighted, but I've had enough kicks in my guts during my career to become used to them. God knows I can enjoy what is left of my life without politics.

PLAYBOY: The Democrats are obviously not yet as broadly based as you would want?

CHIPP: No we aren't. We haven't, for example, even begun to tap the trade union movement which still solidly supports Labor. Australians are basically conservative and trade unionism is just as conservative in its outlook as the members of the Melbourne Club. Trade unionists have been brought up on an "us and them" basis — "us", the Labor Party and "them", the hated Liberals. A third party seems an irrelevance to them and it is going to take a long time to change that view. We are trying to blaze a trail in what is really a political wilderness. Our present political structures were born of that time which prompted your first question when workers grovelled in the dust for work tokens. It was then that the die was cast for the "us and them" syndrome which is now a permanent part of the political fabric. We are trying to cut deeply into that fabric to take the "us and them" syndrome out of the structure. Because of Australians' notorious conservatism, that is going to be extraordinarily difficult.

PLAYBOY: During the last election, you introduced new words to the political lexicon by calling for honesty, morality and decency in government. If you genuinely want to govern, can you do so by adhering to such old-fashioned political concepts?

CHIPP: The three tenets I introduced when forming the Democrats were honesty, tolerance and compassion. Everybody thought that it was very funny to try and introduce *one* of those, let alone three. After my 17 years in the House, it was clear that dishonesty, intolerance and a total lack of compassion had been integral features of politics for many years. I'd been there and clearly it was not the system to cure Australia of its ills. Instead of confrontationism and points-scoring, why not introduce tolerance and honesty, to, say, industrial relations? Surely it would open up a whole vista of new possibilities.

But it all boils down to a question of what Australians want of their politicians. I'll tell you what you want: you don't want *anything* because you regard them as sons of bitches interested only in either feathering their own nests or self-aggrandisement. I believe that until we get back to the basic concepts of understanding what the problems facing mankind are, and how best we can solve them, then we may as well go through the motions of me drawing my parliamentary salary, making a few speeches and not really giving a stuff about anything.

PLAYBOY: Maybe our cynicism is too deeply ingrained, but are you saying that there is no room for deals, no white lies for the Democrats?

CHIPP: No. In the two years in which we have held the balance of power, many deals have been offered us. The record shows we haven't accepted one.

PLAYBOY: Are you being naive in believing the people will accept you and believe in you as the white crusader?

CHIPP: There is no hope of them doing that. They won't do it because they want a crusader or they want to give up their evil ways. My only hope is that they will do it for a logical reason — self-preservation.

PLAYBOY: The balance of power has brought you the responsibility you so earnestly sought. Do you feel you and your fellow senators have always measured up to that responsibility?

CHIPP: Oh yeah. I don't mean we haven't made mistakes. Of course we have. I'm very pleased and proud of what my colleagues and I have been able to do with limited resources.

PLAYBOY: How do you respond to those who have accused the Democrats of vacillating on key issues?

CHIPP: If you mean that we have changed our minds on certain issues and have been seen to be changing our minds, then my answer is unhesitatingly and proudly, yes. If you are asking if there have been times when we have publicly and palpably agonised over which way we will respond to certain Government or Liberal Party initiatives, the answer is again unashamedly and proudly, yes. And, praise God, may we continue to vacillate. Some of the most unfortunate creatures we have in Australian parliaments are those people who cannot and will not change their minds, who shoot from the hip and stick to a stance long after they have been proven wrong. I have been persuaded to change my mind by the force of debate in the chamber itself and so have my colleagues. I'm proud of that.

PLAYBOY: Inevitably, you can expect the Democrats to be the target for dirty tricks in an election campaign. Do those dirty tricks do you irreparable harm, given your limited resources to respond and deny?

CHIPP: The Liberal Party told deliberate, wilful lies about us at the 1980 election. We spent $13,000 challenging those lies in the High Court. Unfortunately the High Court ruled against us, virtually saying that you can tell any lies you wish about an opponent in an election campaign. By doing so, in my view, they set a precedent by virtually excluding politicians from the law of defamation.

PLAYBOY: I suppose Malcolm Fraser was as adept as anyone else at pulling dirty tricks out of the hat?

CHIPP: Yes.

PLAYBOY: How does your view of Fraser today differ from when you resigned from the party?

CHIPP: I had been very close to him for 17 years. In fact we shared an office for two years. I got drunk with him, all sorts of things. And my feeling from the start was that he was the last sort of bloke that I wanted anything to do with. I had a plain antipathy toward him. He offended me in almost everything he did and said.

PLAYBOY: A bloke you can get drunk with can't be all that bad.

CHIPP: It only happened once — we finished off a bottle of whisky when we were bunked in the one Melbourne room waiting to go aboard USS *Enterprise.* Since 1977 I had felt terribly and deeply sorry for him because he was totally friendless. He didn't know the richness of a close human relationship. He was devoid of humor. He was suspicious of everyone for fear of what they wanted of him. So, on a personal basis, I felt very sorry for him.

On the plus side I learned to respect and admire his nerves of steel. He had iron in his guts and you have to give him credit for that. I was contemptuous of the way in which he treated people like statistics. An announcement of an increase in unemployment did not affect him at all.

PLAYBOY: Yet you seem to have an ambivalent attitude toward him — an attitude which ranges between contempt and charity and comes down heavily on the side of pity.

CHIPP: I always have — except when he kicked me in the guts. When I first went to Canberra, one of the things that hit me was the feeling of hate exuded by so many people. So I wouldn't end up as bitter and twisted as them, I invented this device of feeling pity whenever I started to hate someone. You can't hate — or love — anyone whom you pity. I have used that device in my relationship with Fraser, especially when he publicly announced that I was going to be a minister in his 1975 Government and then went back to his office and let it be known I was going to be dropped.

That was pretty despicable stuff. Not many blokes can look you in the eye, tell you you are going to be a minister and then go straight to their office and leak it to the press that you have been dropped.

PLAYBOY: Did he do it that way because he saw you as an electoral asset?

CHIPP: There is no question about that. To have publicly ditched me before the election would have been a political minus. You have to remember that the 1975 team that went to the polls after the trauma of the Kerr affair didn't contain many popular faces. There were Anthony, Sinclair and Nixon, Fraser and Lynch — none of them too popular.

PLAYBOY: Your greatest disappointment must have been when Fraser scrapped the Labor health scheme which you had publicly supported on the hustings?

CHIPP: Had I been made a minister, I would like to think that I would have had the morality and guts to have resigned as soon as those promises were broken. But who knows? Maybe the ministerial salary, the car and all that bullshit might have been enough to make me forget my conscience.

One of the things I admired most about Hayden's health policies was the Australian Assistance Plan, which recognised communities and assisted each of 75 communities throughout Australia to form a committee which would have a chief executive officer paid by the Federal Government. It was a marvellous concept, truly liberal in character.

It was very popular among swinging voters and I'd come out and said it was the most exciting social experiment ever tried in Australia. During the campaign, I went to the Prime Minister and the caretaker cabinet and said I'd heard rumors that the AAP was to be ditched. I told them I didn't want it ditched and said to do so would be political suicide. I told them I was prepared to put my personal reputation on the line by releasing a press statement announcing that we would retain the plan. I got Cabinet approval and the release went out.

The very first thing Fraser did when he was elected was to cancel the Australian Assistance Plan.

PLAYBOY: Despite all this, you later found it necessary to defend Fraser against the "purveyors of raw sewage" in the Canberra Press Gallery.

CHIPP: That had nothing to do with Malcolm Fraser. It happened when I was recovering from my heart attack at which time, I am now told, your emotions are more easily stirred. I used words then that I would not use today, but, let's be fair, I made it clear I was talking about a very small percentage of the gallery.

I was angry about two or three journalists, whom I won't name. One of the sons of bitches heard in a bar that Fraser had cancer. He spread it to another journalist and it became a Page One story in

"I thought
he was glib
until he said
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certain newspapers and on every news bulletin. That was while CHOGM was in progress, when our Prime Minister, no matter what his motivations, was taking an initiative and trying to maintain and preserve world peace. While he was doing that, a minority section of the press was trying to white ant him, to make him a total lame duck.

PLAYBOY: So you were defending the office rather than the man?

CHIPP: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: I would have thought the press had been pretty kind to you during your career. Have you since regretted that outburst?

CHIPP: As long as you appreciate that I was referring to only a small section of the gallery, I don't regret it and I don't retreat from the position I took. I would not now use those words. I would have used words like "reprehensible". The words I did use were emotive, the kind of words one often thinks but doesn't say.

PLAYBOY: Given the distance that your fellow Democrats hastened to put between themselves and your remarks, didn't those remarks about the press harm the Democrats' cause?

CHIPP: No, I think it did a lot of good. I got scores of letters of commendation, from people congratulating me for damning what some described as one of the lowest pieces of journalism they had seen. However it probably harmed the Democrats' relations with the press.

PLAYBOY: But with your fellow senators coming out and virtually apologising for you, surely people would have been excused for gaining the impression that there was a schism in the ranks?

CHIPP: They did what you say and I have no doubt that your conclusions are right in some respects.

PLAYBOY: I suppose their disassociation of themselves from your remarks was typical of the Democrats' unilateral approach to politics. Are there any vital issues on which the Democrats will speak from a platform of consensus?

CHIPP: I take it you are asking if we are prepared to submerge our personal ideals for the sake of consensus? On degree, yes, but not on principle. Unlike the disciplines of physics, the blacks and whites are rare in politics. The greys are constant. Very few things in politics are absolutely right or wrong and, quite often, concepts meet head on. Let me give you a classic example as far as the Democrats are concerned. We believe in changing the tax base from income tax to indirect taxation because we think that is a fairer way of distributing the load. The exception is sales tax on the necessities of life such as food, clothing, footwear. So while our philosophy on taxation is quite clear, we are also bound by statutory declarations not to block supply or money bills that would prevent a government from governing properly. So when it came to the 1982 Budget, we had to decide what were the necessities of life in weighing the new sales tax provisions, and whether denying the Government revenue of $53 million in the overall budget would prevent it governing properly.

PLAYBOY: Have there been times when you have thought you might have been too hasty in committing yourself to statutory declarations?

CHIPP: In 1980, I asked the people to give us the balance of power to keep the bastards honest. Now I believe it wasn't fair to ask for that awesome responsibility unless I gave some commitment and safety valves. I told the people I felt it would be wrong for a minority party to expect that power and retain the right to kick a government out of office. So we said we will knock back legislation to keep government honest, but we would relinquish the power to kick out the government. I don't think the voters would have given us the balance of power without our personal undertaking to clip our wings.

PLAYBOY: But surely if the Democrats win sufficient seats in both houses to become a major force, those self-imposed shackles will become an embarrassment?

CHIPP: Of course. But those undertakings were given only in the context of us winning seats in the Upper House. If we expand our base and win seats in the Lower House, that will create an entirely different situation.

PLAYBOY: Modern politics has taken its toll on yourself and your peers in premature death, and debilitating illness. Is modern political life too rough on the individual?

CHIPP: That would depend on the individual. I hesitate to name anyone because I don't want to get your magazine involved in a defamation suit, and because I want to be fair. But take Doug Anthony. Doug would probably say more outrageous things than any other politician. And he cops his fair share of ridicule and horse laughs from the Press Gallery. But he doesn't give a damn. He thrives on it. But you take a sensitive person who has a wife who can't cope with the kids, and who needs the constant support he can't give because he is not there, who is sensitive to press criticism and who resents injustices. They're the sorts of things that kill more politicians than anything else. A person who cannot cope with injustices is certainly a candidate for some kind of political accident, whether it be a broken marriage, a breakdown in communication with his children, illness or whether he is finally destroyed by the press.

PLAYBOY: Given the kind of animal into which politics has developed, isn't this going to attract the wrong kind of people to lead Australia?

CHIPP: Absolutely. Name one prominent Australian in the last 10 years — Labor or Liberal — who has made it in his own right as a national, household name, who has given up all that to become a back-bencher? It would help to change the system, but that means changing the Constitution which the people will never do, to give back-benchers

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more power, more authority, more respect. I'm not suggesting a higher salary, but a place in society more comparable to a US back-bencher.

Our Constitution says you cannot be a minister unless you are a member of Parliament. The US Constitution says you cannot be a minister if you are an MP. This means that when an American back-bencher is appointed to one of the congressional committees, he becomes a very important person with lots of political clout and, therefore, the position will attract leaders in industry, commerce, trade unionism, journalism — from the whole spectrum of people interested in getting into politics. They get to where the action is in their first session.

But in Australia you are a nobody, who, if he keeps his nose clean and toes the party line, might, if he is lucky, graduate to the front bench after six or nine years.

PLAYBOY: By your definition, honesty, integrity and morality are the great casualties in Australian politics. Why do you single out the NSW Government as being more corrupt than any other?

CHIPP: It is photo-finish between it and the Queensland Government. I am not talking about corruption involving criminal elements in Queensland. The Queensland Government is corrupt in terms of power.

PLAYBOY: Why is the NSW Government more corrupt than the Victorian Government? Plenty of crime seems to take place in Victoria.

CHIPP: I was intimately involved in the detail of heroin busts when I was Minister for Customs because I had to sign pieces of paper authorising the release of $20,000 to be taken out by agents and used for the purchase of drugs. The information I got led me to my conclusions about corruption in NSW. No good purpose would be served by going into more detail.

PLAYBOY: The corruption, then, has existed in both NSW Liberal and Labor Governments?

CHIPP: Yes. I'm not concerned about the political color of a corrupt politician. They wear all colors.

PLAYBOY: So the present government has inherited the corruption.

CHIPP: Yes. I am not going to lay the full blame on a few bent coppers. Of course politicians are on the take. What makes me so worried is that when ordinary people can't trust the law makers and the law enforcers, crime can spread through an entire community like a disease. The ordinary people say that if it is good enough for the politicians and the police, then it is good enough for them. You have a total erosion of the values we profess to hold so near and dear.

PLAYBOY: What's your answer to stopping the favorite breeding grounds of organised crime such as gambling and drugs?

CHIPP: If something illegal is being carried on in the community, you stamp it out, you continue police harassment to such an extent that activity is minimal or you legalise it. My views on the legalisation of abortion up to three months into pregnancy, cannabis, gambling and prostitution are well known. Does anyone still believe that you can stamp any of the four out? I don't think even the Rev Fred Nile believes you can. Thus, if they can't be stamped out, the only honest approach is to legalise and control them.

PLAYBOY: You are excluding the heavy drugs?

CHIPP: I would legalise heroin, too, and make it available only on prescription from a qualified medical practitioner to persons diagnosed as being addicts.

PLAYBOY: So until someone grasps the nettle legislatively, we are simply going to have to live with drug abuse, illegal gambling and vice?

CHIPP: Yes, but in this discussion we haven't really gone into the extent of corruption these illegal activities generate. We are not talking about penny-ante corruption. If my figures are right — and no one has challenged them — organised crime is making profits of $700 million a year in Australia — $250 million from heroin, $250 million from cannabis and $200 million from gambling. Now if you talk of profits of that magnitude — three times the profit of Telecom — no judge, no magistrate, no politician is safe. Is the moral fibre of Australians so much stronger than our American cousins? Everything I am prophesying has already happened in the US. A politician, a policeman, a magistrate, judge or journalist might be incorruptible when offered a bribe of $5000. But is he or she still incorruptible when the bribe is hiked to $200,000? And that sort of money is petty cash to some of our criminals.

PLAYBOY: What is your vision splendid for Australia?

CHIPP: To have equality of opportunity for all Australians. That is a 20-year program. I'm thinking mainly of the kids in areas like Sydney's western suburbs.

PLAYBOY: I seem to recall a Government coming to power in 1972 with a similar philosophy.

CHIPP: Exactly.

PLAYBOY: If you achieve your ultimate ambition and the Democrats come to power, will you be Prime Minister?

CHIPP: Yes I would, because one and one make two.

PLAYBOY: When the time comes for you to bow out of politics, for what would you like to be remembered?

CHIPP: It's funny, but that question has never been asked of me. I don't really give a damn whether Australians remember me or not — and that is an honest answer. The only exception would be what they say about me to my kids. That is the only care I have about being remembered.

And I hope they say that he was an honest bastard who tried.

RECORD YOUR OWN

so you wanna be a rock'n'roll star. step one is get on a disc

THE
Pimply
Youths

ANYBODY who has ever had an interest in music, no matter how fleeting, at some time has probably thought: "Hey, *I* could do that."

No worries, you say, where do I pick up my first big fat royalty cheque? Well, of course, first you have to make this record, and basically there are only two routes to this goal. You could either secure a contract with a record company, or you could do it all by yourself.

A recording contract does not necessarily guarantee stardom, but it certainly puts your foot in the door. Unfortunately, they are not very easy to get. Especially in these times of recession, when some industry sources have stated that record sales have dropped as much as 40 percent in the last 12 months.

This does not stop many hopeful stars from sending in their prized tapes to the record companies, though. Talk to any A&R (Artist and Repertoire) manager and he will burden you with tales of the mountains of cassettes in his office.

These recordings range over the whole gamut of style, quality and presentation. They are a constant source of amusement for record company personnel and some become legendary within the industry. A couple of years ago, one enterprising young soul submitted a videotape of himself performing one of his sure-fire hits to a number of companies. A&R men were impressed by the elaborate expense of it all. Estimates of the cost rose to $20,000. But they were not impressed by the music. No one signed him and he returned to obscurity with a huge dent in his bank balance.

Assuming that the record companies are not beating down your door to get your signature on the dotted line, and that you cannot readily lay your hands on 20 grand to make a big splash, what are your options if you still want that contract? The A&R managers, who are responsible for signing new talent, have a relatively small area in which they scout. If you are not playing the major clubs and hotels in Sydney and Melbourne which these men frequent, then they will probably never hear about you.

It appears your only hope of being noticed is to record a demo tape, mail it in to all the record companies, and hope for the best.

So we are back at square one? Not quite. There is an alternative. You could make a record all by yourself. With one flourish of a pen, you could set up your own record label, appoint yourself as A&R manager, and sign yourself to a lifetime deal. (Or more importantly, until someone makes a better offer.)

All you need, apart from a firm belief in your own talent, is money. It is certainly not a new pastime. People have been doing it for years. America's first independent record companies began during World War II to cater to the neglected black audience, while Australia has had a healthy tradition of independent labels dating from the late '50s.

The difference is that now it is easier to make your own record. For instance, EMI Custom Pressing in Sydney will do everything from recording to pressing your piece of immortality. If they like it they might also distribute and promote your vinyl masterpiece. What is more, it is relatively inexpensive. For as little as $1000 you could record, mix, cut and press 1000 copies of your very own single, each one with a printed label blaring your name. You've made it!

The Things thought that. This teeming Sydney group, who average about 13 members, decided to raise their profile after a year or more of sporadic playing around the city's less notable venues. A record seemed to be the answer. Their MC Pat Sheil, describes the group as a "Kenneth Clark tour of the last 30 years of popular music, with the accent on the last six months".

Late in 1982 The Things entered one of the better Sydney studios and 15 hours later emerged with two tracks: Sing With The Things and Cruel Bong. Their folly cost them approximately $350. Fortunately, friends of theirs own the studio and so gave them a discount rate. Otherwise, the bill would have been closer to $1000. The mixing of the songs from the original two-inch tape down to the quarter-inch master tape cost an additional $200. (This total expense could have been halved if they had used a less sophisticated studio.)

The Things then realised the original mix was unsatisfactory. So they took the tape to another leading Sydney studio to be remixed. This should have cost around $500, but again the group was able to inveigle a friend to do it for free.

All in all, the whole enterprise cost the group around $1600. But their singles weren't in a record store. For this you need a distributor.

The Things contracted an independent operation, Hot Records, to undertake this duty. The record is now selling in the shops for $3, of which the group receives $1.50.

A simple grasp of mathematics will soon inform you that if will be a miracle if The Things ever recoup their investment.

Five young girls, who only last year completed HSC at Sydney's Presbyterian Ladies College, discovered how sublime the power of records can be. Calling themselves The Debutantes, they produced 1000 copies of their debut single, Adolescent Love, for a total cost of roughly $1000 (by using less expensive facilities and packaging than The Things). Within two days they had sold every copy to their friends at PLC and other North Shore schools, and actually made a small profit.

More importantly, on the strength of this single The Debutantes now look like signing with one of Australia's larger independent record companies.

Perhaps you've already heard the story of the young truckdriver. One day he wandered into a small recording studio in his home town to make a record as a birthday present for his mother.

His name was Elvis Presley. Enough said.

— KENT GODDARD

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SPORT INJURIES

knowing what to do on the spot may prevent long-term damage

ASK THE AVERAGE top-flight sportsman what he fears most, and he will usually nominate injury and losing, in that order. Both can hurt, but with injury comes the additional problem of handicapping his income for the time he spends out of the game. The treatment of sport injuries has become a refined business with much more emphasis now placed on attending to the problem as soon as it occurs. Accurate diagnosis and correct treatment administered immediately are recognised as critical factors in returning a player to full fitness in the shortest possible time. For this reason, many clubs reserve a place on their reserves' bench for skilled physiotherapy staff and even specialists.

The average lower grade competitors, embracing the vast bulk of Australian sportsmen, cannot afford such luxury. Consequently, when a tendon tears or a cartilage caves in, nobody is likely to know what has happened or what to do about it. Worst of all, without any form of diagnosis, the player is likely to continue playing despite the injury, possibly causing irreparable damage.

Coaches or managers can do their teams a big favor by improving their knowledge on the basic diagnosis and treatment of sports injuries. A sensible starting point is the purchase of a basic sports injury kit. This can be assembled on the advice of a doctor for an outlay of about $20, or a ready-assembled package such as the Kwik Kare sports injury kit can be purchased. The Kwik Kare kit is notable because it was designed by experts, comes in a durable plastic valise and is economically priced at $15. It offers immediate first aid items for the most common sporting injuries, and basic treatment instructions are clearly printed on the valise.

The majority of injuries are to ankles, knees, fingers, thighs and shoulders. These often involve bruises, sprains and strains. They usually result from a blow, or when a muscle, ligament or tendon is overloaded. Immediate treatment should be the same for both injuries, involving a process known by sports medicos as RICE (rest, ice, compression and elevation).

The initial rest treatment means removing the player from the action. The "ice" involves applying an ice pack (far more effective than the old sponge and water), a squirt of cold spray (from a pressurised can) or a chemical cold pack (a combination of chemicals which, when mixed, produces a chill effect). The cold pack should be removed after 15 minutes and the area strapped firmly with an elastic crepe bandage.

The injury should be elevated to bring it in line with the heart. For instance, with a sprained ankle, this could mean sitting down and propping the foot on another chair. If an injury causes a joint to feel wobbly, unable to support weight or be moved without causing pain, it should be examined by a doctor.

Cuts and abrasions are extremely common and are responsible for secondary problems such as infection and blood poisoning. Serious puncture wounds and jagged cuts should be referred to a doctor, particularly if they contain dirt. Blood flow from a wound can be stemmed by applying a sterile gauze pad and bandaging firmly.

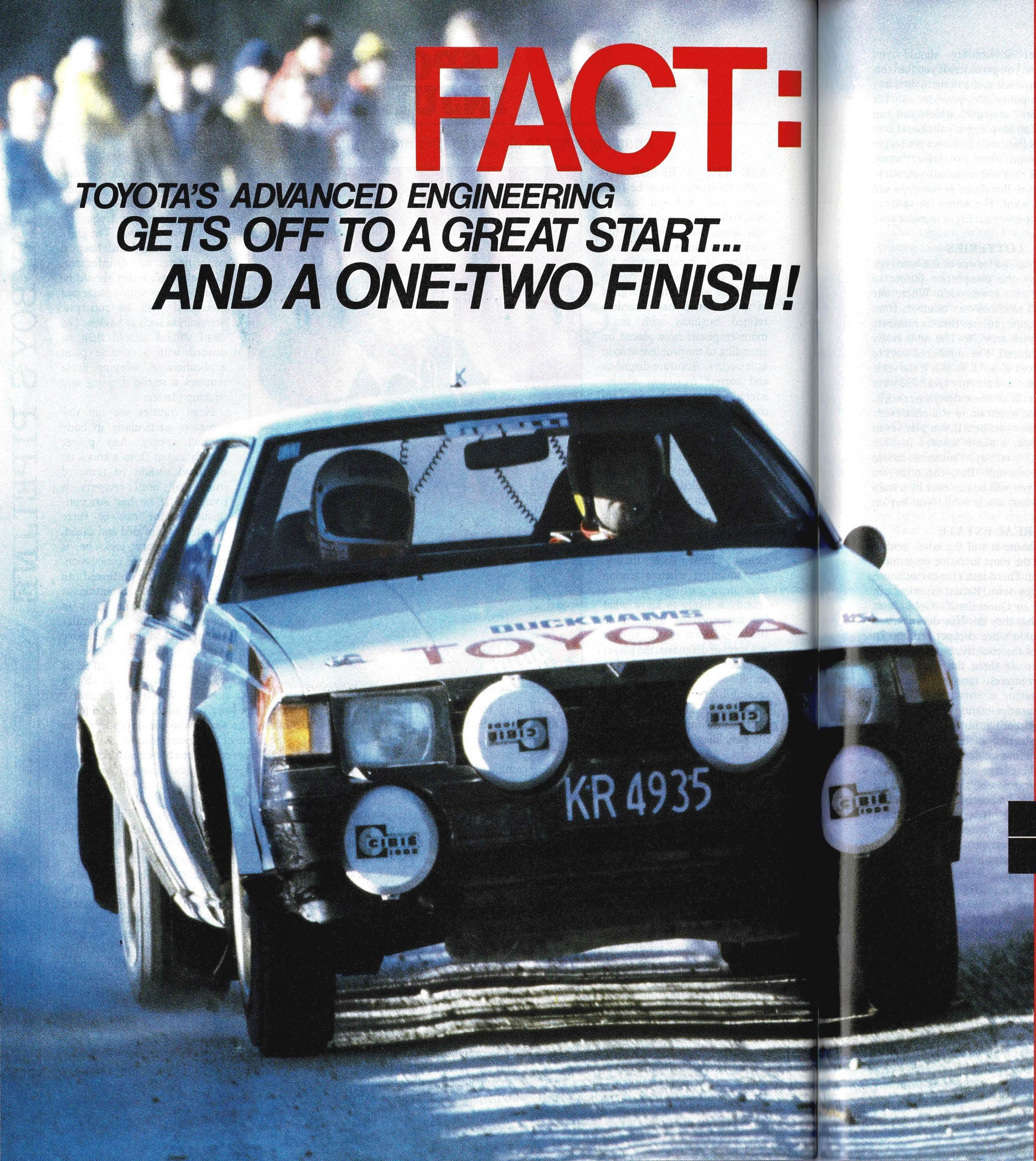
A cut containing dirt should be cleansed with hospital concentrate or a disinfectant, covered with a sterile dressing and sealed with sticking plaster. Grazes are common and troublesome as they frequently contain dirt or gravel. The graze should be washed with hospital concentrate or disinfectant. Hard-to-remove dirt should be scrubbed away with a gauze pad moistened with an antiseptic preparation such as Savlon. The clean wound should then be daubed with a suitable paint application. A weeping graze requires a sterile dressing and sticking plaster.

Head injuries are not uncommon, particularly in body contact sports. Any player slightly dazed from a knock on the head should be removed from play until recovery is complete. If he has lost consciousness for two or three minutes, is confused and dazed, or has memory loss, he is suffering moderate concussion. He should be referred to qualified medical attention as soon as convenient. Loss of consciousness for five minutes or more, in addition to the above symptoms, is indicative of severe concussion. It is essential he be examined immediately by a doctor. When determining memory loss, you might ask the injured player the score, who the opposition is or the name of the sports ground.

Whenever a broken bone is suspected, the limb should be immobilised with a splint. Improvisation will do in an emergency. A broken corner flag, tightly rolled newspaper or a piece of discarded wood will do. If there is nothing suitable, a broken leg can be strapped to the opposite leg.

There are a thousand different injuries which even the best-prepared medical kit will not be able to handle. However, the Kwik Kare kit does include instructions and treatment for bee and bluebottle stings and insect bites. A bite application such as Stingose is advised; if unavailable, use vinegar. An ice pack applied for 15 minutes will relieve some of the pain.

Naturally, no treatment at all is often better than the wrong treatment. Numerous recreational sportsmen have incurred long-term damage at the hands of eager amateurs. If in doubt, always seek the advice of experts. — NEIL JAMESON



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FACT: Not every entry in the Motogard stood a chance for overall victory, but of those that did, virtually all were "works" prepared and entered like Toyota's specially modified Celicas. But unlike any of the others, Toyota's new Celicas were making their official debut in World Championship Rally competition.

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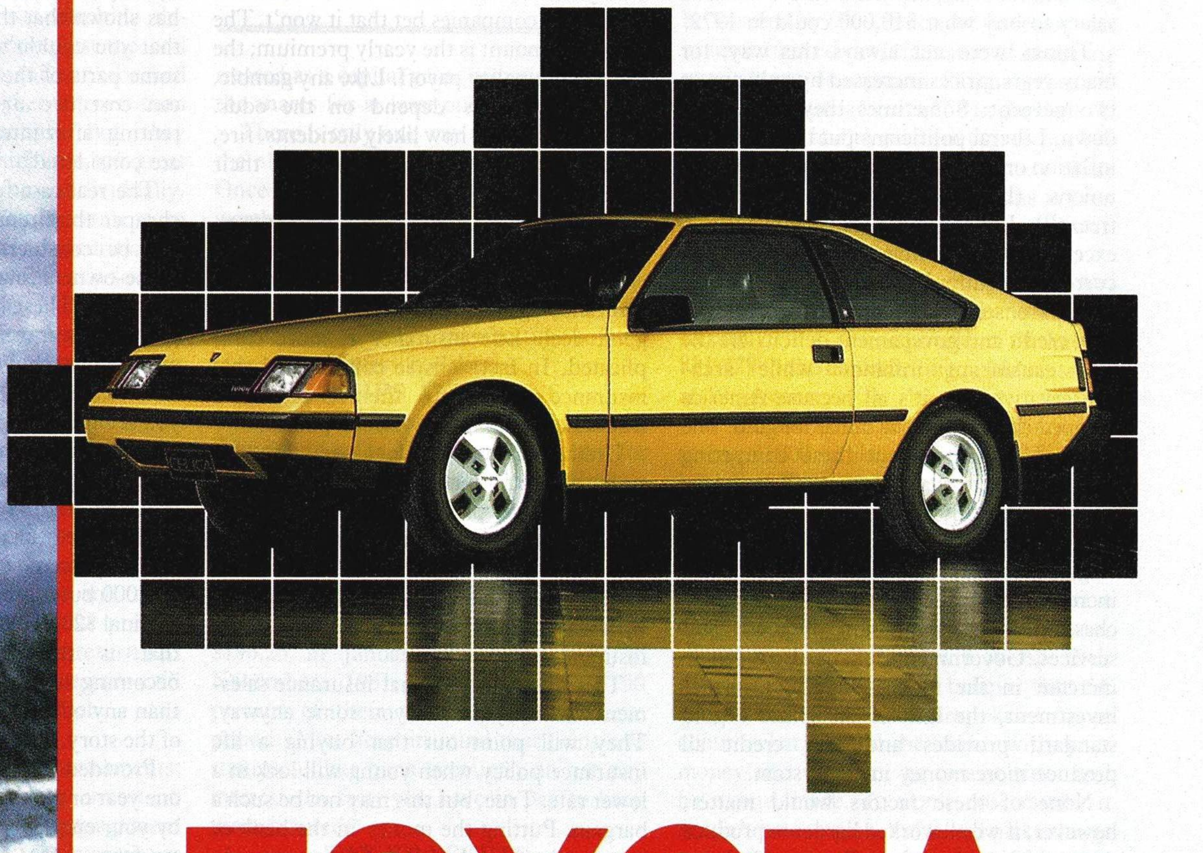

TOYOTA

TOUGH TIMES

(continued from page 41)

The facts about inflation are clear. One 1972 dollar is worth about 30 cents in 1983.

go up, particularly during severe depressions, wars and other calamities. Those who buy gold at these times have lost faith in the future; they are betting against our ability to conquer adversity and climb out of the mess we are in. In a way, this behavior is pretty unpleasant. It's as if Margaret Thatcher bought Argentine pesos just prior to the Falklands campaign. Since gold has so few practical uses, buying it does not produce many jobs (except for some miners, mostly located in South Africa) and by directing money away from productive investment, it does little to help the economy.

Gold's leading use, as jewellery, is a relic from our past. In the Middle Ages, gold jewellery was thought to confer eternal life on its wearer. I'm not saying we should all give up wearing gold (although I'm told that even in California, few real millionaires wear heavy gold chains around their necks). Just don't be fooled into thinking of such jewellery as an investment. Think of it as a silly, superstitious link with our barely civilised past.

INFLATION

The facts about inflation are clear. One 1972 dollar is worth about 30 cents in 1983. Put another way, it would take a $33,000 salary to buy what $10,000 could in 1972.

Things were not always this way; for many years, prices increased by only one or two percent. Sometimes they even went down. Liberal politicians put the blame for inflation on salary increases won by militant unions (hence, the infamous "wage freeze"). Labor politicians blame OPEC, excessive overseas investment in Australia, currency manipulators and the Liberal Party. Conservative economists claim that easy credit and government deficits are the real causes of inflation while arch-conservatives say it's all because America stopped exchanging the dollar for gold. The problem in sorting out these competing explanations is that they are all, to some extent, correct. Each points out one way the money supply is increased. For example, wage increases without corresponding increases in productivity mean more money chasing the same amount of goods and services. Government deficits also mean an increase in the money supply. Overseas investment, the lack of discipline a gold standard provides and easy credit all produce more money in the system.

None of these factors would matter, however, if we all worked harder to produce more goods and services. But, we are doing just the opposite. Shorter working weeks, earlier retirements and longer holidays all mean stagnant productivity and inflation.

Inflation is insidious. At first, most people are untroubled. Bank deposits receive higher interest, property values increase and everyone feels (superficially, at least) richer. In reality, we are all being screwed. We begin to expect the dollar to keep losing value so we stop saving. Instead, our money is spent as soon as it is earned. Without savings, there is no investment, manufacturing plants are not updated and new industries are not developed. Jobs are not created and old ones are lost. Inflation also directs money into sterile areas such as gold or houses which serve mostly to make speculators and real estate agents rich. (Real estate agents, whose fees are based on a percentage of selling price, love inflation.) Such investments do nothing for the economy as a whole.

If the government tried to raise income tax by 12 percent, it wouldn't last a week. But it can accomplish the same thing by allowing inflation to push the price of everything up 12 percent and hardly anyone sees what is going on. Until more people do, matters will get ever worse.

INSURANCE

Buying insurance is a sophisticated and socially acceptable form of gambling. Policy-holders bet that the insured event will occur; companies bet that it won't. The wagered amount is the yearly premium; the prize is the policy payoff. Like any gamble, insurance payoffs depend on the odds. Companies know how likely accidents, fire, theft and death are and they price their policies accordingly.

For reasonably low premiums, houses, cars, furniture and jewellery can be insured against fire and theft. If you can afford it, insurance against such risks is generally a good deal. Life insurance is more complicated. In fact, it is so complicated that insurance salesmen, themselves, have trouble explaining the various plans.

Unlike insuring belongings, life insurance does nothing much for its owner — it is meant to protect others. If you are single and have no one depending on you for their economic support (and you have no hidden desire to surprise grateful relatives with a windfall), you really don't need life insurance.

This doesn't mean that insurance salesmen won't try to sell you some anyway. They will point out that buying a life insurance policy when young will lock in a lower rate. True, but this may not be such a bargain. Putting the money in the bank or into another investment until you are ready to buy insurance will probably do better. Insurance agents also argue that buying a policy when you are young and healthy will protect your insurability should you become sick as you get older. If you find this argument convincing, the thing to do is buy a small term policy (this provides only life insurance, no "savings") which you can convert to a full life policy if you should ever need one. As insurance salesmen get bigger commissions on more expensive "whole life" policies, they will try to talk you out of term insurance. But if you persist, you will get what you want. The money you save can be used to improve your life or increase your investments.

LOTTERIES

The television ad for one of the lotto type games invites the prospective punter to consider the new lower odds. Where one formerly had to choose six numbers from 40, the new game requires that six numbers be chosen from only 36. The odds really have been reduced. The number of ways to choose six from 40 is 3,838,380. If the set is reduced to 36, there are only 1,947,792 ways to choose six. With these new, lower odds, you are virtually certain to win once every 1,947,792 times you bet. If you play seven days per week, a win is assured in 5336 years. "But," you say, "someone has to win." True enough. But, the odds are greater that you will be run over by a train next year. How much would you bet on that?

REAL ESTATE

Buying a house is still the safest, and in many cases, the most lucrative investment you can make. This doesn't mean that house prices never go down. Recent experience in Sydney and in Queensland's Gold Coast has shown that they do. Nor does it mean that you couldn't live cheaper renting. In some parts of the country, buying a house can cost two or three times more than renting (after interest, rates and other costs are considered).

The real case for buying is not that it is cheaper than renting, but that your house can be considered an investment. Most home-owners finance their purchase with a mortgage. These large loans allow buyers to profit on someone else's money. Say, for example, you buy a house for $60,000 with a $40,000 mortgage. If, several years later, you sell for $80,000 (prices do go down, but they eventually recover), you can pay off your mortgage and still be left with $40,000 (actually slightly more as some principal would have been repaid). This is not a profit of 33 percent on the original price of $60,000 but a profit of 100 percent on your original $20,000 cash. It's this gearing effect that is responsible for more people becoming millionaires through real estate than any other way. And this is not the end of the story.

Provided you live in your house for at least one year or get transferred to a new location by your employer, the profit on your sale is tax-free.

It may not be glamorous or even very original, but buying a house is definitely smart.

SAVINGS

Money makes money. Unless you have some capital, you have nothing to invest and unless you win or inherit some, the only way to accumulate money is to save it. That's right, a little bit at a time each week. Until you have saved $5000 or $10,000, you'd be a fool to get involved in any investment scheme. Suppose you lose your job or get sick? What if your car stops going? No, there's no getting around it. Savings are necessary.

Don't get me wrong. I'm not arguing that placing money in a bank or building society account will actually make you any money. It won't. At 13 percent interest, $5000 deposited in a building society account for one year will earn $650. Not bad. But interest received this way is taxable. Assuming you are taxed at the lowest rate, you would pay $195 of your $650 in income tax, leaving $455. Thus, after one year, your $5000 has grown to $5455. Still not bad, but there is another factor to consider — inflation. At 12 percent inflation, your $5455 buys only as much as $4800 did a year earlier. The bottom line, then, is that after taxes and inflation are taken into account, depositing your money at 13 percent for one year will leave you $200 poorer than when you started. Things are even worse if you are taxed at higher than the minimum rate.

What should you do? Spend all your money before it becomes truly worthless? Of course not. As already noted, you must save for security and to accumulate capital for future investment. One solution is a cash management trust.

Cash management trusts combine deposits from many investors and use the total to buy government bonds and bank-backed securities. These pay higher interest than traditional savings accounts but they require investments in amounts too great for small depositors to buy individually. Since most trusts limit their investments to government and bank-backed securities, an investment in a trust is as safe as a savings account.

They are also just as convenient. Most calculate interest daily and permit a deposit to be withdrawn at any time. Some trusts even offer cheque writing privileges.

Even cash management trusts do not guarantee that your savings will actually grow. Investing $5000 in a cash management trust paying 15 percent interest for a year will still leave you with only $4862 in purchasing power after inflation and taxes. Indeed, if inflation maintains its present rate, it will require a 20 percent return just to keep even. Savings are a necessary evil; they are clearly no way to get rich.

SHARES

There are two kinds of investments: equity and debt. When you invest in government bonds, cash management trusts or Telecom loans, you are investing in debt. You are loaning money to someone who agrees to pay you rent in the form of interest for its use. If the borrower uses your money to discover a new synthetic milk that never goes sour and subsequently gets filthy rich, it won't matter to you. All you will get is your interest. Similarly, if the synthetic milk turns out to cause cancer, you'll still get your interest (unless the borrower goes broke and even then you can sell his car). Debt will not make you rich but, if you invest conservatively, you are unlikely to lose money either.

Equity is another matter. An equity investment, such as shares, buys you a piece of the action. When you invest in shares, you become a part owner of the company. If the company makes big money, you share in the profits. If the company does poorly, your shares may only be good for wallpaper.

The share market has been depressed for some time. On the assumption that Australia will bounce back, shares purchased at depressed prices represent good value. Unlike debt investments, shares have at least the potential to keep up with inflation and, perhaps, to do better. Moreover, when it comes time to sell, chances are any profit you make will be treated as a capital gain (provided you held the shares for at least one year).

After taxes and inflation, depositing your money at 13% interest for a year will leave you poorer than when you started.

There is only one way to make money in the share market, buy low and sell high. Once you have decided which shares are worth buying, be prepared to hold them for some time. Don't be panicked into selling when most investors start to bail out (they're usually wrong). In fact, when most people start to sell, it may be time to buy. (See earlier entry on *Advice.*)

STAMPS AND COINS

Unless you actually enjoy collecting stamps and coins, this investment is not for you. Prices for speculative coins and stamps are lower than their 1980 prices and dealer mark-ups are substantial. Even rare gold coins (despite expensive, full-page ads to the contrary) are not inevitable money makers. Australian gold sovereigns sold for $196.25 in January, 1980 and $103 in November, 1981. Krugerrands lost 50 percent of their value during the same period. Also, keep in mind that coins and stamps, unlike bank accounts, do not pay interest. In fact, you have to pay to keep them insured.

TAX BRACKETS

Everything you buy actually costs more than you think, sometimes as much as 60 percent more. This is because you buy things out of your net income, not your gross. For instance, if you pay 30 cents income tax on each dollar you earn, then you must make $72 to pay for a $50 dinner at your favorite restaurant. If you pay 46 cents in a dollar tax, that dinner will actually require you to earn $93. (Hope the food was good.) If you're lucky enough to be among the top earners who pay 60 cents tax per dollar, you will need to make $125 to pay the dinner bill.

(I can already feel the indigestion coming on.) If you don't know what tax bracket you're in, the following table will tell you.

Income	Tax Bracket
(After all exemptions and deductions)	
$0—4595	nil
$4596—19,500	30%
$19,501—35,788	46%
$35,789 and up	60%

It is important to understand that if you earn $20,000 after exemptions and deductions, and pay 24 percent in income tax, this doesn't mean that you are in the 24 percent bracket. Your bracket depends on what you pay on the last few dollars you earn. Because of the way the tax scales are designed, you pay nothing on your first $4595 and a lot (46 percent) on the last $500. If you are making $20,000 and you receive an extra $1000, $460 will go straight to the government. Thus 46 percent is your tax bracket. If you can find a way to deduct $1000 as a business expense, your tax would be lowered by $460. Once you have your tax bracket figured out, the value of shopping wisely becomes apparent. Skipping that $50 dinner out puts an extra $50 in the bank. If you actually had to earn enough to put $50 in the bank you would have to have made $72 or more. Looking for bargains is even more lucrative than having money in savings.

If you are taxed at 30 percent and manage to save $1000 by shopping carefully, it's the equivalent of having $11,429 in the bank earning taxable interest at 12 percent.

If you are in the 46 percent tax bracket, saving $1000 is like having $14,815 in the bank and if you are taxed at the 60 percent rate, $1000 saved is like having $20,000 in the bank.

WILLS

Everyone needs a will. If you don't have one, the courts will decide where your things go, and also who will oversee their distribution. Unless you believe that the courts and legal machinery know more about what should be done with your money than you do, go to a solicitor and have one made. It won't cost much, it needn't be complex, but it will make things easier for everyone when, inevitably, you must go.

ON THE RUN

(continued from page 62)

We turned a corner in the path and ran smack into a ranger. His mouth dropped and he turned white.

The ride took us as far as Jindabyne where we checked into a motel and rang a friend, Mr X, in Melbourne. Two days later, he arrived with plenty of provisions and a video camera and recorder. Using the motel room as a studio, we made a film and sent it to Peter Couchman of the ABC's *Nationwide* program. On the tape I denied our letter had represented a death threat and called on people to support our fight against the justice system. It went to air on October 28, 1980.

The most pressing task was to return to the camp for the dogs. It was an arduous job as each animal had to be taken out individually and carried across the river, on ropes. Each trip took almost two days with Big and Zeb going first. When we returned for the pup we discovered it had been bitten by a snake. We got it out but it died three days later.

With the dogs gone, we set about reorganising the camp to cope with the challenge of day-to-day survival. Later Shirley would conclude that while our life seemed to be adventurous, it was far more isolating and confining than any jail inasmuch as it became a daily fight for survival. Because of our total isolation, injury to either one of us could have meant death for both.

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The base started to take on the trappings of "home". I built a substantial hut from bark slabs and we started a vegetable garden. To counter the problem of isolation, we had arranged for a trail bike and a horse to be left at the first staging post. The horse was then coaxed to the mountain retreat.

Realising the need to supplement our food supply with local game, we decided to trek down to the lowlands and maybe bag a kangaroo. This meant clambering out of the mountains, crossing two rivers, collecting the bike and dragging it back across one river. The real bitch was when we found riding two-up in the bush had more than its share of problems. We were halfway up a steep bank when Shirley fell off the back, tipping the bike and unloading me. The bike tumbled back on top of us, winding me so badly that I couldn't move. But I was shocked to see Shirl back on her feet in a fraction of a second. I'd never seen her move so fast! The reason was apparent — a large brown snake was just a few feet away, smoothly uncoiling in the classic strike pose. We must have landed right on top of it!

We both thought we had been bitten. Every lump and bruise turned into an imaginary snake bite. I couldn't induce Shirl to get back on the bike so we left it in the blackberries and trekked on.

You could hike in those lowlands for years and never see a human being, but as our luck would have it, we turned a corner in the path and ran smack into a ranger. His mouth dropped and he turned white. On reflection, I can understand his shock. We had big hats, oilskins, I had a machete and was sporting a beard almost down to my waist. At first he couldn't get a word out, and then he ran off at the mouth for almost 30 minutes. He'd flipped right out and not one word he said made sense.

Finally he got his shit together and started checking out what we knew about the area and which way we'd come. I wasn't buying it and just kept saying "yes" to him. Yes, yes, yes. Then he spotted the bike and the rope across the river and asked us if we had come that way, from the other side. I didn't answer but he pushed it so I told him we'd come by another route I knew off the Leatherbarrell. I knew it was possible to come down that route, but to my knowledge nobody had done it. He was *dumbfounded*, totally incredulous, and I thought, "This is it."

He launched into his routine about this being a national park, no hunting allowed. I came back with a few fanciful explanations and all the while he was just looking at me and thinking, *"Bloody God!"* Then he took off like a shot. I followed him for miles, watching his every move but he went through that bush for 10 miles not lifting his head once. He returned to the Alpine Way where his four-wheel drive was parked. I guessed he'd tell somebody about us, so I watched the plains for days but there was no sign of anybody. It occurred to me he assumed we were marijuana growers and later on, the cops tried to make out we'd been growing grass in there. They sent in an expedition complete with film crew but all they found was our vegetable patch.

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One day our horse ran off. It was a city-bred creature, like us, and a 'roo startled it. The horse was vital to our survival as it was the only insurance we had of getting out alive in the event of one of us being injured. We tracked it for a week and learned it had made its way to the Tom Groggins spread. Anyone else could have walked in, knocked on the door and asked for it back. But not us; we had to resign ourselves to the loss.

Late one afternoon with storm clouds brewing and thunder in the air, three mounted drovers clattered into our camp. They had 11 snarling dogs for company and the men were real American-style cowboys — Marlboro men, down to the rifles slung on the sides of their saddles. And they were not friendly.

"What are you doing here?" one of them asked. He was so astonished he was almost whispering. "Who built that?" pointing to the hut. Shirley gave him a whole lot of jive about us being part of the Outward Bound Movement, artists interested in flora and fauna but they wanted to know why we hadn't made our presence known at the station. After all, what if something happened to us? We explained that was all part of our survival course.

But one drover was almost beside himself with suspicion. He was a surly Scot named Sandy and as the station manager, he'd been concerned about some very strange goings-on in his territory. For example, a calf had been found dead and the holes in its head were very hard to explain. And what about those huge footprints they'd found down by the river — animal tracks as big as a man's hand. The men had been talking about panthers, wolves and other monsters on the prowl in the mountains. They'd followed the tracks back to our camp to be met by two live-in weirdos.

This was one suspicious Scot. His eyes flickered over our belongings and he spied the horse equipment — saddle and bridle, but no horse. "No, these people aren't your ordinary conservationists," he was thinking.

"This is private land you're on," he declared.

"Oh, really?" I said.

"Oh yes. This is Tom Groggins' land and I'm the boss. I say who goes here. I'm the boss of this land."

I knew he was wrong. It was part of the Kosciusko National Park, but the Groggins people had used it for so long maybe they regarded it as their domain. It was a mistaken assumption and I went to great lengths, using map references, to point this out to him.

I gave him a big serve about his pack of lies and I could tell this pissed him off no end. He leaned forward in the saddle, fixed me with a stare and hissed, "We've had some cattle stolen, y'see."

The most galling aspect was that I realised one of the drovers was riding our horse. Months later, we had someone check up on that horse. The Groggins mob claimed they thought it was a brumby. That was bloody ridiculous because it was shod and broken in. While they had been accusing us of stealing their cattle, they were sitting on a horse that I thought was mine.

The same person who inquired about our horse also solved the mystery about the dead calf. Big had grabbed a wild calf by the head and ran with it into the bush. One of the drovers had found the calf dead with a hole in either side of its skull. Big had bitten straight through, but to the drover it looked like a bullet hole. That got them curious and while poking around, they found the footprints. The next minute the boss had the men and dogs out on the hunt, and that's how they fell into our camp.

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Finding a new camp was more of an emergency than a priority. The drovers rode in at 4pm and Shirley and I moved out at seven. By the time we reached the first river, a real thunderstorm was in full stride. In the mountains the sound of the thunder is awesome as it gets trapped in the ranges. The noise is tremendous and continuous and, when combined with the lightning and torrential rain, the effect is almost overpowering. Wild wind pelted hailstones at us and brought down giant trees. We crossed the river but the storm's ferocity was so great we thought it better to return to camp. But again, the river had risen so rapidly that it was impassable. Instead we made for the Alpine Way and the provisions stored there three months earlier. By the time we arrived, we were freezing.

I found half a dozen cans of beer and proposed a toast to freedom. Shirl hates beer but she joined me while I held a blue tarp over our heads waiting for the storm to subside. It didn't, so we set off again. It was unbelievably *cold* and we were soon frozen to the skin. Shirl was singing Solidarity Forever to keep our spirits up, but then our faces started to freeze and she couldn't sing anymore. We were showing the signs of frost-bite and exposure, especially Shirl. Her body temperature dropped sharply and she could hardly move. I was really scared she was going to die. I kept telling her to pull herself together, to keep reasoning and to keep moving. I was shouting "left, right, left right", and saying, "concentrate, you're gonna stay alive, we're not gonna die, we'll win somehow."

Finally we found a toilet block, a tourist stop on the Alpine Way. We were near frozen stiff and Shirley had lost all sense of reasoning. I ripped the wooden lining off the doors and skirting boards. Everything I had was drenched but I had a disposable lighter with a spark left in it. I prayed this would ignite the paper towels I'd torn up. Luckily it did. That fire saved our lives.

We dried our clothes and slept there that night. Next morning we were very sore and sorry as we examined the huge bruises where hailstones had struck our faces. After the storm we made it to Khancoban, booked into a motel and had the biggest feast we'd eaten in six months. The wine and food bill was $150 by itself. Then we headed into another mountain area.

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The elements had always been capable of killing us, but there were other dangers, sometimes from the most unexpected quarters. One day we were returning to camp with some emu eggs — they make brilliant omelettes — when we spotted two planes heading towards us. I immediately assumed it was police combing the area, but didn't panic because I was fairly certain they couldn't spot us from the air. Then, they started dropping something. I was puzzled — but then the penny dropped: they were spraying. We were so relieved to learn it wasn't the cops that at the time we weren't bothered. That spray dropped over us in a fine mist and two days later we were both very worried and very sick. We had dreadful diarrhoea and loss of balance. Then Shirley got *really* bad, really sick, and she stayed that way for a fortnight.

Finally, I said "That's it. I'll have to get help." I planned to walk back to Tom Groggins and ask someone to help get her out. But no sooner had I made up my mind when she started to recover.

We didn't know what caused the sickness. Our vitamin intake was pretty low as we were living mainly off potatoes. Funnily enough, at the time we didn't relate the illness to the spray, but later we discovered we were the victims of pesticide poisoning. It had been a plague year for the Bogong moth — they breed on the high plains and had spread down into Gippsland. Ironically, where we were sprayed up there near Kosciusko, I never saw any of those moths and doubt very much if they bred there.

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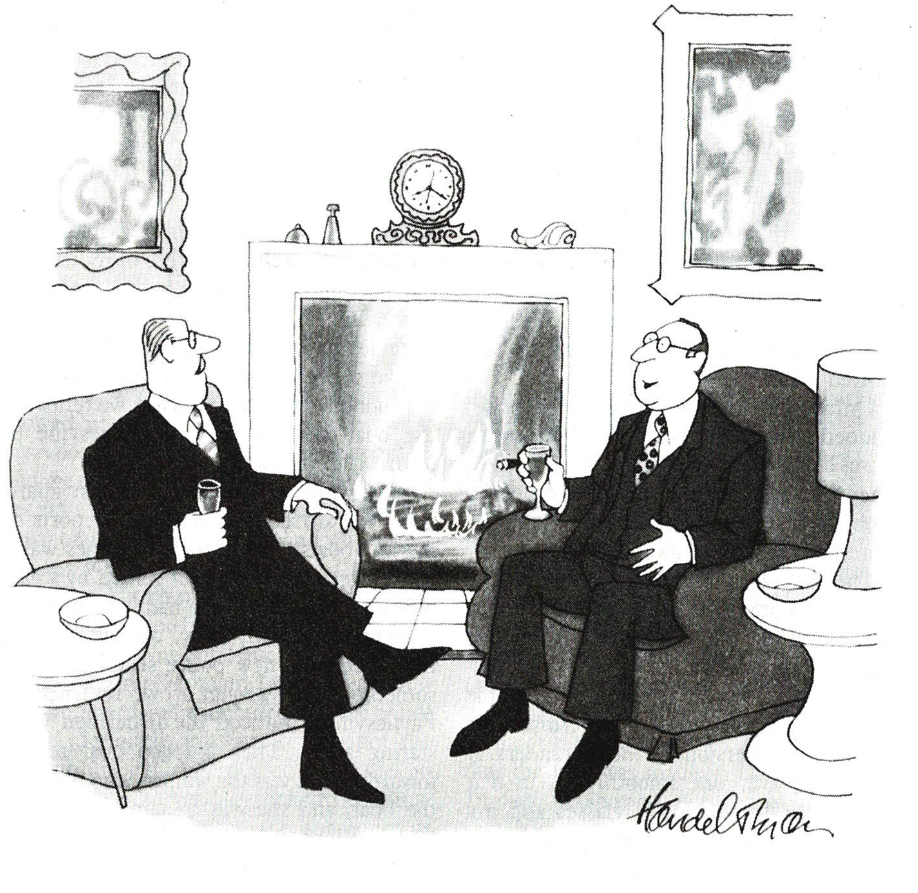
Even the tail-end of winter had been an incredible trial; there was no happiness in it whatsoever. One thing we learned was that it was *impossible* to live there throughout winter. The elements are too harsh. Spring, however, revealed another world.

The whole place changed overnight. I saw a plain burst into life in two days. The grass and flowers shot back to life and the wildlife immediately returned. Once again, there were fish in the rivers, trout and beautifully-colored freshwater crays. The rivers became crossable and we were able to swim and sunbake.

The first venture out on to the plain in spring was like treading the timeless land for the first time — like before the white man came. The feeling was so intense, with such an awesome proliferation of wildlife and the signs of growth everywhere. The animals not only became a source of food and pleasure, they also served as our early-warning system. If anyone was moving about on the plains, I would know immediately by the behavior of the 'roos and emus. I spent many hours scanning the plains with binoculars monitoring the movement of the animals below.

The 'roos lived in communes and they enjoyed fighting for supremacy. Their idea of a fight didn't involve hurting each other. They'd wrestle with their fore-legs, rarely using their back legs. They might fight for two or three hours but as soon as one falls or is thrown down, that's it. The fight's over and they both go away. Old kangaroos sit on the outside of the group and watch for intruders. If you want to get to the main body of 'roos, you have to find the nitkeeper. If the 'roos are on the plain, he'll be up in the trees. If you can get around him, you'll always get a 'roo, but if he sees you first, he'll alert the others.

The emus live in complete harmony with



"I used to ask myself, 'What can I do to help my fellow man?' but I couldn't think of anything that wouldn't have put me to considerable inconvenience."

the 'roos. But they are even more sensitive to movement. You couldn't get within three miles of those birds. If emus were on the plains, I always knew there was no one within miles.

We first encountered dingoes when we made our first settled camp. One morning there was a flurry of movement through the camp and our pup came through followed by dingo pups chasing it. He got to be very friendly with them and eventually he started to run with the dingoes for two or three days at a time.

In early spring, we'd often see 30 to 50 dingoes in a pack sitting on a sandbar drinking water at night. With the reflection of the moon, it was a magnificent sight. Up that high they were all pure dingoes, but as we travelled down as far as the hills around Genoa or Orbost in Victoria or Wyndham to Bombala in NSW, we found the dingoes there were as big and black as German Shepherds. They were all cross-bred, and crazy. A cross-bred dingo which becomes a wild dog is liable to do anything. At first glance they look like an ordinary dog but they've got an unearthly wail and they run like a wolf. They're super-smart, much more intelligent than a dingo.

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Winter's dangers lay behind us but we realised the approaching summer would present a new range of rigors: bushfires, snakes and soaring temperatures. As much as we loved the mountains, we needed a respite from living wild in the high country. The idea of a boating holiday on the placid waters of the Gippsland Lakes seemed like an ideal way to recharge the batteries without exposing us to the attention of too many people. Or so we thought.

We left the wilderness, passing ourselves off as a dotty pair of pensioners intent on spending the "Chrissie hols" pottering around Gippsland. We deliberately cultivated the wretched look of two old souls who might have been refugees from a junk-yard. Shirley claimed that we looked so revolting that people would cross the road to avoid us. That was exactly the desired effect.

Unfortunately, in designing my disguise, I added a pair of spectacles, real ones with lenses like the bottoms of Coca-Cola bottles. They certainly added to my disguise but the problem was that I couldn't see anything more than three feet away.

The Paynesville jetty was an idyllic setting: swooping gulls, sunbaking girls and holiday-makers sanding down their yacht hulls.

The sight of the decrepit old couple clambering aboard their hired cruiser was an amusing diversion for the bystanders. It all might have gone smoothly for us if it weren't for those bloody glasses and my unfamiliarity with the boat. It was one of those affairs that steer from the stern motor, and until you know what you're doing with those things, they can go anywhere. This thing shot off in reverse and started spinning around in circles, totally out of control. Shirley was hanging on to avoid being thrown out and I was just hanging on to that motor. We could hardly have done anymore to attract attention to ourselves. The boat was spinning crazily around amongst all those beautiful little yachts with the owners panicking.

Eventually, we careered back to the jetty. I was nearly slung out and my heart almost stopped, but finally I got things under control. I looked up at the jetty and all the blokes were just standing there, stunned, shaking their heads. Then they said: "Are you sure you ought to be out in that boat?"

I said we were all right but secretly I was cursing like hell about those bloody glasses. We finally cleared the jetty in an orderly fashion and headed for our proposed camp on one of the small islands in the middle of the lake. Instead of the golden-sanded splendor of the travel brochure, we landed on a mosquito-infested strip that I can only describe as the lowest resort in the world. We decided to step ashore that day at the sleepy town of Loch Sport. Again our timing was bad because Loch Sport had just become *the last* town in the State to acquire electricity and the place was swimming with politicians, police and all sorts of people joining in the celebrations. It was too risky so we returned to the boat, but our luck was again running sour.

That night a huge storm lashed the area, threatening to include our hired craft in the damage wreaked on Loch Sport. With the waves shaping to smash the boat on the beach, I yelled for Shirley to get clear. She was crashing around trying to grab our valuables but I told her to leave it and get out. We jumped in the water and made it to shore where the wind was so strong it was impossible to stand up, let alone see. We lay down under a tree to shelter for the night. Dawn revealed devastation.

Loch Sport was almost wiped out. Houses lost roofs, trees were uprooted and the newly-installed power poles were blown down. But for us, the devastation offered a suitable cover to make an exit. Everybody was so concerned with their own problems that nobody took any notice as we refloated the boat and headed for Paynesville to return it to its owner.

Meanwhile, the police and coast guard had been stirred into action by reports of missing boats. One of their priorities was a low-powered cabin cruiser rented by a pair of senile pensioners who had little grasp of seamanship. Unwittingly, we had become the object of a new police search. I knew something was wrong; as we returned to Paynesville I noticed the fishermen were staring at us. Then a speed boat roared towards us. It was the woman who hired us the boat, and she was freaking out as she told us about the police search.

I fought down the panic as I thought of a police and press reception committee waiting for us at the wharf, not because we were the notorious Hamiltons but just a little old couple who shouldn't have been out in the storm. The best bet was to brazen it out; just slide into the jetty as cool as we pleased and make a quick exit. Sound thinking, but those spectacles brought us undone again. Misjudging the distance in spectacular fashion, I ran the boat smack into the Paynesville pier. We must have been doing about 15 knots and Shirley almost got her head knocked off as the boat shot underneath the jetty.

The cabin didn't make it and with an almighty smash it hit the jetty, cracking the fibreglass. Trying to save face, I backed the boat up, moored it and the pair of us hobbled off down the jetty and towards a strand of trees while the waiting crowd looked on in disbelief.

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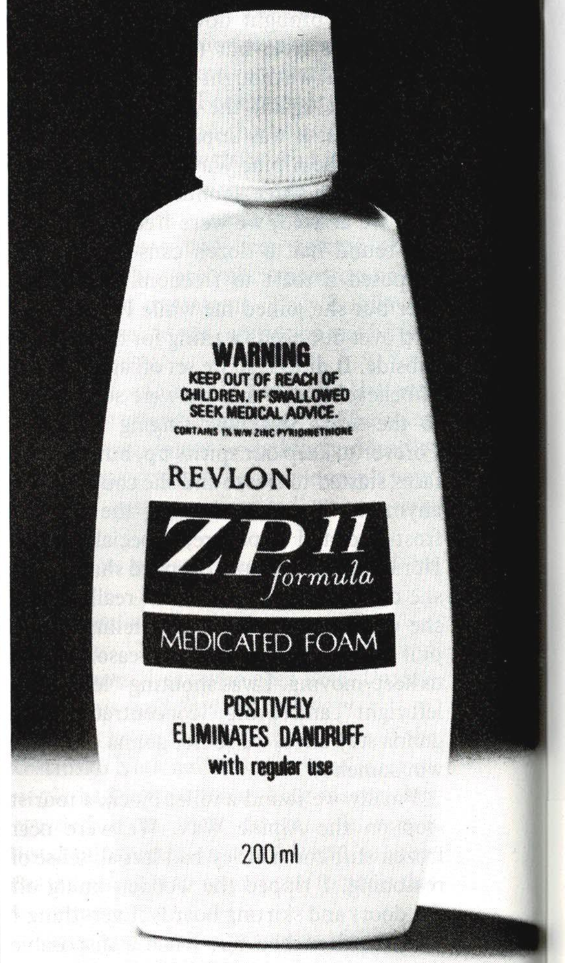

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REVLON

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We fled back to the mountains. So much for a leisurely boating holiday. But if we were looking for peace in our mountain retreat, we weren't going to find it. With the onset of Christmas the lower alps were crawling with holiday-makers and, with my nerves already on edge, I didn't need too much more shoving before something was bound to snap.

The snake problem was worrying me because if one of us had been bitten, it would have been difficult to get help. It was a matter of survival. There is supposed to be a bush rule about black snakes being scared of humans but unfortunately, the black bastards in the Snowy haven't heard about it. I had seen them stand straight up to me and strike. Fortunately, they are easy to kill.

One day, after we'd come down from the mountains a bit, I was standing on a rock in the river when a snake attacked me. It seemed to be coming from all directions, very aggressive. It was trying to strike so I killed it.

We had moved a little further down river to sun ourselves when some guys walked up. They'd been kayaking on the river doing the *Deliverance* bit with their Christmas crossbows. One of them had spotted the dead snake upstream and he was intent on making his stand for conservation there and then.

"Uh, who killed the snake?" he asked.

"I did."

"It's not necessary, you know," and he gave me the full bit about being into Save the Snake or something like that.

The urge to tell him it was okay for him if he got bitten, but for us it was a real headache, was strong. But I had to sit there and cop this lecture from this typical trendy letting me know his New Year's resolution was to save the snake! Next year he'd probably be saving the frog. Christ, he was beginning to agitate me, so I said to him:

"Listen. As far as I'm concerned the snake's poison, and anything that carries venom should be killed."

Then I added, in a very low, quiet voice: "*Now piss off!*"

And he did. At about a hundred miles an hour.

The wildlife was one thing, but people remained the biggest danger. We couldn't avoid them at this time of the year and at one point, found ourselves having a cup of tea with a group of hikers when a second lot arrived. "Christ," I thought, "Carlton trendies." One of the blokes in the first group was from Eltham and I could see him looking at me, then at Shirl, then back at me. *He had recognised us!* It threw him for a minute but he didn't say anything. Later, Shirl realised that his wife had recognised us too. Her name was Mary and Shirl had told them that she (Shirl) was called Margaret. But then Shirl slipped up and called Mary, Margaret. She turned and with a funny grin said: "No, *I'm* Mary and *you're Margaret!*"

They knew, but said nothing. Nevertheless, we had to leave as soon as decently possible. It was just too dangerous.

Soon after we had yet another brush with the law, and for an instant I thought we were caught. I'd lit a cooking fire according to the proper bush method so that no smoke would rise high enough for fire-watchers to spot. But I had no way of knowing a police four-wheel drive was up on the hill behind. No sooner had I lit the fire than I heard a motor. It stopped and a bloke came slip-sliding down the hill. He wore a NSW police bush uniform and when he was about 20 metres away he said something which sounded like an order to drop the axe I held in my hand. I thought "This is it," but a few seconds later I realised he had really said something about the fire. Shows how much I was panicking. I explained everything was all right and showed him the pit and told him I knew what I was doing. He said he could see that, but he told me to make sure it didn't smoke because he didn't want the fire-watchers coming down on him. Then he left. And we took off too, at a pretty smart pace.

The trick was to make our surrender as public as possible so the police would have no chance of staging an execution.

Late in March of 1981, we decided we'd had enough of the fugitive life. We agreed to turn ourselves in; but I knew this would be no easy accomplishment. I thought about it long and hard and concluded that the police would definitely kill me if they got the opportunity. "Dangerous criminal dies in hail of police bullets" — that sort of thing. The trick was to make the surrender as public as possible so the police would have no chance of staging an execution. Our plans came unstuck, but so did the police scheme and we managed to survive the surrender procedure. Our plan was an elaborate one and started with the making of a video-tape interview to be shown on Channel Ten. On April 8 the clip went to air on Ten's *Eyewitness News* with reporter Iain Gillespie stating he had found the tape in the back seat of his car in the station's carpark. Gillespie reported that Superintendent Walters, of the Victoria Police Special Branch, had been "leading an inquiry into allegations of police harassment of Joey Hamilton since he was released from Pentridge. . . Two weeks ago I was told by senior police officers that a number of charges would be laid against a number of policemen."

Before I went on the run, I'd let it be known I possessed tapes of a detective offering a deal to drop charges of abusive language and resisting arrest which had been laid against us following an argument with three detectives outside Lord Jim's Hotel in Fitzroy in July, 1978. Several hours after that incident, a bomb demolished the front half of our home in Carlton.

I'd handed over police transcripts of the tape of when the detective proposed the deal and the police later requested we furnish the original tapes for further investigation. I responded to this on the Channel Ten news with the statement: "I would like to say to Superintendent Walters that when I see proof of his integrity, and by that I mean the police actually charged before a court, and not some cover-up by a police disciplinary board, then I will be most glad to give him the tapes, because he would have proved me wrong for once, in my saying that there's no such thing as an honest policeman."

On the following night's news, Gillespie reported, "One senior officer. . .confirmed that recommendations have been made to charge some policemen and that Hamilton's evidence could lead to even more charges." He signed off by saying: "Police now want the tape recordings the Hamiltons are holding and the next move is up to Joey and Shirley."

We accordingly arranged to hand ourselves over to Superintendent Walters in the company of our own witness in a carpark in Erica, Victoria. We stated our wish to visit the Erica house to collect tapes, a tape recorder and court documents which we had hidden there. Later, we discovered we had been betrayed. A trap was set to capture us at the house before we could surrender in the carpark. Police would later claim the wizardry of their forensic laboratory had led them to Erica after vital clues in the video-tape had pinpointed the house in Erica as our hideout. That might have been a brilliant piece of detection but for the fact that the film was made in Dalgety, NSW. In fact, it showed the police claim as a scandalous lie.

I had already smelled a set-up and decided to arrive at Erica well before the surrender date. Ironically, the police had the same idea. And they chose the same

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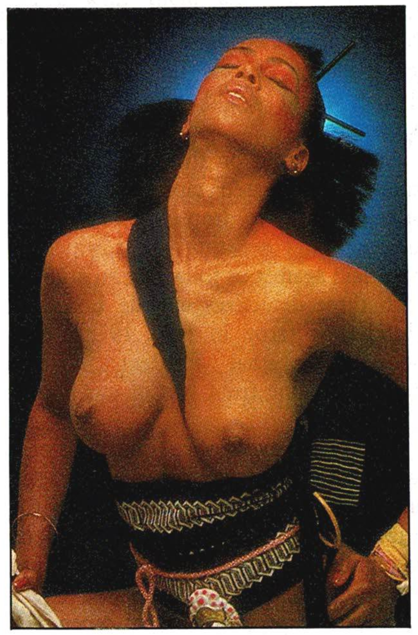

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THE ULTIMATE ATHLETE: CASE STUDIES FROM THE I'LL-WIN-IF-IT-KILLS-ME SCHOOL OF SPORTS.

disguise as us. I'd cut my hair short and shaved, leaving just a snifter's mo, like businessmen wear. Wearing shirt and tie and white Forestry Commission hat, it was easy to mingle with the dozens of Commission personnel working on a nearby dam project. I walked around town with a clutch of maps under my arm and when I waved at other Commission guys, they'd wave back. That's how I spotted the cops. A truckload of Forestry Commission men went by and didn't return my wave. Straight away I knew who they were.

We hid out in the bush and I slipped into town to check out the house. What I saw gave me bad vibes. But despite the looks of the set-up, we still wanted to surrender and hand the tapes over. So, we decided to take the odds. However, when we got to the house the police weren't in position! They simply weren't there! They'd been staking the place out for 10 days and when we finally rolled up, they were down at the pub or somewhere.

We arrived in broad daylight and I noted the house next door was occupied. That could have been a vital factor in avoiding bloodshed. I removed my shirt to make it obvious to any observers I wasn't armed. I then climbed into the roof to retrieve the tapes and documents. About 15 minutes later we re-emerged from the house and were standing outside when I heard a rustling in the bushes. I was 100 percent sure it was the jacks. I assumed one must have come by to check, spotted the car, and decided to hide in the bushes.

The next thing I knew, he came flying out of the bushes. He was wearing a tracksuit, a bullet-proof vest, and he had a pistol. The gun was at the ready,but he *tripped*, fell flat on his face and dropped the pistol.

We stood there, and he was *shitting* himself. He was expecting me to blow his head off, or whatever he'd been told to psyche him up into shooting me on sight because I'd be armed and dangerous. Shit, we didn't even have a *gun*. This copper was in a mad panic, scrambling and slipping, trying to get up and desperately wanting to get hold of his gun.

At first Shirley thought it was a neighbor and said: "It's all right, we're friends." I said: "Shut up Shirl, it's the police."

By this time he was back on his feet and he'd recovered the gun. He was shaking and saying "Don't move, Joey, don't move," while his gun was jerking all over the place. I could see there was a real risk of him blowing one of our heads off, he was so terrified. So, I said to him: "If you don't put that gun down, I'm going to break your jaw, because you are going to shoot one of us, you idiot."

With that he put the gun down, stepped back and started yelling, "Duffy, Duffy," which was the nickname of one of the cops in charge of the operation. He kept yelling for 15 minutes, yelling and shitting himself. Every now and then he'd pick the gun up again and I'd have to repeat my threat to break this jaw.

It would have been so easy for me to get away because it was obvious the other jacks weren't even within earshot. But Shirl only runs about one mile a year and you could imagine what they would have done to me in the press if I had deserted her. Anyway, it was our intention to surrender. Fifteen minutes went by, by which time we were leaning against the car having a smoke. Even the copper had begun to relax. He was sitting on the car seat with the door open, hoarse from yelling for Duffy.

Later in court, the police claimed they were in two-way radio contact all the time, but I think what happened was that the people next door rang the local cop shop, which was five miles away, and the copper ran down to the pub and told the jacks their mate was in trouble. Anyway, they arrived at the gallop with their guns and vests and I still don't know how they managed not to shoot us.

●

The most serious charge arising from our failure to face Judge Whelan's court was absconding bail. But back in prison we discovered that technically we hadn't absconded bail at all — the judge had forgotten to "respite" bail. We read the transcripts of Judge Whelan's rantings and ravings and suddenly realised bail had not been respited on our last day in court. Each day you appear in court the bail is respited sometime during the appearance, or at the end of it. In other words, the judge agrees to let you go back out on the same bail. That day, the judge neglected to do this, so we were acquitted.

They hit us with 20-odd other charges from our period on the run. There were charges like the illegal use of a motor car, changing of registration plates and stickers, receiving stolen goods, driving without a licence, possessing a high-powered rifle and fully-jacketed ammunition, four counts of blowing a car horn too loud, failing to keep to the left, and others.

The car wasn't stolen, I didn't have a high-powered rifle and we were acquitted of everything barring two $20 traffic fines; I think one was for the horn tooting."

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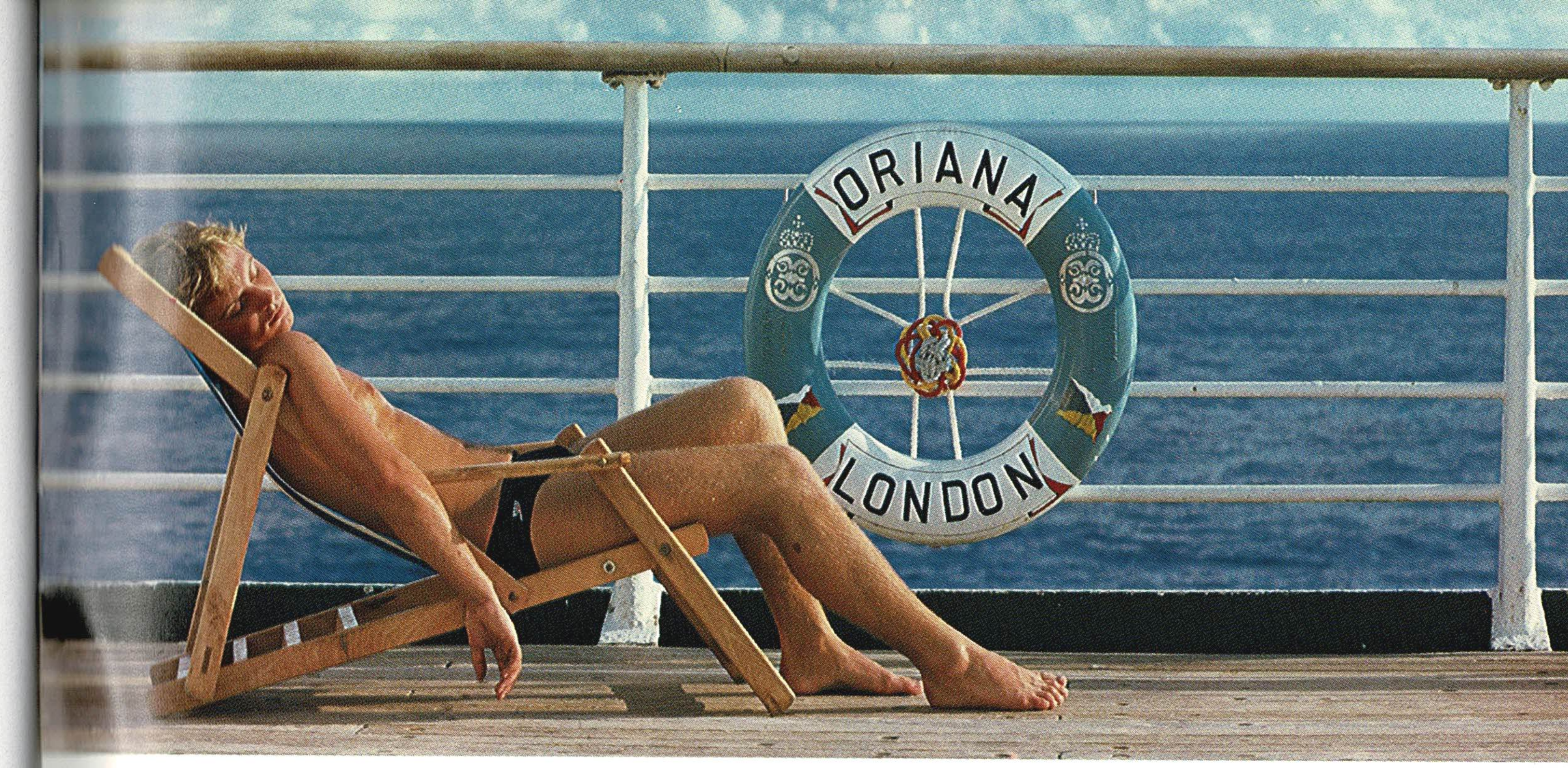
Footnote

The Hamiltons were arraigned for trial for the original marijuana possession and trafficking charges on June 1, 1981.

After a three-week trial, they were acquitted.

However, (at time of writing) Joey Hamilton has still to make one more appearance before a court of law. When arrested for the marijuana charges in April, 1979, police took him to his former Carlton residence. A gun was found in the house and he was charged with being a felon in possession of a firearm. The case is still to be heard.



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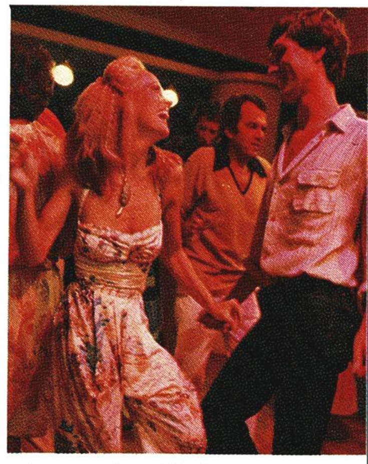

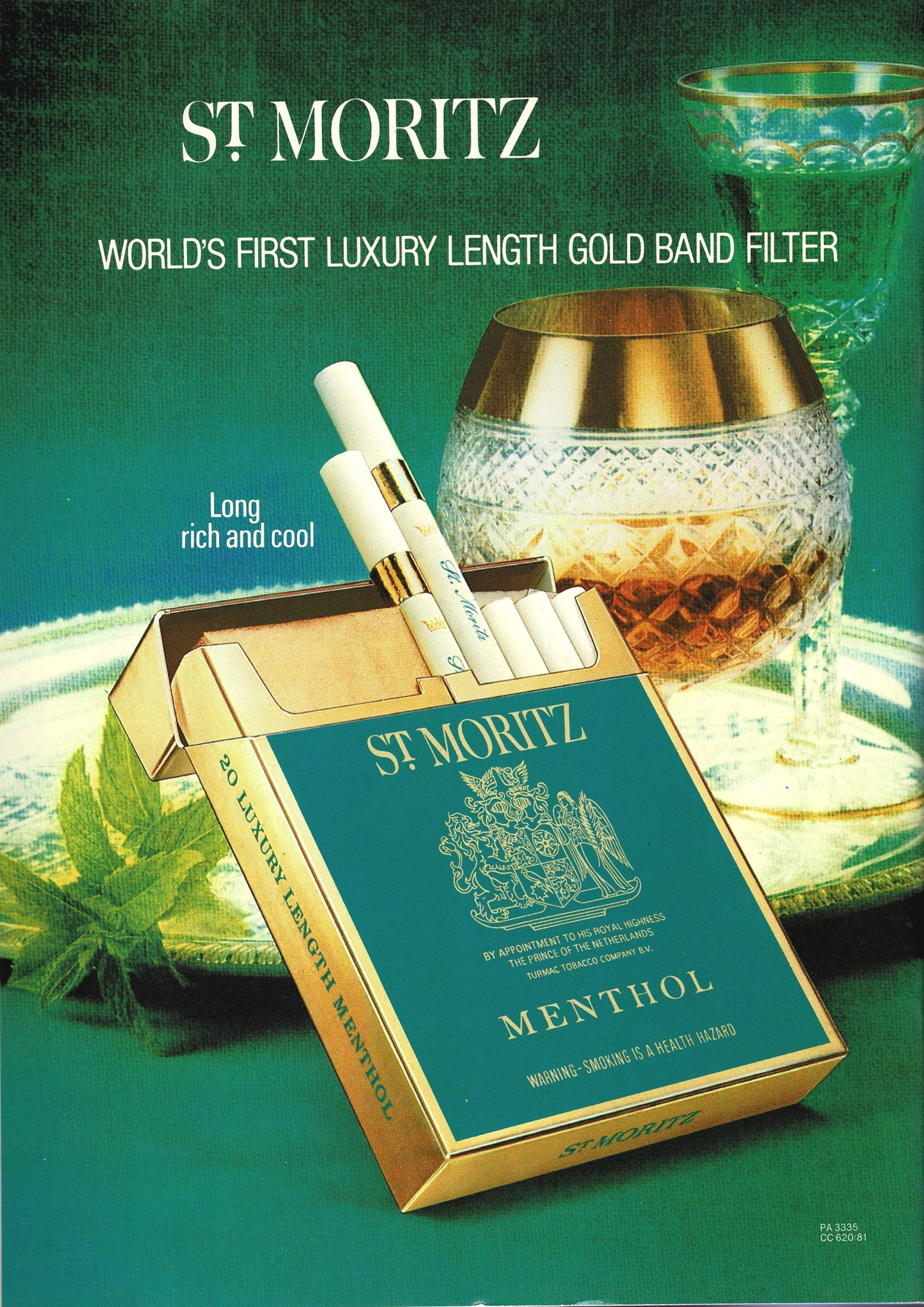
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